

P O E M S

O N

Affairs of State :

F R O M

The time of *Oliver Cromwell*, to the
Abdication of *K. James the Second*.

Written by the greatest Wits of the Age.

V I Z.

Duke of <i>Buckingham</i> ,	{	Mr. <i>Milton</i> ,
Earl of <i>Rochester</i> ,	{	Mr. <i>Dryden</i> ,
Lord <i>Bu-----st</i> ,	{	Mr. <i>Sprat</i> ,
Sir <i>John Denham</i> ,	{	Mr. <i>Waller</i> .
<i>Andrew Marvell</i> , Esq;	{	Mr. <i>Ayloffe</i> , &c.

With some Miscellany Poems by the same :
Most whereof never before Printed.

*Now carefully examined with the Originals, and
Published without any Castration.*

Printed in the Year 1697. 2860

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T H E

PREFACE.

THE common Aim of Prefaces to prepossess the Reader in favour of the Book, is here wholly useless; for what is now publish'd is none of the trifling Performances of the Age, that are yet to make their fortune, but a Collection of those Valuable Pieces, which several great Men have produc'd, no less inspir'd by the injur'd Genius of their Country, than by the Muses. They are of Establish'd Fame, and already receiv'd, and allow'd the best Patriots, as well as Poets. I am sensible, that should we consult our superficial Hypercriticks, they would often be apt to ar-

The PREFACE.

raign the Numbers; for there are a sort of Men, who having little other merit, than a happy chime, would fain fix the Excellence of Poetry in the smoothness of the Versification, allowing but little to the more Essential Qualities of a Poet, great Images, good Sense, &c. Nay they have so blind a Passion for what they Excell in, that they will exclude all variety of Numbers from *English* Poetry, when they allow none but *Iambics*, which must by an identity of sound bring a very unpleasing satiety upon the Reader. I must own that I am of opinion that a great many rough Cadencies that are to be found in these Poems, and in the admirable *Paradise Lost*, are so far from Faults that they are Beauties, and contribute by their variety to the prolonging the pleasure of the Readers. But I have unawares fallen into this Digression, which requires more time and room than I have here to allow to set it, in that just Light it requires. I shall return to the following Poems, writ by Mr. Milton,

Mr.

The P R E F A C E.

Mr. Marvell, &c. which will shew us, that there is no where a greater Spirit of Liberty to be found, than in those who are Poets; *Homer, Aristophanes*, and most of the inspired Tribe have shew'd it; and *Catullus* in the midst of *Cæsar's* Triumphs attack'd the Vices of that great Man, and expos'd 'em to lessen that Popularity and Power he was gaining among the *Roman* People, which he saw would be turn'd to the destruction of the Liberty of *Rome*.

Quis hoc potest videre, quis potest pati, &c.

And

*Pulchre convenit improbis cinædis
Mamurræ, Pathicoque, Cæsarique.*

And again

Nil nimium studeo Cæsar tibi velle placere, &c.

But it would be endless to quote all the Liberties the Poets have of old taken with Ill men, whose Power had aw'd others to a servile Flattery; the succeeding Tyrants have not been able to suppress the numerous

The P R E F A C E.

rous Instances we have yet of it. We have therefore reason to hope that no *Englishman* that is a true lover of his Countries Good, and Glory, can be displeased at the publishing a Collection, the Design of each of which was to remove those pernicious Principles which lead us directly to Slavery; to promote a Publick and Generous Spirit, which was then almost a shame to the Possessor, if not a certain Ruine. I believe were a man of equal Ability, and unbyass'd Temper to make a just Comparison, some of the following Authors might claim perhaps an equal share with many of the most celebrated of the *Romans* or *Greeks*. I know in a Nation so factious as this, where the preposterous Principles of Slavery are run into a point of Conscience and Honour, and yet hold abundance in unreasonable and monstrous Divisions, it would be a task that must disoblige too many to undertake. But when all *Europe* is engag'd to destroy that Tyrannick Power, the mismanagement of those Times, and
the

The P R E F A C E.

the selfish evil Designs of a corrupt Court had given Rise to, it cannot be thought unreasonable to publish so just an Account of the true source of all our present Mischiefs; which will be evidently found in the following Poems, for from them we may collect a just and secret History of the former Times.

*And looking backward with a wise Affright,
See Seams of Wounds dishonest to the Sight.*

Oh that we cou'd yet learn, under this Auspicious Government founded on Liberty, the generous Principles of the Publick Good! Sure this Consort of Divine *Amphions* will charm the distracted pieces of the publick Building into one Noble and Regular Pile to be the wonder, as well as safeguard, of *Europe*. This being the Aim of this present Publication, it must be extremely approv'd by all true Patriots, all lovers of the general Good of Mankind, and in that most certainly of their own particular.

Omnes

The P R E F A C E.

*Omnes profecto liberi libentius
Sumus, quam servimus.*

Take off the gawdy veil of Slavery, and she will appear so frightfull and deform'd that all would abhor her : For all Mankind naturally prefer Liberty to Slavery.

'Tis true some few of these Poems were Printed before in loose Papers, but so mangled that the Persons that wrote them would hardly have known, much less have owned them, which put a Person on examining them by the Originals or best Copies, and they are here published without any Castration, with many curious Miscellaneous Poems of the same great Men, which never before see the Light.

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P O E M S

O N

State Affairs,

A Panegyrick on O. Cromwell, and his Victories.
By E. Waller, Esq;.

WHile with a strong, and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts Command;
Protect us from our selves, and from the Foe;
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too.
Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Reign;
And own no Liberty, but where they may,
Without controul upon their fellows Prey.
Above the Waves as Neptune shew'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race.
So has your Highness (rais'd above the rest,)
Storms of Ambition tossing us Repest.
Your drooping Country, torn with Civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State:
The Seat of Empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scot, to fetch their Doom,

B

The

The Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet
 With bending Sails, each Vessel of our Fleet.
 Your Pow'r resounds as far as Wind can Blow,
 Or swelling Sails upon the Globe may go.
 Heaven that has plac'd this Island to give Law,
 To ballance *Europe*, and her State to awe:
 In this Conjunction does our *Britain* Smile,
 The greatest Leader to the greatest Isle.
 Whether this Portion of the World were rent
 By the wide Ocean from the Continent;
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd,
 To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind.
 Hither the Opprest shall henceforth resort,
 Justice to crave, and succour of your Court,
 And shew, your Highness, not for ours alone,
 But for the World's Protector shall be known.
 Fame, swifter than your winged Navy flies
 Through every Land that near the Ocean lies;
 Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News
 To all that Piracy and Rapine use:
 With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
 Might hope to lift her Head above the rest.
 What may be thought impossible to do
 For us, embraced by the Sea and you?
 Lords of the World's great Wast, the Ocean, we
 Whole Forests send to Reign upon the Sea:
 And every Coast may trouble and relieve,
 But none can visit us without your leave.
 Angels and we know this Prerogative,
 That none can at our happy Seat arrive;
 While we Descend at pleasure to invade
 The bad with Vengeance, or the good to Aid;
 Our little World, the Image of the great,
 Like that amidst the boundless Ocean set,
 Of her own growth has all that Nature craves,
 And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.

As *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely:
 But to the *Nile* owes more than to the Sky ;
 So what our Heaven, or what our Earth denies,
 Our ever constant Friend, the Sea supplies.
 The Taste of hot *Arabia's* Spice we know,
 Free from the scorching Sun that makes it grow.
 Without the Worm in *Persian* Silks we shine,
 And without Planting, Drink of every Vine.
 To dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs ;
 Gold, though the heaviest Metal, hither Swims.
 Ours is the Harvest, where the *Indians* Mow ;
 We Plough the Deep, and Reap what others Sow ;
 Things of the noblest kind our own Soil breeds ;
 Stout are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds ;
Rome, though her Eagle through the World had flown,
 Could never make this Island all her own.
 Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too ;
France-Conquering Henry flourish'd, and now You.
 For whom we staid, as did the *Grecian* State,
 Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate.
 When for more Worlds that *Macedonian* cry'd,
 He wist not *Tbetis* in her Lap did hide
 Another yet, a World reserv'd for you,
 To make more great than that he did subdue.
 He safely might Old Troops to Battel lead
 Against the unwarlike *Persian*, or the *Mede*,
 Whose hasty flight did from a bloodless Field
 More Spoil than Honour to the Victor yield.
 A Race unconquer'd by their Clime—made bold,
 The *Calydonians* arm'd with want and cold,
 Have by a Fate indulgent to your Fame,
 Been from all Ages kept for you to tame :
 Whom the old *Roman* Wall so ill confin'd,
 With a new Chain of Garisons you bind.
 Here Foreign Gold no more shall make them come,
 Our *English* Iron holds them fast at home.

They that henceforth must be content to know
 No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow,
 May blame the Sun, but must extol your Grace,
 Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place.
 Prefer'd by Conquest, happily o'rethrown;
 Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
 So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
 Their vanquish'd Foes free Citizens of *Rome*.
 Like favour find the *Irish*, with like Fate
 Advanc'd to be a Portion of our State,
 While by your Valour, and your courteous Mind,
 Nations divided by the Sea, are joyn'd.
Holland to gain your Friendship, is content
 To be our Out-guard on your Continent.
 She from her fellow-Provinces would go,
 Rather than hazard to have you her Foe.
 In our late Fight, when Cannons did diffuse
 Preventing Posts, the terror of the News,
 Our Neighbour-Provinces trembl'd at their roar,
 But our conjunction makes them tremble more.
 Your never-failing Sword made War to cease,
 And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace;
 Our Minds with bounty and with awe engage,
 Unite Affections, and restrain our Rage.
 Less pleasures take brave minds in Battel won,
 Than in restoring such as are undone.
 Tygers have courage, and the rugged Bear,
 But Man alone can whom he conquers spare:
 To pardon willing, and to punish loath,
 You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
 Lifting up all that prostrate lye you grieve,
 You cannot make the dead again to live.
 When Fate or Error had our Age misled,
 And o're these Nations such Confusion spread,
 The only Cure which could from Heaven come down
 Was so much Power and Clemency in one;

One whose Extraction is from an Ancient Line,
 Gives hope again that well-born Men may thine:
 The meanest in your Nature, mild and good,
 The noble rest secur'd in your Blood.
 Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in Peace
 A Mind proportion'd to such things as these:
 How such a Ruling Spirit could restrain,
 And practice first o're your own self to Reign.
 Your private Life did a just Pattern give,
 How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Sons should live.
 Born to Command, your Princely Vertues slept
 Like humble *David*, whilst the Flock he kept;
 But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
 Your flaming Courage, and your matchless Worth
 Dazling the Eyes of all that did pretend
 To sow Contention—gave a prosperous end,
 Still as you rise, the States exalted too,
 Finds no Distemper while it's chang'd by you:
 Chang'd like the World's great Scene, when without noise
 The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys.
 Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
 Run, with amazement we should read your Story.
 But living Vertue all Atchievements past,
 Meets Envy still to grapple with at last.
 This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age
 With losing him, fell back to Blood and Rage.
 Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their Yoak,
 But cut the Bond of Union at that stroke.
 That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
 Gave a dim light to Violence and Wars.
 To such a Tempelt as now threatens all,
 Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.
 If *Rome's* great Senate could not wield the Sword,
 Which of the conquer'd World had made them Lord,
 What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
 To Rule victorious Armies, but by you?

You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
 Could Order teach, and all their Hearts compose.
 To every Duty could their Minds engage,
 Provoke their Courage, and commend their Rage.
 So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Main,
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain
 To tame his Youth, approach the haughty Beast,
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.
 As the next World, to find repose at last,
 It self into *Augusta's* Arms did cast.
 So *England* now, does, with like Toyl oppress,
 Her weary Head upon your Bosom rest.
 Then let the Muses with such Notes as these,
 Instruct us what belongs unto our Peace :
 Your Battles they hereafter shall indite,
 And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight ;
 Tell of Towns storm'd, of Armies over-run,
 And mighty Kingdoms by your Conduct won:
 How, while you Thunder'd, Clouds of Dust did choak
 Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in Smoak.
 Illustrious Arts high raptures do infuse,
 And every Conqueror creates a Muse.
 Here in low strains your milder Deeds we Sing;
 But there, my Lord, we'll Bays and Olives bring
 To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph ride
 O're vanquish'd Nations, and the Sea beside :
 While all your Neighbour-Princes unto You,
 Like *Joseph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence, and Bow.

Three POEMS on the Death of the late
Protector, *Oliver Cromwell*.

Written by Mr. *John Dryden*, Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxford*, and Mr. *Edm. Waller*.

Heroick Stanza's, on the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell: Written after his Funeral, by Mr. Dryden,

I.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
Who would before have born him to the Sky,
Like eager *Romans*, e're all Rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Though our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of publick Voice ;
Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his Name,
Hath render'd too Authentick by its choice.

III.

Though in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown ;
Add not to his Immortal Memory,
But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our int'rest too,
Such Monuments as we can build, to raise,
Lest all the World prevent what we should do,
And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a Fame so truly Circular?

For in a round, what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His Grandure he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him so,
And Wars like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, nor greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,
But to our Crown he did fresh Jewels bring ;
Nor was his Vertue poison'd soon as born.
With the too early thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easie Mistress to the young,
But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)
Him, at that age, her Favourites rank'd among,
When she her best lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.

He private, mark'd the Faults of others sway,
And set as Sea-marks for himself to shun ;
Not like rash Monarchs, who their youth betray,
By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet Dominion was not his design,
We owe that blessing not to him but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join ;
Rewards that less to him, than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chief like Sticklers of the War,
First fought t'inflame the parties, then to poise :
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,
And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade ;
He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain ;

He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd
To stanch the blood by breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
Like that bold *Greek*, who did the East subdue,
And made to Battels such Heroick haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He Fought secure of Fortune as of Fame,
Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,
Of Conquests which he strew'd were'er he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His Palms, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd, no Winter could his Lawrels fade:
Heaven in his Portraict shew'd a Workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade-

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which War had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's Walls thus mounted in the Air,
To seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescued *Ireland*, to him owes,
And treacherous *Scotland* to no int'rest true.
Yet bless'd that Fate which did his Arms dispose
Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars which only shine,
When to pale Mariners, they Storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his Mien
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

Tis true his Countenance did imprint an awe.
And naturally all Souls to his did bow,

As wands of Divination downward draw,
And point to beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to *Pheretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd; and Arms to Gowns made yield;
Successful Councils did him soon approve,
As fit for close Intrigues, as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *British* Main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love;
Each knew that side must conquer, he Would own;
And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *French*-man's Cause imbrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur, the grave Don outweigh'd;
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
Though *Indian* Mines where in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right;
For though that some mean Artist's Skill were shewn
In mingling Colours, or in placing Light;
Yet still the fair Designment was his own:

XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw;
The worth of each with its allay he knew;
And as the Confident of Nature saw
How the Complexions did divide and brew.

XXIV.

Or he their single Vertues did survey,
By intuition in his own large Breast,

Where

State Affairs.

11

Where all the rich *Idea's* of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Vertue, Heaven set out,
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our Foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may Ascend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-Men of the Continent,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;
To Nobler preys the *English* Lion sent,
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to Roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;
And trembling with'd behind more *Alps* to stand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise,
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest Acts it could produce or shew:
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond Practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor died he when his ebbing Fame went less,
But when fresh Laurels courted him to live;

He

He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
As near the Center, Motion doth increase ;
Till he press'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did like the Vestal, under spoils de cease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent.
That Giant Prince of all her wat'ry Herd ;
And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
Upon his Obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But Faction now by habit does obey ;
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands to shew,
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

To the Reverend Dr. *Wilkins*, Warden of
Wadham College in *Oxford*.

S I R,

Seeing you are pleas'd to think fit that these Papers should
come into the publick, which were at first design'd to live
only in a Desk, or some private Friends Hands ; I humbly
take the boldness to commit them to the security, which your
Name and protection will give them, with the most knowing
part of the World. There are two things especially, in which
they

they stand in need of your Defence: One is, That they fall so infinitely below the full and lofty Genius of that excellent Poet, who made this way of Writing free of our Nation: The other, That they are so little proportioned and equal to the Renown of that Prince, on whom they were written. Such great Actions and Lives, deserving rather to be the Subjects of the noblest Pens, and Divine Phantasies, than of such small Beginners and weak Essayers in Poetry as my self. Against these dangerous Prejudices, there remains no other Shield, than the Universal Esteem and Authority, which your Judgment and Approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the Relation you had to this great Person, nor of the general favour which all Arts receive from you; but more particularly by reason of that Obligation and Zeal, with which I am bound to Dedicate my self to your service: For having been a long time the Object of your Care and Indulgence towards the advantage of my Studies and Fortune, having been moulded (as it were) by your own Hands, and formed under your Government; not to intitle you to any thing which my meanness produces, would not only be Injustice, but Sacrilege: So that if there be any thing here tolerably said, which deserves Pardon, it is yours Sir, as well as he, who is

Your most Devoted

and Obliged Servant.

To

To the happy Memory of the late Usurper.
Oliver Cromwell. By Mr. *Sprat* of *Oxon*
Pindarick Odes.

I.

TIS true, grate Name, thou art secure
 From the forgetfulness and Rage
 Of Death, or Envy, or devouring Age;
 Thou canst the Force and Teeth of Time endure:
 Thy Fame like Men, the Elder it doth grow,
 Will of its self turn whither too,
 Without what needless Art can do;
 Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy Hearse,
 Tho it were never heard or sung in Verse.
 Without our help, thy Memory is safe;
 They only want an Epitaph,
 That does remain alone
 Alive in an Inscription,
 Remembred only on the Brass, or Marble stone.
 'Tis all in vain what we can do:
 All our Roses and Perfumes
 Will but officious folly shew,
 And pious Nothings, to such mighty Tombs.
 All our Incense, Gums, and Balm,
 Are but unnecessary duties here:
 The Poets may their Spices spare,
 Their costly numbers and their tuneful Feet:
 That need not be imbalm'd, which of it self is Sweet.

II.

We know to Praise thee is a dangerous proof
 Of our Obedience and our Love:
 For when the Sun and Fire meet,

Th

Th' ones extinguish'd quite ;
 And yet the other never is more bright :
 So that they write of thee, and join
 Their feeble names with thine,
 Their weaker sparks with thy Illustrious light,
 Will lose themselves in that ambitious thought ;
 And yet no Fame to thee from hence he brought,
 We know, blest'd Spirit, thy mighty name
 Wants no addition of anothers beam ;
 It's for our Pens to high, and full of Theme :
 The Muses are made great by thee, not thou by them.
 Thy Fame's Eternal Lamp will live,
 And in thy Sacred Urn survive,
 Without the food of Oyl, which we can give.
 'Tis true ; but yet our duty calls our Songs,
 Duty Commands our Tongues.
 Though thou want not our praises, we
 Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee ;
 For so Men from Religion are not freed.
 but from the Altars Clouds must rise,
 Though Heaven it self doth nothing need,
 And though the Gods don't want an earthly Sacrifice. •

III.

Great Life of wonders, whose each year
 Full of new Miracles did appear !
 Whose every Month might be
 Alone a Chronicle, or a History !
 Others great Actions are
 But thinly scatter'd here and there ;
 At best, but all one single Star ;
 But thine the Milky-way,
 All one continued light, of undistinguish'd Day ;
 They throng'd so close, that naught else could be seen,
 Scarce any common Sky did come between :
 What shall I say or where begin ?
 Thou may'st in double shapes be shown,

Or in thy Arms, or in thy Gown;
 Like *Jove* sometimes with Warlike Thunder, and
 Sometimes with peaceful Scepter in his Hand;

Or in the Field, or on the Throne.

In what thy Head or what thy Arm hath done,
 All that thou didst was so refin'd,
 So full of substance, and so strongly join'd,
 So pure, so weighty Gold,
 That the least Grain of it
 If fully spread and beat,
 Would many Leaves and mighty Volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy Name was publish'd, and whilst yet
 Thou only to thy self wert great,

◦ Whilst yet thy happy bud

Was not quite seen, or understood,

It then sure signs of future greatness shew'd:

Then thy Domestick worth

Did tell the World what it would be,

When it should fit occasion see,

When a full Spring should call it forth:

As Bodies in the Dark and Night,

Have the same Colours, the same red and white,

As in the open Day and Light,

The Sun doth only shew

That they are bright, not make them so:

So whilst but private Walls did know

What we to such a mighty Mind should owe,

Then the same Vertues did appear,

Though in a less and more contracted Sphere,

As full, though not as large as since they were:

And like great Rivers, Fountains, though

At first so deep thou didst not go;

Though then thine was not so enlarg'd a Flood;

Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear as good.

V.

*Tis true, thou wast not born unto a Crown,
 Thy Scepter's not thy Fathers, but thy own :
 Thy purple was not made at once in haste,
 And after many other Colours past.
 It took the deepest Princely Dye at last.
 Thou didst begin with lesser Cares,
 And private thoughts took up thy private Years :
 Those Hands, which were ordain'd by Fates,
 To change the World, and alter States,
 Practis'd at first that vast Design
 On meaner things with equal Mind.
 That Soul, which should so many Scepters sway,
 To whom so many Kingdoms should obey,
 Learned first to rule in a Domestick way :
 So Government it self, began
 From Family, and single Man,
 Was by the small Relation, first,
 Of Husband, and of Father Nurs'd,
 And from those less beginnings past,
 To spread it self o'er all the World at last.

VI.

But when thy Country, (then almost enthrall'd)
 Thy Vertue, and thy Courage call'd ;
 When *England* did thy Arms intreat,
 And't had been Sin in thee not to be Great :
 When every Stream, and every Flood,
 Was a true Vein of Earth, and run with Blood ;
 When unus'd Arms, and unknown War
 Fill'd every Place, and every Ear ;
 When the great Storms, and dismal Night
 Did all the Land affright ;
 'Twas time for thee, to bring forth all our Light.
 Thou left'st thy more delightful Peace,
 Thy private Life, and better case ;

Then down thy Steel and Armour took,
 Wishing that it still hung upon the Hook :
 When Death had got a large Commission out,
 Throwing her Arrows, and her Sting about ;
 Then thou (as once the healing Serpent rose)
 Wast lifted up, not for thy self, but us.

VII.

'Thy Country wounded was, and sick before
 Thy Wars and Arms did her restore :
 Thou knew'st where the Disease did lie,
 And like the Cure of Sympathy,
 Thy strong, and certain Remedy :
 Unto the Weapon didst apply ;
 'Thou didst not draw the Sword, and so
 Away the Scabbard throw,
 As if thy Country shou'd
 Be the Inheritance of *Mars* and Blood :
 But that when the great work was spun,
 War in it self should be undone ;
 That Peace might Land again upon the shore,
 Richer and better than before :
 The Husbandmen no Steel should know,
 None but the useful iron of the Plow ;
 That Bays might creep on every Spear :
 And though our Sky was overspread
 With a destructive red ;
 'Twas but till thou our Sun didst in full Light appear.

VIII.

When *Ajax* died, the Purple Blood
 That from his gaping Wound had flow'd,
 Turn'd into Letters every Leaf
 Had on it wrote his Epiraph :
 So from that Crimson Flood,
 which thou, by fate of times, wert led
 Unwillingly to shed,
 Letters, and Learning rose, and renewed ;

Thou

Thou fought'st not out of Envy, Hope, or Hate,
 But to refine the Church and State;
 And like the *Romans*, what e'er thou
 In the Field of *Mars* didst mow,
 Was, that a holy Island hence might grow.
 Thy Wars, as Rivers raised by a Shower,
 With welcome Clouds do pour:
 Though they at first may seem,
 To carry all away with an enraged Stream;
 Yet did not happen that they might destroy,
 Or the better parts annoy:
 But all the Filth and Mud to Scour,
 And leave behind another slime,
 To give a Birth to a more happy Power.

IX.

In Fields unconquer'd, and so well
 Thou didst in Battels and in Arms excel;
 That steelly Arms themselves, might be
 Worn out in War as soon as thee.
 Success, so close upon thy Troops did wait,
 As if thou first hadst Conquer'd Fate;
 As if uncertain Victory
 Had been first overcome by thee;
 As if her Wings were clipp'd, and could not flee,
 Whilst thou didst only serve,
 Before thou hadst what first thou didst deserve.
 Others by thee did great things do,
 Triumph'dst thy self, and madest them triumph too;
 Though they above thee did appear,
 As yet in a more large and higher Sphere:
 Thou, the great Sun gav'st Light to every Star.
 Thy self an Army wert alone,
 And mighty Troops contain'dst in one:
 Thy only Sword did guard the Land,
 Like that which flaming in the Angel's Hand;
 From Men Gods Garden did defend:

But yet thy Sword did more than his,
Not only Guarded, but did make this Land a Paradise

X.

Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
Not for a Scepter or a Crown,
Or Ermyne, Purple, or the Throne;
But as the Vestal Hear,

Thy Fire was kindled from above alone;
Religion putting on thy Shield,
Brought thee Victorious to the Field.

Thy Arms like those, which ancient Heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou did'st adore;
And all the Words thy Armies had,
Were on an heavenly Anvil made;

Not Int'rest, or any weak desire
Of Rule, or Empire did thy mind inspire;

Thy Valour like the holy Fire,
Which did before the *Persian* Armies go,
Liv'd in the Camp, and yet was Sacred too:

Thy mighty Sword anticipates,
What was reserv'd for Heaven and those bless'd Seats
And makes the Church Triumphant here below.

XI.

Though Fortune did hang on thy Sword,
And did obey thy mighty Word;
Though Fortune for thy side and thee,
Forgot her lov'd Unconstancy;

Amidst thy Arms and Trophies thou
Wert valiant and gentle too,

Wounded'st thy self, when thou did'st kill thy Foe;
Like Steel, when it much Work has past,
That which was rough does shine at last:

Thy Arms by being oftner us'd did smooother grow
Nor did thy Battels make thee proud or high,
Thy Conquest rais'd the State, nor thee:
Thou overcam'st thy self in every Victory:

As when the Sun, in a directer Line,
Upon a polish'd golden Shield doth shine,
The Shield reflects unto the Sun again his Light:
So when the Heavens smil'd on thee in Fight,
When thy propitious God had lent
Success, and Victory to thy Tent;
To Heav'n again the Victory was sent.

XII.

England till thou did'st come,
Confin'd her Valour home;
Then our own Rocks did stand
Bounds to our Fame as well as Land,
And were to us as well,
As to our Enemies unpassable:
We were asham'd at what we read,
And blush'd at what our Fathers did,
Because we came so far behind the Dead.
The British Lion hung his main, and droop'd,
To Slavery and Burthen sloop'd,
With a degenerate Sleep and Fear
Lay in his Den, and languish'd there;
At whose least Voice before,
A trembling eccho ran through every Shore,
And shook the World at every Roar;
Thou his subdued Courage did'st restore,
Sharpen his Claws, and in his Eyes
Mad'st the same dreadful Lightning rise;
Mad'st him again affright the Neighbouring Floods,
His mighty Thunder sounds through all the Woods;
Thou hast our Military Fame redeem'd,
Which was lost, or clouded seem'd;
Nay more, Heaven did by thee bestow
On us, at once an Iron Age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'st, that Azure Chain of Waves,
Which Nature round about us sent,

Made

Made us to every Pirate Slaves,
 Was rather Burthen than an Ornament ;
 Those Fields of Sea that wash'd our Shores,
 Were plow'd, and reap'd by other Hand than ours :

To us, the liquid Mass,
 Which doth about us run,
 As it is to the Sun,

Only a Bed to sleep on was:
 And not, as now a powerful Throne,
 To shake and sway the World thereon.
 Our Princes in their Hand a Globe did shew,
 But not a perfect one,
 Compos'd of Earth, and Water too.
 But thy Commands the Floods obey'd,
 Thou all the Wilderness of Water sway'd;
 Thou did'st but only wed the Sea,
 Not make her equal, but a Slave to thee.

Neptune himself did bear thy Yoke,
 Stoop'd, and trembled at thy stroke .
 He that ruled all the Main,

Acknowledg'd thee his Sovereign :
 And now the Conquer'd Sea doth pay
 More Tribute to thy *Thames*, than that unto the Sea.

XIV.

'Till now our Valour did our selves more hurt ;
 Our Wounds to other Nations were a sport ;
 And as the Earth, our Land produc'd
 Iron and Steel, which should to tear our selves be us'd
 Our strength within it felt did break

Like thundring Canons crack,
 And kill'd those that were near,

While the Enemies secur'd and untouch'd were.
 But now our Trumpets thou hast made to sound
 Against our Enemies Walls in Foreign Ground ;
 And yet no eccho back to us returning found.

England is now the happy peaceful Isle,

And

And all the World the while,
Is exercising Arms and Wars
With Foreign, or intestine Jars.
The Torch extinguish'd here, we lend to others Oil,
We give to all, yet know our selves no Fear;
We reach the Flame of Ruine, and of Death,
Where e're we please, our Swords to unsheath,
Whilst we in calm, and temperate Regions breath:
Like to the Sun, whose heat is hur'd
Through every Corner of the World;
Whose Flame through all the Air doth go,
And yet the Sun himself, the while no Fire doth know.
XV.

Besides the Glories of thy Peace,
Are not in Number, nor in value less.
Thy Hand did cure, and close the Scars
Of our bloody Civil Wars;
Not only lanc'd, but heal'd the Wound,
Made us again as healthy, and as sound,
When now the Ship was well nigh Lost,
After the Storm upon the Coast,
By 'its Mariners endanger'd most:
When they their Ropes and Helms had left,
When the Planks asunder cleft,
And Flouds came roaring in with mighty sound,
Thou a safe Land, and harbour for us found,
And saved'st those that would themselves have drown'd:
A Work which none but Heaven and thee could do,
Thou made'st us happy whe'r we would or no;
Thy Judgment, Mercy, Temperance so great,
As if those Vertues only in thy Mind had feat:
Thy Piety not only in the Field, but Peace,
When Heaven seemed to be wanted least:
Thy Temples not like *Janus* open were,
Open in time of War,
When thou hadst greater cause of fear,

Religion and the awe of Heaven posselt
All places and all times alike thy Breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beside ;
Our after-times, and late Posterity,
Shall pay unto thy Fame as much as we ;
They two are made by thee.
When Fate did call thee to a higher Throne,
And when thy Mortal Work was done ;
When Heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burthen chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss ;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy Blood, but Vertue kin ;
Not only Heir unto thy Throne, but Mind,
'Tis he shall perfect all thy Cures,
And with as fine a thread weave out thy Loom :
So one did bring the chosen People from
Their Slavery and Fears,
Led them through their pathless Road,
Guided himself by God, (Hand
He brought them to the Borders ; but a second
Did settle, and secure them in the promised Land.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Usurper Oliver Cromwell ensuing the same, By Mr. Waller.

WE must resign ; Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud, as his Immortal Fame ;
His dying Groans, his last breath shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.

About

About his Palace their broad roots are tost
Into the Air : So *Romulus* was lost.
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist their King,
And from obeying fell to Worshipping.
On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay Dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread ;
The Poplar too, whose Bough he wont to wear
On his Victorious Head, lay prostrate there:
Those his last Fury from the Mountain rent ;
Our dying Hero, from the Continent,
Ravish'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spantards* rest,
As his last Legacy to *Britain* left ;
The Ocean which so long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaster Mind ;
Our bounds enlargement, was his latest Toil,
Nor hath he left us Prisoners to our Isle :
Under the Tropick is our Language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.
From Civil broils, he did us disingage,
Found nobler Objects for our Martial Rage ;
And with wise Conduct to his Country shew'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad:
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free ;
Nature her self, took notice of his Death,
And sighing swell'd the Sea with such a-breath,
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.
1667.

N A Y Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight,
Which *Waller* only Courage had to write;
If thy bold Hands can without shaking draw,
What ev'n th' Actors trembled at when they saw,
Enough to make thy colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils bristle like their Hairs.

First in fit distance of the prospect main,
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coast of *Spain*;
Herbick Act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Hercles* Pillars with the Prow!
And how he left his Ship the Hills to waft,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* and *Dover* graft.

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to re-build it new;
What lesser Sacrifice than this was meet
To offer for the safety of the Fleet?
Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow:
See what free Cities and wise Courts can do!
So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
Marries afresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:
So whatsoe'er is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glasses are more durable than Plate.
No May'r till now, so rich a Pageant feign'd,
Nor one Barge all the Companies contain'd.

Then Painter, draw *Cerulean Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellour o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to express his hue
Use nothing but *Ultra-Marinish* Blue.
To pay his Fees, the Silver Trumpet spends,
And Boat-swains whistle, for his place depends,
Pilots in vain repeat their Compa's o'er

Until

Until of him they learn that one point more.
The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Coventry* to Gold.
Muscovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar ;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munster*, War ;
Ashly, Prize; *Warwick*, Customs; *Cart'et*, Pay ;
But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his purse, with tackling like his strings,
By slow degrees of the increasing gale,
First under Sail, and after under Sale :
Then in kind visit unto *Opdam's* Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntsmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
First find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer when they take the Seas,
The *Hambrough* Convoy may betray with ease.
So that the Fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over Night.

But Painter, now prepare t' enrich thy piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of *Ambergreece*,
See where the *Dutchess* with Triumphant trail
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* does assail !
So the Land-Crabs, at Natures kindly call,
Down to ingender to the Sea do Crawl.
See then the Admiral with Navy whole,
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal :
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring,
Return to Land with Summer in their Wing.

One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother Pearl,
Suffic'd of old, the *Citherean* Girl ;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A small Sea-Mask, and built to Court your Dear :
Three Goddesses in one, *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.
O *Dutchess*! if thy Nuptial Pomp was mean,

'Tis paid with Interest in thy Naval Scene.
 Never did *Roman Mark* within the Nile,
 So Feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile* ;
 Nor the *Venetian Duke* with such a State
 The *Adriatick* Marry, at that rate.

Now Painter, spare thy weaker Art ; forbear
 To draw her parting Passions and each Tear :
 For Love, alas ! hath but a short Delight ;
 The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call'd to Fight.
 She therefore the Dukes Person recommends
 To *Brunker*, *Pen*, and *Coventry*, her Friends ;
 To *Pen* much, *Brunker* more, most *Coventry* ;
 For they she knew were all more fraid then he :
 Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Fin,
 And hop'd by this he through the Air might Spin ;
 The other thought he might avoid the Knell,
 By the invention of the Diving Bell ;
 The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
 Coyled round about him, was impenetrable.
 But these the Duke rejected, only chose
 To keep far off ; let others interpose.
Rupert, that knew no fear, but Health did want,
 Kept State suspended in a Chair volant ;
 All save his Head shut in that wooden case,
 He shew'd but like a broken Weather-glass ;
 But arm'd with the whole *Lyon Cap-a Chin*,
 Did represent the *Hercules* within.
 Dear shall the *Dutch* his twinging anguish know,
 And see what Valour whet with pain can do.
 Curst in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
 That through his Princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a *Lyon* ;
 And *Sand—ch* hop'd to fight it like *Arion* ;
 He to prolong his Life in the dispute,
 And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
 Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,

And

And land him safe and found as any Roach.

Now Painter, reassume thy Pencils care,
Thou hadst but skirmish'd yet, now fight prepare;
And draw the Battle terrible to shew,
As the last Judgment was of *Angelo*.

First let our Navy scour through Silver Froth,
The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
Whose very bulk may represent its Birth,
From *'Hide* and *Paston*, burthens of the Earth;
Hide whose Transcendent panch so swells of late,
That he the Rupture seems of Law and State;
Paston whose Belly bears more Millions,
Than *Indian Carrocks*, and contains more Tuns.
Let shoals of Porpoises on every side
Wonder in Swimming by our Oaks out-vy'd;
And the Sea-fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
So vast, more swift and strong then they of Wing.
But yet presaging *George* they keep in sight,
And follow for the Reliques of a Fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well-dissembled fear,
Or bold despair, more than we wish, draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to fight their easie Stomachs render,
With Breasts so panting, that at every stroke
You might have felt their Hearts beat through the Oak:
While one concerned in the Interval
Of straining Choler, thus did vent his Gall.

Noah be damn'd! and all his Race accurst,
Who in Sea brine did pickle Timber first!
What though he Planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
He taught us how to Drink and how to Drown:
He first built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but eight, e're since endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryar, be damn'd,
And in thine own first Mortar-piece be ram'd!

Who

*Who first invented Cannon in thy Cell,
 Nitre from Earth, and Brimstone fetcht from Hell.
 But damn'd and treble damn'd be Clarendine,
 Our seventh Edward, with all his House and Line!
 Who to divert the danger of the War,
 With Bristol, bounds us on the Hollander :
 Fool costed Gown-men ! sells, to fight with Hance,
 Dunkirk ; dismantling Scotland, quarrels France :
 And hopes he now hath bus'ness shap'd, and Power
 T' out last our Lives or his, and scape the Tower ;
 And that he yet may see, er'e he go down,
 His dear Clarinda circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach dispute,
 And each the other Mortally salute:
 Draw pensive Neptune biting of his Thumbs,
 To think himself a Slave whoe're o'recomes.
 The frighted Nymphs retreating to their Rocks,
 Beating their Blue Breasts, tearing their Green locks.
 Paint Eccho slain, only th' alternate Sound
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
 Opdam Sails placed on his Naval Throne,
 Assuming Courage greater than his own ;
 Makes to the Duke and threatens him from far,
 To Nail him to his Boards like a Petar ;
 But in the vain attempt, took fire too soon,
 And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon.
 Monsieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
 In thousand sparks, then dancingly fall back.
 Yet e're this happen'd, destiny allow'd
 Him his Revenge, to make his death more proud ;
 A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
 And batter'd Lawson : Oh too dear Exchange!
 He led our Fleet that Day too short a space,
 But lost his Knee ; since dy'd in Glory's Race :
 Lawson ! whose Valour beyond fate did go,
 And still fights Opdam in the Lake below,

The Duke himself, tho' *Pen* did not forget,
 Yet was not out of dangers *Random* set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to *Act* ;
 Some say t'was to grow Duke too by contract :
 An untaught Bullet in its wanton Scope,
 Dashes him all to pieces, and his *Hope*.
 Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd ;
 A chance-shot sooner took him than *Chance* rais'd :
 His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke disdains,
 And gave the last first proof that he had Brains.
Barilet had heard it soon, and thought not good
 To venture more of Royal *Harding's* Blood :
 To be Immortal he was not of Age,
 An did e'en now the *Indian Prize* presage ;
 And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
 To lose the Day, *since his dear Brother's* lost.
 With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
 And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
 The *Dutch Auranea* careless, at us Sail'd ;
 And promis'd to do what *Opdam* fail'd :
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way,
 And cleaves t' her closer than a *Remora* :
 The Captain wonder'd, and withal disdain'd,
 So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd ;
 And in a raging brav'ry to him runs,
 They stab their Ships with one anothers Guns :
 They fight so near, it seems to be on Ground,
 And ev'n the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* Wound.
 The Noise, the Smoak, the Fire, the Sweat, the Blood,
 Is not to be exprest, nor understood.
 Each Captain from his Quarter-deck Commands,
 They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands.
 All Luxury of War, all Man can do
 In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two :
 But one must conquer, whosoever fight ;
Smith takes the Gyant, and is made a Knight.

Marl-

Marlbrough that knew, and durst do more than all,
 Falls undistinguished by an Iron-Ball:
 Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
 No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate!
 Who would set up Wars Trade that means to thrive?
 Death picks the *Valiant* out, *Cowards* survive:
 VVhat *the Brave* merit, *th' Impudent* do vaunt;
 And none's rewarded but the *Sycophant*:
 Hence all his Life he against *Fortune* fenc'd,
 Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd:
 But envy not this praise t'his memory,
 None more prepar'd was, or less fit to Dye:
Rupert did others and himself excel:
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*; bravely *Sanfon* fell.
 VVhat others did, let none omitted, blame,
 I shall record, whoe'er brings in his Name:
 But unless after stories disagree,
 Nine onely came to fight, the rest to see.
 Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss;
 The wind, the fire, we, they themselves do cross.
 VVhen a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
 And with soft Diadems his Temples crown:
 And first he orders all the rest to watch,
 And *They* the Foe, whilst *He* a *Nap* doth catch:
 But lo, *Brunkar* by a secret instinct,
 Slept not, nor needed; he all day had winkt.
 The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
 VVhose vertue makes the mislead *Compass* wheel.
 So ere *He* wak'd, both *Fleets* were innocent:
 And *Brunkar* Member is of Parliament.
 And now, dear Painter, after pains, like those;
 'Twere time that I and thou too do repose.
 But all our Navy 'scap'd so sound of Limb,
 That a short space serv'd to refresh and trim;
 And a tame *Fleet* of theirs doth Convoy want,
 Laden with both the *Indies*, and *Levant*:

Paint but this one Scene more, the VWorld's our own,
 And Halcyon *Sand--ch* doth command alone:
 To *Bergen* we with confidence made haste,
 And th' secret spoils by hope already taste;
 Though *Clifford* in the Character appear
 Of *Supra-Cargo* to our Fleet, and their
 Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
 And seize all for his Master *Arl--gton*,
Ruyter whose little Squadron skim'd the Seas,
 And wasted our remotest Colonies,
 With Ships all foul, return'd upon our way;
Sand--ch would not disperse, nor yet delay;
 And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
 To scape his sight and fight, shut both his Eyes;
 And for more state and sureness, *Cutten* true,
 The left Eye closeth, the right *Mountague*;
 And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his zeal,
 To make all safe, t'apply to both his Seal.

Ulysses so, till Syrens he had past,

Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.

Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
 But there (to see the Fortune!) was a Fort:
Sand--ch would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools only fight, the Prudent use to treat.
 His Cousin *Moun--gue* by Court-disaster,
 Dwindled into the wooden Horse's Master:
 To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
 Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper:
 Or what are Forts, when void of Ammunition?
 With friends or foes what would we more condition?
 Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
 Men, Powder, Money, Cannon,--treat with Wall!
 Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
 Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
 And *Moun--gue*, though drest like any Bride,
 And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and dy'd:

Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper care
 Wrinkled his Membranes under Forehead fair.
 The *Dutch Armado* yet had th' impudence
 To put to Sea, to waft their Merchants thence ;
 For as if all their Ships of Wallnut were,
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear :
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring Wind,
 Brings *Sand---ch* back, and once again did blind.

Now gentle Painter, e're we leap on shore,
 With thy last strokes ruffle a Tempest o'er ;
 As if in our reproach, the Wind and Seas
 Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease :
 The Seas the spoils within our Hatches throw,
 The Winds both Fleets into our Mouths do blow :
 Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
 As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs ;
 But *Sand---ch* fears for Merchants to mistake
 A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
 Two Indian ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl,
 And Diamonds, fate th' Officers and Earl :
 Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
 Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.

Mean while the *Dutch* uniting, to our shames,
 Ride all insulting o'er the *Downes* and *Thames* !

Now treating *Sand---ch* seems the fittest choice
 For *Spain*, there to condole, and to rejoice :
 He meets the *French* ; but to avoid all harms,
 Ships to the *Groyne* : *Embassies* bear no Arms :
 There let him languish a long Quarantain,
 And ne'er to *England* come, till he be clean.

Thus having fought, we know not why as yet ;
 We've done we know not what, nor what we get :
 If to espouse the Ocean, all this pains
 Princes unite, and do forbid the Bains :
 If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more ;
 For all Phanaticks are, when they are poor :

Or if the House of Commons to repay,
 Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away:
 But for triumphant Check-stones if, and shell
 For Dutchess Closet, 't hath succeeded well.
 If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
 Or to reserve a standing force, alas!
 Or if, as just, ORANGE to re-instate,
 Instead of that, he is regenerate:
 And with four Millions vainly giv'n as spent,
 And with five Millions more of detriment,
 Our sum amounts yet onely to have won
 A bastard Orange for Pimp Arl----ton.

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro*:
Denham says thus; though always *Waller* so:
 And he good Man, in his long sheet and staff,
 This pennance did for *Cromwells* Epitaph:
 And his next Theam must be o'th Dukes Mistrefs,
 Advice to draw Madam l' *Edificatrefs*.

Henceforth, O *Gemini*! two Dukes Command,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Aumarke* and *Cumberland*.
 Since in one ship, it had been fit they'd went
 In *Petty's* Double-Kneel'd Experiment.

To the KING. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

I Mperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
 Dear Object of our Joy, and Heaven's smiles!
 What bootes it that thy Light doth gild our days,
 And we lie basking in thy milder Rays,
 While swarms of Insects, from thy warmth begin?
 Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
 Thou, like *Joves* *Minos* rul'st a greater Creet;
 And for its hundred Cities, Count'st thy Fleet.

*Why wilt thou that state-Dædalus allow,
 Who builds the Butt, a Lab'rinth and a Cow?
 If thou art Minos, be a Judge severe,
 And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
 O may our Sun, since he too nigh presumes,
 Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his plumes
 And may he falling leave his bated Name
 Unto these Seas his War hath set on flame!
 From that Enchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
 Thy native sight will pierce within the Skies,
 And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
 Where's Universal Triumph, but no Fight.
 Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r descend,
 Rule by its pattern there to reascend.
 Let Justice onely awe, and Battel cease:
 Kings are but Cards in War; they're Gods in Peace.*

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

S And--ch in Spain now, and the Duke in love.
 Let's with new Gen'als a New Painter prove:
 Lylly's a Dutchman, danger's in his Art,
 His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
 Thou Gibson, that amongst thy Navy small
 Of Muscle-shells commandest Admiral,
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
 Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
 Come mix thy Water-colours, and express,
 Drawing in little, what we yet do less.

First paint me George and Ruperts ratling far
 Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War?
 And let the terror of their linked Name,
 Fly through the Air, like Chain-shot, tearing Fame:

Jove

Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap.
 United Gen'als sure are th' onely spell,
 Wherewith United Provinces to quell :
 Alas, even they, though shell'd in treble Oak,
 Will prove an Addle Egge, with double Yolk.
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
 And loo them at two Hares e're one be found :
Rupert to *Beaufort* ; halloo ! ah, there *Rupert*
 Like the phantastick hunting of *St. Hubert*,
 When he with Airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
 Pursues by *Fountain bleau* the wirchy Hare.
 Deep providence of State ! that could so soon
 Fight *Beaufort* here, e're he had quit *Thouloon*.

So have I seen, e're Human Quarrels rise,
 Fore-boding Meteors combate in the Skies.

But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
 The Gen'als meet a more substantial Foe :
Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful heat,
 Though half their number, thinks the odds too great :

The Fowler watching so his watry spot,
 And more the Fowl, hopes for the better shot.

Though such a Limb was from his Navy torn,
 He found no weakness yet, like *Sampson* shorn ;
 But swoln with sence of former Glory won,
 Thought *Monk* must be by *Albemarle* out done :
 Little he knew with the same Arm and Sword,
 How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.

Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Heart,
 Superiour now in number and in Art ;
 Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel-Nation,
 To conquer *Theirs* too, with a Declaration ?
 And threatens, though he now so proudly Sail,
 He shall tread back his *Iter Boreale* :

This said, he the short Period, e're it ends,
 With Iron-words from Brazen-Mouths extends :

Monk

Monk yet prevents him, e're the Navies meet,
 And charges in himself alone a Fleet ;
 And with so quick and frequent motion Wound
 His murdering sides about, the Ship seem'd round ;
 And the Exchanges of his Circling Tire,
 Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
 Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
 And shoots them through a Porcupine of Flame.
 In noise so regular his Cannons met,
 You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set :
 Ah! had the rest but kept a time as true
 What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
 The listning Air unto the distant Shore,
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned Roar ;
 Till as the Eccho's, vanishing, abate,
 Men feel a dead sound like the pulse of State.
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
 His Guns determine who shall live or dye.
 But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant ;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant* :
Ruyter no less with vertuous Envy burns,
 And prodigies for Miracles returns :
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron Balls
 Recoyl'd in vain against our Oaken Walls.
 How the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
 By our enchanted Timber flipp'd.
 Leave then, said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
 We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel :
 He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
 Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrouds.
 Forrests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
 Our stiff Sails masht, and netted into Lace ;
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton Mark,
 Nor any Ship could Sail but as the Ark,
 Shot in the Wing, so at the Powder's call,
 The disappointed Bird doth flutt'ring fall.

Yet *Monk* disabl'd, still such courage shows,
That none into his mortal gripe dare close :
So an old Bustard, maim'd yet loth to yeild,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* Field.
But since he found it was in vain to fight,
He imps his Plumes the best he can to flight :
This, Painter, were a noble Task to tell,
What indignation his great Breast did swell !

*Not vertuous Man unworthily abus'd,
Not constant Lover without cause refus'd,
Not Honest Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hist off the Stage, nor Sinners in despair ;
Not Parents mockt, not Favourites disgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk, or Oliver displac'd,
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates ere they die,
Feel half the Rage of Generals when they Fly.*

Ah rather than transmit th' story to Fame,
Draw Curtains, Gentle artist, o'er the shame :
Cashier the memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up
To tast, instead of Death, his Highness Cup ;
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deserv'd, was shot ;
Though others, that survey'd the Corps so clear,
Said he was only petrify'd for fear :
If so, th' hard Statue Mummy'd without Gum,
Might the *Dutch* Balm have spar'd, & *English* Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
And the great *HARMAN* charkt almost to Coal ;
And *JORDAIN* old worthy thy Pencil's pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train :
But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
He quit the Prince to embarque in *Lovestein* ;
And Wounded Ships, which we Immortal boast,
Now first led Captive to an hostile Coast.

But most with story of his Hand and Thumb,
 Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
 When the rude Bullet a large Collop tore
 Out of that Buttock never turn'd before :
 Fortune (it seems) would give him by that Lash,
 Gentle correction for his fight so Rash.
 But should the Rump perceive't, they'd say that *Mars*
 Had now reveng'd them upon *Aumarle's* Arse.
 The long disaster better o'er to vail,
 Paint only *Jonas* three days in the Whale ;
 For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
 Our flying Gen'ral in his Spungy Jaw.
 Then draw the Youthful *Perseus* all in haste,
 From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste ;
 But neither Riding *Pegasus* for speed,
 Nor with the *Gorgon* Sheilded at his need :
 So *Rupert* the Sea Dragon did invade,
 But to save *George* himself and not the Maid ;
 And though arriving late, he quickly mist
 Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
 Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
 Of the Cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,
 Or run to spy the next Years Fleet from Shore,
 Hoping yet once within the Oyly side
 Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide,
 As our glad Fleet, with universal shout,
 Salute the Prince, and with the second bout,
 Nor Winds, long Pris'ners in Earths hollow Vault,
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assault ;
 As fiery *Rupert*, with revengeful Joy,
 Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy ;
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like an useless Board ;
 (As Wounded in the Wrist, Men drop their Sword.)
 When a propitious Cloud between us stept,
 And in our Aid did *Ruyter* intercept.

Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To save his *Heroes*, Mists of better use.
Worship the Sun, who dwell where he doth rise;
This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice.

Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court-Gazetts, our empty Triumphs tell!
Alas! the time draws near, when overturn'd,
The lying Bells shall through the Tongues be burn'd;
Paper shall want to print that Lye of State,
And our *false Fires*, *true Fires* shall expiate.

Stay Painter here a while, and I will stay;
Nor vex the future Times with my survey:
Seest not the *Monkey Dutchess* all undrest?
Paint thou but her, and she will Paint the rest.

This sad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of *Persian* Loom:
Like chaste *Penelope* that ne'er did come,
But made all fine against her *GEORGE* came home.
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much shorter,
She stood, with Groom and Coach-man for Supporter;
And careless what they saw, or what they thought,
With *Honi Pense* full honestly she wrought:
One Tenter drove, to lose no time nor place,
At once the Ladder thy remove, and Grace.
Whilst thus they her translate from North to East,
In posture just of a four footed Beast;
She heard the news: But alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind, she turn'd before;
Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
With Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer:
She shed no Tears, for she was too Viraginous,
But only snuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
From scaling Ladder she began a Story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento Mori*;
Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
With a Prophetick, if not Friendly *Fury*:

Her

Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder-bound;
Half *Witch*, half *Prophet*; thus the *Alb---arle*,
Like *Presbyterian* Sybil, 'gan to Snarl:

Traitors both to my Lord, and to the King!

Nay now it is beyond all Suffering!

One valiant Man by Land, and he must be
Commanded out to stop their leaks at Sea:

Yet send him *Rupert*, as an helper meet;

First the Commands dividing, then the Fleet:

One may if they be beat, or both be hit,

Or if they overcome, yet Honours split:

But reck'ning *GEORGE* already knock'd i'th' head,

They cut him out like Beef, e're he be dead:

Each for a Quarter hopes; the first doth skip,

But shall fall short though, at the Gen'ral-Ship:

Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree;

A third the *Cock-pit* begs; not any Me:

But they shall know, Ay! marry shall they do,

That who the *Cock-pit* hath, shall have Me too.

I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,

If the King brought these o're, how it would be:

Men that there pick his Pocket to his Face,

And sell Intelligence to buy a place.

That their Religion's pawn'd for Cloths, nor care,

'Tis run so long now, to redeem't, nor dare.

O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!

O what Fidelity it was to Eat!

Whilst *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* starv'd abroad,

And here true Roy'lists sink beneath their load.

Men that did there affront, defame, betray

The King, and so do here; now who but they!

What! say I Men! Nay, rather Monsters; Men

Only in Bed, nor to my Knowledge then.

See now they home return'd in Revel Rout,

With the small manners that they first went out:

Not

Not better grown, nor wiser all the while,
Renew the causes of their first Exile :
As if, to shew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I chose a foul Smock, when I might have clean.

First they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave good *George* a Gen'ral's empty Name :

Then Bishops must revive, and all unfix
With discontents, to content Twenty Six :
The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord,
For Bishops Voices silencing the Word :

O *Barthol'mew* ! Saint of their Kalendar !

What's worse, th' *Ejection* or the *Massacre* ?

Then *Culpepper*, *Glouster*, and the *Princess* dy'd ;

Nothing can live that interrupts an *H-de*.

O more than humane *GLOSTER* ! Fate did shew

Thee but to Earth, and back again withdrew.

Then the Fat Scrivener doth begin to think

'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.

Barkley that swore as oft as he had Toes,

Doth kneeling now her Chastity depose ;

Just as the first *French Card'nal* could restore

Maiden-head to his Widdow, Niece, and Whore.

For Portion, if she could prove light, when weigh'd,

Four *Millions* shall within three years be paid ;

To raise it, we must have a *Naval War*,

As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan-Tar* :

Abroad all Princes disobliging first,

At home all Parties but the very worst.

To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*, 's sad ;

Or the King's Marr'age : but he thinks I'm mad :

And sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,

If we the King wish *Monk*, or *Queen* a *Nun*.

But a *Dutch War* shall all these Rumours still,

Bleed out these Humours, and our Purses fill ;

Yet after four days *Fight*, they clearly saw

'Twas too much danger for a Sun-in-Law :

Hire him to leave, for *six score Thousand pound* :
So with the King's Drums Men for sleep compound.
 But modest *Sand--ch* thought it might agree
 With the State-Prudence, to do less than He ;
 And to excuse their timerousness and sloth,
 They found how *George* might now *be less than both.*

First *Smith* must for *Leghorn*, with force enough
 To venture back again, but not go through :
Beaufort is there, and to their dazzling Eyes
 The distance more the Object magnifies ;
 Yet this thy gain, that *Smith* his time should lose ,
 And for my Duke too, cannot interpose.
 But fearing that our *Navy*, *George* to break,
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak ;
 The Secretary, that had never yet
 Intelligence, but from his own Gazette,
 Discovers a great secret, *fit to sell*,
 And pays himself for't, ere *he would it tell*;
Beaufort is in the Channel ; Hixy here !
Doxy Thoulon ! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
 Herewith assembling the supreme Divan,
 Where enters none but Devil, *NE D*, and *NAN*;
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd
 The *Fleet* to sep'rate, and the *World* to blind :
Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French*.
 To write the Order, *Bristol* Clerk is chose ;
 One slit in's Pen, the other in his Nose ;
 For he first brought the News, it is his place ;
 He'll see the *Fleet* divided like his Face,
 And through the cranny in his grisly part,
 To the *Dutch* Chink *Intelligence* impart.
 The Plot succeeds: The *Dutch* in haste prepar'd,
 And poor Peel Garlick *George's* Arse they shar'd ;
 And then presuming of his certain wrack,
 To help him late, they send for *Rupert* back.

Officious *Will* seem'd fittest, as afraid
 Left *George* should look too far into his trade.
 At the first draught they pause with Statesmens care,
 They write it full, then copy it as fair;
 And then compare them, when at last it's sign'd,
Will soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find.
 At night he sends it by the common Post,
 To save the King of an Express the cost.
 Lord, what adoe to pack one Letter hence!
 Some Patents pass with less circumference.

Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,
 Lessen'd I hope in nought but thy backside;
 For as to Reputation, this Retreat
 Of thine exceeds their Victories so great:
 Nor shalt thou stir from thence, by my consent,
 Till thou hast made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
 'Tis true, I want so long the Nuptial Gift,
 But as I oft have done, I'll make a Shift;
 Nor will I with vain pomp accost the Shore,
 To try thy Valour at *the Buoy i' th' Nore*,
 Fall to thy work there, *George*, as I do here;
 Cherish the Valiant up, Cowards cashier:
 See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
 Find out the Cheats of the four *Millioneer*.
 Out of the very *Beer*, they sell the *Malt*;
 Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef the *Salt*.
 Put thy hand to the Tub, instead of *Oxe*,
 They Victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
 Never such *Cotqueans* by small Arts to wring,
 Ne'er such ill *Huswives* in the managing!
 Pursers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
 Marriners on Shore less madly spend their Pay.
 See that thou hast new Sails thy self, and spoil
 All their Sea-market, and their *Cable-coyl*.
 Look that Good *Chaplains* on each Ship do wair,
 Nor the Sea-Diocess be impropriate:

Look to the sick and wounded Pris'ners ; all
Is prize ; they rob even the *Hospital*,
Recover back the Prizes too ; in vain
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en*,

Now by our Coast the *Dutchmen*, like a *Flight*
Of *feeding Ducks*, ev'ning and morning light ;
How our *Land-Hectors* tremble, void of sense,
As if they came straight to transport them hence :
Some Sheep are stol'n ; the Kingdom's all array'd,
And ev'n *Presbyters* now called out for aid.
They wish ev'n *George* divided to command,
One half of Him at Sea, th' other on Land.

What's that I see ! Ah 'tis my *George* agen !
It seems they in sev'n weeks have Rigg'd him then.
The curious Heav'ns with *Lightning* him surrounds,
To view him, and his Name in *Thunder* sounds.
But with the same swift goes, Their Navy's near:
So e're we hunt, the Keeper shoots the *Deer*.
Stay Heav'n a while, and thou shalt see him sail,
And *George* too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.
Happy the time that I e'er wedded *George*.
The Sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avaunt *Rotterdam-Dog*, *Ruyter* avaunt,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Sharke, thou *Cormorant*.
I'll teach thee to shoot Sciffers: I'll repair
Each Rope thou losest *George*, out of this Hair.
'Tis strong and course enough ; I'll hem this shifr,
E're thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a drift:
Bring home the old ones ; *I again will Sew*,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.

What, twice disabled ! Never such a thing !
Now *Sovereign* help him that brought in the *King*.
Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, e're all be gone,
Though Jury-Masts, thou'st Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage ! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* face!

They

They fly, they fly their Fleet doth now divide,
But they discard their *Trump*: our *Trump* is *Hide*.
Where are you now, *De Ruyter*, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
Fire out the Wasps, *George* from the hollow Trees,
Cramm'd with the Honey of our English Bees.
Ah now they're paid for *Guinney*: e're they steer
To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your Ships to Stoves e're you set forth,
To warm your Traffick in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich*! had thy conduct been the same,
Bergen had seen a less but richer Flame;
Nor *Ruyter* liv'd new Battel to repeat,
And oftner beaten be, than we can bear.
Scarce had *George* leisure, after all his pain,
To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter's* out again:
Thrice in one Year! Why sure this Man is wood:
Beat him like Stock-fish, or he'll ne're be good.
I see them both again prepare to try;
The first shot through each other with the Eye.
Then—But the Ruling Providence that must
With humane Projects play, as Wind with Dust,
Raises a storm. So Constables a fray
Knock down; and send them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New England* Firs in *English* Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:
To get the Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
Strong March-panes! Wafer lights! so thin a puff
Of angry Air can ruin all that Huff:
So Champions having shar'd the Lifts and Sun,
The Judge throws down's Award, and they have
(done).
For shame come home *George*, 'tis for thee too much
To fight at once with Heaven and the Dutch.

Woe's

Woe's me! what see I next! alas! the fate
 I see of *England*, and its utmost date.
 Those Flames of *theirs* at which we fondly smile,
 Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral Pile*.
 War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire;
 We *the War*, God *the Plague*, who rais'd *the Fire*?
 See *how* Men all like *Ghosts*, while *London* burns,
 Wander, and each over *his* Ashes mourns!
 Curs'd be *the Man* that first begat *this War*;
 In an ill hour, under a Blazing Star.
 For *Others* sport two Nations fight a Prize;
 Between them both, Religion wounded dies.
 So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,
 Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had laid.

Welcome, though late, dear *George*: here hadst thou bin,
 We'd scap'd: (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
 Thou still must help them out, when in the mire;
 Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
 Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,
 And our Fleets Angling, as to catch a Roach.
 Gibson farewell, till next we put to Sea:
 Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effie.

To the KING. By Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Great Prince! and so much Greater as more Wise;
 Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes,
 What Servants will conceal, and Counsels spare
 To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare.
 And the assistance of an Heavenly Muse
 And Pencil represent the Crimes abstruse.
 Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no Foreign Foe;
 Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow.

Shake

*Shake but, like Jove, thy Locks divine, and frown,
Thy Scepter will suffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to Cassandra's Song, e're fate destroy
By thine low'd Navy's wooden Horse, thy Troy.
As our Apollo, from the Tumults wave,
And Gentle Calms, though but in Oars, will save,
So Philomel her sad Embroidery strung,
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
The Tragedies at Court so long conceal'd;
But when restor'd to voice inclos'd with wings
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter sings.*

Directions to a Painter. By Sir John Denham.

DRAW *England* ruin'd by what was giv'n before,
Then draw the Commons slow in giving more :
Too late grown wiser, they their treasure see
Consum'd by fraud, or lost by treachery ;
And vainly now would some account receive
Of those vast Sums which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the management of such
As *Dunkirk*, sold, to make War with the *Dutch* ;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a Nobler Use,
Than to erect a petty Lawyers House.
But what account could they from those expect,
Who to grow rich themselves, the State neglect ;
Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got ;
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Plague, Fire and War, have been the Nations Curse,
But to have these our Rulers, is a worse :

Yet draw these Cauſers of the Kingdoms Woe,
 Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
 Asking new Aid for War with the ſame face,
 As if, when giv'n, they meant not to make Peace.
 Mean while they cheat the Publick with ſuch haſte,
 They will have nothing that may eaſe it, paſt.
 The Law 'gainſt *Iriſh* Cattel they condemn,
 As ſhewing diſtruſt o'th' King; that is, of them.
 Yet they muſt now ſwallow this bitter Pill,
 Or Money want, which were the greater ill.
 And then the King to *Westminster* is brought,
 Imperfectly to ſpeak the Chanc'lors thought;
 In which, as if no Age could parallel
 A Prince and Council that had rul'd ſo well,
 He tells the Parliament He cannot brook
 What ere in them like Jealouſie doth look:
 Adds, That no Grievances the Nation load,
 While we're undone at home, deſpis'd abroad.
 Thus paſt the *Iriſh*, with the Money-Bill,
 The firſt not half ſo good, as th' other ill.
 With theſe new Millions might we not expect
 Our Foes to vanquiſh, or our ſelves protect;
 If not to beat them off uſurped Seas,
 At leaſt to force an honourable Peace:
 But though the angry fate, or folly rather,
 Of our perverted State, allow us neither;
 Could we hope leſs than to defend our Shores,
 Than guard our Harbours, Forts, our Ships and Stores?
 We hop'd in vain: Of theſe, remaining are,
 Not what we ſav'd, but what the *Dutch* did ſpare.
 Such was our Rulers generous ſtratagem;
 A policy worthy of none but them.

After two Millions more laid on the Nation,
 The Parliament grows ripe for Prorogation:
 They riſe, and now a Treaty is conſeſt,
 'Gainſt which before theſe State-Cheats did proteſt:

A Treaty which too well makes it appear,
 Theirs, not the Kingdom's Int'rest, is their care:
 Statesmen of old, *thought Arms the way to Peace*;
 Ours scorn such thread-bare Policies as these:
 All that was given for the *State's* defence,
 They think too little for their own expence:
 Or if from that they any thing can spare,
 It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
 For which great work Embassadors must go
 With bare submissions to our arming foe:
 Thus leaving a defenceless *State* behind,
 Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
 Against whose fury what can us defend?
 Whilst our great Politicians here depend
 Upon the *Dutch* good Nature: *For when Peace*
 (Say they) *is making, Acts of War must cease.*
 Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd,
 Though by the *Dutch* nothing like it was made.

Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a Story
 Shaming our warlike Islands ancient Glory:
 A Scene wick never on our Seas appear'd,
 Since our first ships where on the Ocean steer'd;
 Make the *Dutch* Fleet, while we supinely sleep,
 Without Opposers, Masters of the Deep:
 Make them securely the *Thames* mouth invade,
 At once depriving us of that and Trade:
 Draw Thunder from their floating Castles, sent
 Against our Forts, weak as our Government:
 Draw *Woollige, Deptford, London, and the Tower,*
 Meanly abandon'd, to a foreign Power.
 Yet turn their first attempt another way,
 And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play;
 Which soon destroy'd, their lousy Vessels ride
 Big with the hope of the approaching Tide:
 Make them more help from our Remissness find,
 Than from the Tide, or from the Eastern wind.

Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous gale,
 Swift as our fears make them to *Chattam* sail: (way,
 Through our weak Chain their Fireships break their
 And our Great Ships (unman'd) become their prey:
 Then draw the fruit of our ill-manag'd cost,
 At once our Honour and our Safety lost:
 Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in smoak,
 While their thick flames the neighbouring Country
 The *Charles* escapes the raging Element, (choak,
 To be with triumph into *Holland* sent;
 Where the glad People to the shore resort,
 To see their Terror now become their Sport.
 But Painter, fill not up thy Piece before
 Thou paint'st Confusion on our troubled shore:
 Instruct then thy bold Pencil to relate
 The saddest Marks of an Ill govern'd State.
 Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all command,
 While some with Horror and Amazement stand:
 Others will know no other Enemy but they
 Who have unjustly robb'd them of their Pay:
 Boldly refusing to oppose a Fire;
 To kindle which, our Errors did Conspire:
 Some (though but few) perswaded to obey,
 Useless for want of Ammunition stay:
 The Forts design'd to guard our Ships of War,
 Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
 And what past Reigns in Peace did ne're omit,
 The present (whilst invaded) doth forget.
 Surpassing *Chattam*, make *Whitehall* appear,
 If not in danger, yet at least in fear.
 Make our dejection (if thou canst) seem more
 Than our Pride, Sloth, and Ign'rance did before:
 The King, of danger now shews far more fear,
 Than he did ever to prevent it, care;
 Yet to the City doth himself convey,
 Bravely to shew he was not run away:

Whilst

Whilst the *Black Prince*, and our *Fifth Harry's Wars*,
Are only acted on our Theaters :

Our States-Men finding no expedient,
(If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid, by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Disease:
But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which most, the *Dutch* or Parliament they fear.

As *Nero* once, with Harp in Hand, survey'd
His flaming *Rome* ; and as that burnt, he plaid :
So our great Prince, when the *Dutch Fleet* arriv'd,
Saw his Ships burne; and as they burnt, he——

Directions to a Painter. by Sir John Denham.

Painter, Where was't thy former Work did cease?
Oh, 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *P* *ea*ce
Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace, all know
Brings *Plenty* with it; with it be not *Woe*.
Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations.
Canst thou not on the Change make Merchants grin
Like outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?
Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not feign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.

Draw a brave Standard, rustling at a rate
Much other than it did for *Chatham's* fate,
The *Tow'r-Guns* too, thund'ring their Joys, that they
Have scap'd, the danger of b'ing ta'en away:
These, as now mann'd, for triumph are, not fight;
As painted fire for show, not heat or light.

Amongst the Roar of these, and the mad shout
Of a poor nothing understanding Rour,

That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
 Thou might'st draw Mourners for *Black Bartholmew* :
 Mourners in *Sion* ! Oh 'tis not to be
 Discover'd ! draw a Curtain curteously
 To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night
 A Bonfire here and there ; but none too bright,
 Nor lasting : for 'twas *Brushwood*, as they say,
 Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.

But stay, I had forgot my Mother : Draw
The Church of England 'mongst the *Opera*,
 To play their part too ; or the *Dutch* will say
 In *War* and *Peace* they've born the Bells away.
 At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
 At th' other end, draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* singing ;
 Between them leave a space for Tears : Remember
 That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.

Now if thou skill'st prospective Landskip, draw
 At distance, what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er saw ;
Polyroon, *Spicy Islands*, *Kits*, or *Guinney* ;
Syrrenam, *Nova Scotia*, or *Virginia* :
 No, no ; I mean not these ; pray hold your laughter ;
 These things are far off, not worth looking after :
 Give not a hint of these : Draw *Highland*, *Lowland*,
 Mountains and Flats : Draw *Scotland* first, then *Holland*.
 See, canst thou ken the *Scots* Frowns ? Then draw those
 That something had to get, but naught to lose.
 Canst thou through Fogs discern the *Dutchmen* drink ?
 Busy Skippers, lately Capers, stamp to think
 Their catching craft is over : some have ta'en,
 To eke their War, a Warrant from the *Dane*.
 But passing these, their Statesmen view a while,
 In ev'ry graver Countenance a Smile :
 Copy the piece there done, wherein you'll see
 One laughing out, *I told you how 'twould be* !
 Draw next a pompous Interchange of Seals ;
 But curs'd be he that Articles reveals

Before he knows them: Now for this take light
 From him that did describe Sir *Edward's* fight:
 You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; What tho?
 You'll have it then *Cum Privilegio*.

Then draw our Lords Commissioners advance,
 Not homewards, but for *Flanders*, or for *France*;
 There to Parlier a while, until they see
 How things in Parliament resented be.

So much for Peace. Now for a Parliament:
 A petty Sessions draw: With what content,
 Guess by their Countenance who came up post,
 And quickly saw they had their Labour lost:
 Like the small Merchants when they Bargains fell;
 Come hither *Jack*: What say? Come kiss: Farewel;
 But 'twas abortive, born before it's Day;
 No wonder then it dy'd so soon away.
 Yet breath'd it once, and that with such a force,
 It blasted Thirty Thousand Foot and Horse.
 As once *Prometheus* Man did sneez so hard,
 Asrouted all that new rais'd standing Guard
 Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
 Down fall our new Gallants without a Foe.
 But if this little one could do so much,
 What will the next? Give a Prophetick touch.
 If thou know how; if not, leave a great space,
 For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.

Now draw the shadow of a Parliament,
 As if to scare the upper World 'twere sent:
 Cross your selves, Gentlemen, for shades will fright,
 Especially if't be an *English* Sprite:
 Vermilion this mans guilt, cerule his fears;
 Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares;
 Another thought some on Accounts to see
 How his Disbursements with Receipts agree.
 Peep into Coaches, see Perriwigs neglected,
 Cross'd Arms and Legs of such as are suspected,

Or do suspect what's coming, and foresee
Themselves must share in this Polutrophy.

Painter, hast travell'd ? Dift thou e'er see *Rome* ?
That fam'd piece there, *Angelo's Day of doom* ?
Horror and Anguish of Descenders there,
May teach thee how to paint Descenders here.
Canst thou describe the empty shifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade* ?
Some shift their Crimes, some Places ; and among
The rest, some will their Countries too, ere long.
Draw in a corner, Gamesters, shuffling, cutting,
Their little crafts, no wit, together putting :
How to pack Knaves 'mongst Kings and Queens, to
A saving Game, whilst Heads are at the stake : (make
But cross their Cards, until it be confest,
Of all the play, fair dealing is the best.
Draw a Veil of Displeasure, one to *Hide*,
And some prepared to strike a blow on's side.
Let him that built high, now creep low to shelter,
When Potentates must tumble *Helter Skelter*.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit ;
Such Marks as these could not chuse but be hit.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone ; *Bartholomew-day*,
Of all the days i'th' year, they're ta'en away.
The Purse, Seal, Mace, are gone ; but to another,
Mitre ; I wish not so, though to my Brother :
I care not for translation to a See,
Unless they would translate to *Italy*.

Now draw a Sail playing before the Wind,
From the North-West ; that which it leaves behind,
Curses or out-cries, mind them not, tell when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not to Paint them in their Colours, though
Crimes of a *Viceroy* : *Deputies* have so
Been serv'd e're now : But if the Man prove true.
Let him with *Pharoahs Butler* have his due,

Make

Make the same Wind blow strong against the Shore
Of *France*, to hinder some from coming o're.

And rather draw the Golden Vessel burning,
Even there, than hither with her Freight returning.

'Tis true, the noble Treasurer is gone:

Wife, Faithful, Loyal; some say th' only one:

Yet I will hope we've Pilots left behind

Can steer our Vessel without Southern Wind.

Women have grossly snar'd the wisest Prince
That ever was before, or hath been since:

And Granham *Achabiah* in that Nation,

Was a great hinderer of Reformation.

Paint in a new Peice painted *Jezabel*;

Giv't to adorn the Dining Room of Hell.

Hang by her others of the Gang; for more

Deserve a place with *Rosamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c,

Stay Painter; now look here's below a space,

I th' bottom of all this, what shall we place?

Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?

Let the resolve write *Nescio*. So have done.

Expose thy Peace now to the World to see:

Perhaps they'l say of It, of Thee, of Me,

Poems and Paints can speak sometimes bold Truths,

Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.

*Quæ sequuntur, in limine Thalami Regii, à nescio
quo nebulone scripta, reperibantur.*

Bella fugis, Bellas sequeris, Belloque repugnas

Et Bellatori, sunt tibi Bella Thori

Imbellis Imbellis amas, Audaxque videris

Mars ad opus Veneris, Martis ad Arma Venus.

The last Instructions to a Painter, About the Dutch Wars 1667. By A. Marvell, Esq;

AFTER two sittings now our Lady-State
T' end her Picture doth the third time wait ;
But ere thou fall'st to work, first Painter see,
If't be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee.
Canst thou paint without Colours, then 'tis right?
For so we too without a Fleet can fight.
Or canst thou daub a Sign-post, and that ill?
'Twill suit our great Debauch, and little Skill.
Or hast thou markt how Antique Masters Limn,
The Aly roof with Snuff of Candedimme,
Skerching in shady Smoak, prodigious tools?
'Twill serve this race of Drunkards, Pimps and Fools.
But if to match our crimes thy skill presumes,
As th' *Indian* draw our luxury in Plumes.
Or if to score out our Compendious fame,
With *Hook* then thro your Microscope take aim.
Where like the new Comptroller all Men laugh,
To see a tall Louse brandish a white Staff.
Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless Pencil curse,
Stamp on thy Palate, nor perhaps the worse.
The Painter so long having vext his Cloth,
Of his Hounds mouth to feign the raging Froth,
His desperate Pencil at the work did dart ;
His anger reacht that rage which past his Art.
Chance finisht that, which Art could but begin,
And he sat Smiling how his Dog did grin.
So may'st thou perfect by a lucky Blow,
What all thy softest touches cannot do.

Paint then St *Albans* full of Soop and Gold,
The new Courts pattern, Stallion of the old.
Him neither Wit nor Courage did exalt,
But Fortune chose him for her pleasure's Salt.
Paint him with Dray-mans Shoulders, Butchers *meine*,
Mem-

member'd like Mule, with Elephantine Chin.
 Well, he the Title of St. *Albans* bore;
 For never *Bacon* studied Nature more:
 But age allaying now that Youthful heat,
 Fits him in *France* to play at Cards and cheat.
 Draw now Commission, lest the Court should lye,
 And disavowing Treaty ask supply;
 He needs no Seal, but to St. *James's* lease,
 Whose Breeches were the Instruments of Peace.
 Who if the *French* dispute his power, from thence
 Can strait produce them a Plenipotence.
 Nor fears he the *Most Christian* should trapan
 Two Saints at once, St *German*, St. *Alban*;
 But thought the Golden age was now restor'd,
 When Men and Women took each others word.

Paint then again her Highness to the Life,
 Philosopher beyond *Newcastles* Wife:
 She naked can *Archimedes* self put down
 For an experiment upon the Crown.
 She perfected that Engine oft essay'd,
 How after Child-birth to renew a Maid;
 And found how Royal Heirs might be matur'd
 In fewer months than Mothers once endur'd.
 Hence *Crowder* made the rare Inventress free
 Of's Highnesses *Royal Society*.
 (Happiest of Women if she were but able
 To make her glassen Duke once malleable.)
 Paint her with Oyster lip, and Breath of fame,
 Wide Mouth, that Sparagus may well proclaim;
 With Chancellors Belly, and so large a Rump,
 There (not behind the Coach) her Pages jump:
 Express her Studying now if *China* Clay
 Can without breaking venom'd Juice convey.
 Or how a mortal Poison she may draw
 Out of the Cordial Meal of the *Cacoe*.
 Witness ye Stars of Night, and thou the pale
 Moon, that o'ercome with the sick Steam didst fail.

Ye neighbouring Elms that your green Leaves did shed,
 And Fauns that from the Womb abortive fled.
 Not unprovok'd she tries forbidden Arts,
 But in her soft Breast Loves hid Cancer smarts,
 While she revolves at once *Sydney's* disgrace,
 And her self scorn'd, for emulous *Denham's* Face,
 And nightly hears the hated Guards away
 Galloping with the Duke to other Prey.

Paint *Castlemain* in colours that will hold
 Her, not her Picture, for she now grows old.
 She thro' her Lackey's, Drawers, as he ran,
 Discern'd Loves cause, and a new flame began.
 Her wonted joys thenceforth, and Court she shuns,
 And still within her mind the Footman runs.
 His brazen Calves, his brawny Thighs (the Face
 She slights) his Feet shap't for a smoother race.

Poring within her Glass she re-adjusts
 Her locks, and oft try'd Beauty now distrusts;
 Fears lest he scorn'd a Woman once assay'd,
 And now first wisht she e're had been a Maid.
 Great Love! how dost thou Triumph, and how reign,
 • That to a Groom could'st humble her disdain!
 Sript to her Skin, see how she stooping stands,
 Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair Hands,
 And washing (lest the scent her crime disclose)
 His sweaty Hoofs, tickles him 'twixt the Toes.
 But envious Fame too soon began to note
 More Gold in's Fob, more Lace upon his Coat;
 And he unwary, and of Tongue too fleet,
 No longer could conceal his Fortune sweet.
 Justly the Rogue was whipt in *Porters* Den,
 And *Fermin* streight has leave to come again.
 Ah Painter! now could *Alexander* live,
 And this Campaspe thee *Apelles* give.

Draw next a pair of Tablets opening, then
 The House of Commons clattering like the Men.

Describe the Court and Country both set right
On opposite points, the Black against the White.
Those having lost the Nation at Tick-Tack,
These now adventuring how to win it back.
The Dice betwixt them must the fate divide,
(As Chance does still in multitudes decide)
But here the Court doth its advantage know,
For the cheat *Turner* for them both must throw;
As some from Boxes, he so from the Chair
Can strike the Dye, and still with them go share.
Here *Painter* rest a little, and survey
With what small Arts the Publick Game they play:
For so too, *Rubens* with affairs of State
His labouring Pencil oft would recreate:

The close Cabal markt how the Navy eats,
And thought all lost that goes not to the Cheats.
So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,
Yet as for War the Parliament would squeeze;
And fix to the revenue such a summe
Should *Goodrick* silence, and strike *Paston* Dumb:
Should pay land Armies, should dissolve the vain
Commons, and ever such a Court maintain,
Hides avarice, *Bennets* luxury should suffice:
And what can these defray but the Excise?
Excise a Monster, worse than e're before,
Frighted the Midwife, and the Mother tore.
A thousand Hands she has, and thousand Eyes,
Breaks into Shops, and into Cellars pries.
With hundred rows of Teeth the Shark exceeds,
And on all Trades like *Cassavar* she feeds;
Chops of the piece wheres' e're she close the Jaw,
Else swallows all down her indented Maw.
She stalks all day in Streets conceal'd from sight,
And flies like Batts with Leathern Wings by Night;
She wastes the Country, and on Cities preys:
Her of a Female Harpy in Dog-Days

Black

Black *Birch*, of all the Earth-born Race most hot,
 And most rapacious like himself, begot;
 And of his Brat enamour'd, as't increast,
 Bugger'd in Incest with the Mungrel Beast.

Say Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight,
 (And, Painter wanting other, draw this fight)
 Who in an *English* Senate fierce debate
 Could raise so long for this new Whore of State.

Of early Wittalls first the Troop marcht in;
 For diligence renown'd, and Discipline.
 In loyal haste they left young Wives in bed,
 And *Denbam* these with one consent did head.

Of the old Courtiers next a Squadron came,
 That sold their Master, led by *Ashburnham*.

To them succeeds a despicable Rout,
 But knew the word, and well could face about;
 Expectants pale with hopes of Spoil allur'd,
 Tho' yet but Pioneers, and led by *Steward*.
 Then damming Cowards rang'd the vocal plain:
Wood these command, Knight of the Horn, and Cane;
 Still his hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread
 And under's arm-pit he defends his head.
 The posture strange men laught at, of his pole,
 Hid with his Elbow like the Spice he stole:
 Headless *St. Dennis* so his head does bear,
 And both of them alike *French* Martyrs were.

Court Officers, as us'd, the next place took,
 And follow'd *F--x*, but with disdainful look:
 His birth, his youth, his brokage all dispraise
 In vain: For always he commands that pays.

Then the procurers under *Progers* fil'd,
 Gentlest of men, and his Lieutenant mild;
Bronkard Love's Squire, thro' all the Field array'd,
 No Troop was better clad, nor so well pay'd.

Then marcht the Troop of *Clarendon* all full,
 Haters of Fowl, to Teal preferring Bull:

Gross bodies, grosser Minds, and grosser Cheats,
And bloated *Wren* conducts them to their Seats.

Charleton advances next (whose Wife does awe
The Mitred Troop) and with his looks gives Law
He marches with Beaver cockt of Bishops Brimm,
And hid much fraud under an aspect grimme.

Next the Lawyers mercenary Band appear,
F--ch in the front, and *Thurland* in the rear.

The Troop of Priviledge, a Rabble bare
Of Debtors deep, fell to *Trelawny's* care;
Their Fortunes errour they supply'd in Rage,
Nor any further would than these ingage.

Then marcht the Troop whose valiant Acts before
(Their publick Acts) oblig'd them to do more.
For Chimnies sake they all Sir *Pool* obey'd,
Or in his absence him that first it laid.

Then come the thrifty Troop of Privateers
Whose horses each with other interferes,
Before them *Higgons* rides with brow compact,
Mourning his Countess anxious for his Act.

Sir *Frederick* and Sir *Solomon* draw lots
For the Command of Politicks and *Scots*;
Thence fell to words, but quarrels to adjourn,
Their friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the rich did the Accountants guide
And in ill English all the world desy'd.

The Papist (but of those the House had none
Else) *Talbot* offer'd to have led them on.

Bold *Duncomb* next of the projectors chief,
And old *Fitz. Harding* of the Eaters Beef.

Late and disorder'd out the Drunkards drew,
Scarce them their Leaders, they their Leaders knew.
Before them enter'd equal in command
Apsley and *Brotherick* marching hand in hand.

Last then but one *Powel* that could not ride
Led the *French* Standard weltring in his stride ;

He,

He, to excuse his slowness, truth confess,
That 'twas so long before he could be dress.

The Lords Sons last all these did reinforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd *Hobby-Horse*.

Never before, nor since an Host so steel'd
Troopt on to Muster in the *Turtle field*.
Not the first Cock-horse that with Cork was shod
To rescue *Albemarle* from the Sea-Cod :

Nor the late Feather-men whom *Tomkins* fierce
Shall with one breath like Thistle-down disperse.

All, the two *Copentries* their Generals chose,
For one had much, the other naught to lose.

Nor better choice all accidents could hit,
While Hector *Harry* steers by *Will* the Wit.

They both accept the charge with merry glee,
To fight a Battle from all Gun-shot free.

Pleas'd with their Numbers, yet in Valour wise,
They feign a Parley, better to surprize ;
They that e're long shall the rude *Dutch* upbraid,
Who in a time of Treaty durst Invade.

Thick was the Morning, and the House was thin,
The Speaker early, when they all fell in.
'Propitious Heavens! had not you them cross,
Excise had got the day, and all been lost :
For t'other side all in loose Quarters lay
Without Intelligence, Command, or Pay.

A scatter'd body which the Foe ne're tri'd,
But often did among themselves divide.

And some ran o're each Night, while others sleep,
And undescry'd return'd fore Morning peep.

But *Strangeways* that all Night still walk the round,
For Vigilance and Courage both renown'd ;

First spy'd the Enemy, and gave the Allarm,
Fighting it single till the rest might Arm :

Such Roman *Cocles* stood before the Foe,
The falling Bridge behind, the Streams below.

Each

Each ran as Chance him guides to several post,
 And all to pattern his Example, boast;
 Their former Trophies they recal to mind,
 And to new edge their angry courage grind.

First enter'd forward *Temple*, Conqueror
 Of *Irish* Cattle, and Solicitor;

Then daring *S----*, that with Spear and Shield
 Had stretcht the Monster Patent on the field.
 Keen *Whorwood* next in aid of Damsel frail,
 That pierc'd the Gyant *Mordant* through his Mayl:
 And surly *Williams* the Accountants Bane,
 And *Lovelace* young of Chimny-men the Cane.
 Old *Waller*, Trumpet General, swore he'd write
 This combat truer than the Naval fight.
 Of birth, state, wit, strength, courage, *Howr'd* presumes,
 And in his breast wears many *Montezumes*.
 These with some more with single valour stay
 The adverse Troops, and hold them all at Bay.
 Each thinks his person represents the whole,
 And with that thought does multiply his soul;
 Believes himself an Army; theirs, one man;
 As easily conquer'd, and believing, can
 With heart of Bees so full. and head of Mites,
 That each, though Duelling, a battle fights.
 Such once *Orlando* famous in Romance,
 Broacht whole Brigades like Larks upon his lance.

But strength at last still under number bows,
 And the faint sweat trickl'd down *Temples* brows;
 Even Iron *Strangeways* chafing yet gave back,
 Spent with fateigue, to breathe a while Toback--
 When marching in, a seasonable recruit
 Of Citizens, and Merchants, held dispute,
 And charging all their Pikes, a sullen band
 Of Presbyterian *Switzers* made a stand.

Nor could all these the field have long maintain'd,
 But for th' unknown reserve that still remain'd;

A groſs of *English* Gentry nobly born,
 Of clear Eſtates, and to no Faction ſworn,
 Dear Lovers of their King, and Death to meet
 For Countreys cauſe, that glorious thing and ſweet ;
 To ſpeak not forward, but in action brave,
 In giving generous, but in Council grave :
 Candidly credulous for once; nay twice :
 But ſure the Devil can't cheat them thrice.
 The Van and Battle, tho' retiring, falls
 Without diſorder in their Intervals ;
 Then cloſing all in equal front, fall on,
 Led by great *Garr'way*, and great *L---on*.
Lee equal to obey, or to command
 Adjutant General was ſtill at hand.
 The Maſhal Standard *Sands* diſplaying ſhows
 St. *Dunſtan* in it tweaking Satan's Noſe.
 See, ſudden chance of War to paint, or write,
 Is longer work, and harder than to fight:
 At the firſt charge the Enemy give out,
 And the *Excife* receives a total rout.

Broken in courage, yet the men the ſame,
 Reſolve henceforth upon their other game ;
 Where force had fail'd, with Stratagem to play,
 And what haſte loſt, recover by delay.
 St. *Alban's* ſtrait is ſent to, to forbear,
 Leſt the ſure Peace (forſooth) too ſoon appear.
 The Seamens clamours to three ends they uſe,
 To cheat their pay, feign want, and th' Houſe accuſe.
 Each day they bring the tale, and that too true,
 How ſtrong the *Dutch* their Equipage renew.
 Mean time thro' all the Yards their Orders run,
 To lay the Ships up, ceaſe the Keels begun.
 The Timber rots, the uſeleſs Axe does ruſt ;
 Th' unpraſtis'd Saw lies buryed in its duſt ;
 The buſie Hammer ſleeps, the Ropes untwine,
 The Stores and Wages all are mine and thine.

Along the Coasts and Harbours they take care
That Money lacks, nor Forts be in repair.
Long thus they could against the House conspire,
Load them with envy, and with sitting tire :
And the lov'd King, and never yet deny'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide :
But when this fail'd, and Months enough were spent,
They with the first days proffer seem content ;
And to Land-Tax from the Excise turn round,
Bought off with Eighteen hundred thousand pound.
Thus like fair Thieves, the Commons Purse they share,
But all the Members lives consulting spare.

Blither than Hare that hath escap'd the Hounds,
The House prorogu'd, the Chancellour rebounds.
Not so decipet *Eson* hasht and stew'd
With Magick Herbs rose from the Pot renew'd ;
And with fresh age felt his glad Limbs unite,
His Gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite.
What Frosts to Fruits, what Arsnick to the Rat,
What to fair *Denham* mortal Chocolat ;
What an account to *Carteret*, that and more
A Parliament is to the Chancellour.

So the sad Tree shrinks from the morning's Eye,
But blooms all Night, and shoots its Branches high.
So at the Suns recess, again returns
The Comet dread, and Earth and Heaven burns.

Now *Mordant* may within his Castle Tower
Imprison Parents, and the Child deflower.

The *Irish* Herd is now let loose, and comes
By Millions over, not by Hecatombs :
And now, now the *Canary* Patent may
Be broach't again for the great *Holy-day*.
See how he reigns in his new Palace culminant
And sits in state Divine like *Jove* the Fulminant.
First *Buckingham* that durst 'gainst him rebel,
Blasted with Lightning, struck with Thunder fell.

Next the twelve Commons are Condemn'd to Groan,
 And roll in vain at *Sisiphus's* Stone.
 But still he car'd, whilst in Revenge he brav'd
 That Peace secur'd, and Mony might be sav'd,
 Gain and Revenge, Revenge and Gain are sweet,
 United most, then when by turns they meet.
France had St. *Albans* promis'd (so they Sing)
 St. *Albans* promis'd him, and he the King.
 The Count forthwith is ordered all to close,
 To Play for *Flanders*, and the stake to lose.
 While chain'd together, two Embassadors
 Like Slaves shall beg for Peace at *Hollands* Doors.
 This done, among his *Cyclops* he retires
 To forge new Thunder, and inspect their Fires.
 The Court as once of War, now fond of Peace,
 All to new sports their wanton fears release.
 From *Greenwich* (where Intelligence they hold)
 Comes news of Pastime Martial and old.
 A punishment invented first to awe
 Masculine Wives transgressing Natures Law;
 Where when the brawny female disobey's
 And beats the Husband, till for Peace he prays,
 No concern'd Jury dammage for him finds,
 Nor partial Justice her behaviour binds;
 But the just Street does the next house invade,
 Mounting the Neighbour couple on lean Jade;
 The Distaff knocks, the Grains from Kettle fly,
 And Boys and Girls in Troops run hooting by.
 Prudent Antiquity! that knew by shame,
 Better than Law, Domestick Brawls to tame;
 And taught Youth by spectacle Innocent,
 So thou and I dear Painter represent
 In quick *Effigie*; others faults, and feign,
 By making them ridic'lous, to restrain:
 With homely sight they chose thus to relax
 The joys of State for the new Peace and Tax.
 So *Holland* with us had the Mastery try'd,

And our next Neighbours, *France* and *Flanders* ride.

But a fresh News the great designment nips
Off, at the Isle of *Candy*, *Dutch* and Ships,
Bab May, and *Arlington* did wisely scoff,
And thought all safe, if they were so far off;
Modern Geographers! 'Twas there they thought
Where *Venice* twenty years the *Turks* had fought,
(While the first year our Navy is but shewn,
The next divided, and the third we've none.)
They by the Name mistook it for that Isle
Where Pilgrim *Palmer* travell'd in Exile,
With the Bulls horn to measure his own Head,
And on *Phasiphae's* Tomb to drop a bead.
But *Morrice* Learn'd demonstrates by the Post,
This Isle of *Candy* was on *Essex* Coast.

Fresh Messengers still the sad news assure,
More timerous now we are than first secure.
False terrours our believing fears devise,
And the *French* Army one from *Calais* spies.
Bennet and *May*, and those of shorter reach,
Change all for Guineas and a Crown for each;
But wiser Men, and Men foreseen in chance
In *Holland* theirs had Lodg'd before, and *France*.
White-Hall's unsafe, the Court all meditates
To fly to *Windsor* and mure up the Gates.
Each doth the other blame, and all distrust,
(But *Mordant* new oblig'd would sure be just.)
Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd
At *Londons* Flames, nor to the Court complain'd.
The *Bloodworth* Chanc'lor gives, (then does recall)
Orders, amaz'd, at last gives none at all.

St. Albans writ too, that he may bewail
To Monr. *Lewis* and tell Coward tale,
How that the *Hollanders* do make a noise,
Threaten to beat us, and are naughty Boys.
Now *Doleman's* disobedient, and they still
Uncivil, his unkindness would us kill.

Tell him our Ships unrigg'd, our Forts unman'd,
 Oru Money's spent, else 't were at his command;
 Summon him therefore of his word, and prove
 To move him out of pity, if not love;
 Pray him to make *D' Wit* and *Ruyter* cease,
 And whip the *Dutch*, unless they'll hold their peace.
 But *Lewis* was of memory but dull,
 And to St. *Albans* too undutiful: ^{bel.}
 Nor word, nor near Relation did reverse,
 But askt him bluntly for his Character.
 The gravell'd Count did with this Answer faint,
 (His Character was that which thou didst paint)
 And so inforc'd like Enemy or Spie,
 Trusses his Baggage, and the Camp does flie:
 Yet *Lewis* writes, and lest our heart should break,
 Condoles us morally out of *Seneque*.

Two Letters next unto *Breda* are sent,
 In Cypher one to *Harry* excellent:
 The first entrusts (our Verse that Name abhors)
 Plenipotentiary Embassadors;
 To prove by Scripture, Treaty does imply
 Cessation, as the Look Adultery;
 And that by Law of Arms, in Martial strife,
 Who yields his Sword, has title to his Life.
 Presbyter *Hollis* the first point should clear,
 The second *Coventry* the Cavalier:
 But would they not be argu'd back from Sea,
 Then to return home strait *infectâ re*.
 But *Harry's* order'd if they won't recall
 Their Fleet, to threaten---we will give them all.
 The *Dutch* are then in Proclamation shent,
 For sin against the eleventh Commandment.
Hides slipant style there pleasantly curvets,
 Still his sharp wit on States and Princes whets:
 So *Spain* could not escape his laughters spleen,
 None but himself must choose the King a Queen.

But

But when he came the odious clause to pen,
 That summons up the Parliament agen,
 His Writing-master many times he bann'd,
 And wisht himself the Gout to seize his hand ;
 Never old Lecher more repugnance felt,
 Consenting for his Rupture to be gelt.
 But still in hope he solac't e're they come
 To work the Peace, and so to send them home ;
 Or in their hasty call, to find a flaw,
 Their Acts to vitiate, and them over-aw :
 But more rely'd upon this *Dutch* pretence,
 To raise a two-edg'd Army for's defence.

First then he marcht our whole *Militia's* force,
 (As if alas we Ships, or *Dutch* had Horse,)
 Then from the usual common place he blames
 These, and in standing Armies praise declaims :
 And the wise Court that alway lov'd it dear,
 Now thinks all but too little for their fear.
Hide stamps, and strait upon the ground the swarms
 Of currant *Myrmidons* appear in Arms ;
 And for their pay he writes as from the King,
 With that curs'd quill pluckt from a Vultures wing,
 Of the whole Nation now to ask a Loan ;
 (The Eighteen hundred thousand pounds are gone,)
 This done, he pens a Proclamation stout
 In rescue of the Bankers Banquerout.
 His Minion-Imps that in his secret part
 Lye nuzzling at the Sacramental Wart ;
 Horse-leeches sucking at the Hæm'rhold Vein,
 He sucks the King, they him, he them a gain.
 The Kingdoms Farm he lets to them bids least ;
 (Greater the Bribe) and cheats at Interest.
 Here men induc'd by safety, gain, and ease,
 Their Money lodge, confiscate when he please :
 These can at need, at instant with a Scrip
 (This lik't him best) his Cash beyond Sea whip ;

When *Dutch* invade, and Parliament prepare;
 How can he Engines so convenient spare?
 Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
 'Pain of displeasure of great *Clarendon*.

The State affairs thus marshall'd, for the rest,
Monk in his shirt against the *Dutch* is prest.
 Often (dear Painter) have I fate and mus'd
 Why he should still b' on all adventures us'd :
 Do they for nothing ill like *Ashen-wood*,
 Or think him like *Herb-John* for nothing good ?
 Whether his Valour they so much admire,
 Or that for cowardise they all retire.
 As, Heaven in Storms they call, in gusts of State
 On *Monk* and Parliament, yet both do hate.
 All causes sure concur, but most they think
 Under Herculean labours he may sink.
 Soon then the Independent Troops would close,
 And *Hides* last project of his place dispose :

Ruyter the while that had our Ocean curb'd,
 Sail'd now amongst our Rivers undisturb'd;
 Survey'd their Crystal-streams, and banks so green,
 And beauties e're this never naked seen :
 Through the vain Sedge the bashful Nymphs he ey'd,
 Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.
 The Sun much brighter, and the Sky more clear
 He finds, the air and all things sweeter here :
 The sudden change, and such a tempting sight
 Swells his old veins with fresh blood, fresh delight.
 Like am'rous Victors, he begins to shave,
 And his new face looks in the English wave.
 His sporting Navy all about him swim,
 And witness their complacence in their trim.
 Their streaming silks play through the weather fair,
 And with inveigling colours court the air.
 While the Red Flags breath on their top-masts high
 Terrour and War, but want an Enemy.

Among

Among the Shrouds the Sea-men sit and sing,
And wanton boys on every rope do cling:
Old *Neptune* Springs the Tydes, and Waters lent,
(The Gods themselves do help the provident)
And where the deep Keel on the shallow cleaves,
With Trident's Leaver and great Shoulder heaves.
Eolus their Sails inspires with Eastern wind,
Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind.
With pearly Shell, the *Tritons* all the while
Sound the Sea-march, and guide to *Sheppy* Isle.

So have I seen in *Aprils* bud arise,
A Fleet of clouds sailing along the skies.
The liquid Region with their Squadrons fill'd,
Their airy sterns the Sun behind does guild,
And gentle gales them steer, and Heaven drives,
When all on sudden their calm bosom rives
With Thunder and Lightning from each armed cloud;
Shepherds themselves in vain in Bushes shroud.
So up the Stream the *Belgick* Navy glides,
And at *Sheerness* unloads its stormy sides.

Sprag there, though practis'd in the Sea command,
With panting heart lay like a Fish on Land,
And quickly judg'd the Fort was not tenable;
Which if a house, yet were not tenantable.
No man can sit there safe, the *Canon* pours
Through the walls untight, and Bullets showers.
The neighbourhood ill, and an unwholsom feat,
So at the first salute resolves retreat;
And swore, that he would never more dwell there,
Until the City put it in repair.
So he in front, his Garrison in rear,
Marcht streight to *Chatbam* to increase the fear:

There our sick Ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting fowl, a weak and easie Prey:
For whose strong bulk Earth scarce could timber find,
The Ocean water, or the Heavens wind.

Those

Those Oaken Gyants of the ancient race,
 That rul'd all Seas and did our Channel Grace.
 The conscious Stag, thô once the Forrest's dread,
 Fys to the Wood and hides his armless head :

Ryter forthwith a Squadron does untack,
 They sail securely through the Rivers track.
 An *English* Pilot too (Oh shame! Oh sin!)
 Chated of's pay, was he that shew'd them in.

Our wretched Ships within their fate attend,
 And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend :
 (Engine so slight to guard us from the Sea,
 It fitter seem'd to captivate a Flea.)

A Skipper rude shocks it without respect,
 Filling his Sayls more force to recollect.
 Th' *English* from shore the Iron deaf invoke
 For its aid, Hold Chain, or we are broke!
 But with her sayling weight the *Holand* Keel,
 Snapping the brittle links, does thorough reel,
 And to the rest the opened passage shew :

Monk from the bank that dismal sight does view.

Our feather'd Gallants which came down that day
 To be Spectators safe of the New Play,
 Leave him alone when first they hear the Gun,
 (*Cornb'ry* the fleetest) and to *London* run.

Our Seamen, whom no dangers shape could fright,
 Unpaid, refuse to mount our Ships for spight :
 Or to their fellows swim on board the *Dutch*,
 Who shew the tempting Metal in their clutch.
 Oit had he sent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legg*
 Cannon and Powder, but in vain, to beg.
 And *Upnor* Castle's ill deserted Wall,
 Now needful does for Ammunition call.

He finds, wheres'ere he succour might expect,
 Confusion, Folly, Treach'ry, Fear, Neglect.

But when the *Royal Charles* (what rage! what grief!)
 He saw seiz'd, and could give her no relief;

That

That Sacred Keel that had, as he, restor'd
 It's exil'd Sov'raign on its happy board,
 And thence the *British* Admiral became,
 Crown'd for that merit with his Masters Name:
 That Pleasure-boat of War, in whose dear side
 Secure, so oft he had this Foe defy'd,
 Now a cheap Spoyl, and the mean Victors slave,
 Taught the *Dutch* colours from its top to wave;
 Of former glories the reproachful thought
 With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.

Such from *Euphrates* bank a Tigress fell
 After her Robbers for her Whelps does yell;
 But sees enrag'd the River flow between,
 Frustrate Revenge, and Love by loss more keen;
 At her own breast her useless claws does arm,
 She tears her self, 'cause him she cannot harm.

The Guards plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's defence,
 Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence.
Daniel had there adventur'd, man of might,
 Sweet Painter, draw his Picture while I write.

Paint him of Person tall, and big of Bone,
 Large Limbs like Oxe, not to be kill'd but shewn;
 Scarce can burnt Iv'ry feign a hair so black,
 Or face so red, thine Oker and thy Lack;
 Mix a vain terrour in his Martial look,
 And all those lines by which men are mistook;
 But when by shame constrain'd to go on Board,
 He heard how the wild Cannon nearer roar'd,
 And saw himself confin'd like Sheep in Pen,
Daniel then thought he was in Lions Den:
 But when the frightful Fire-Ships he saw,
 Pregnant with Sulphur nearer to him draw,
 Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make hast,
 E're in the fiery Furnace they be cast;
 Three Children tall unsing'd, away they row,
 Like *Shadrack*, *Mesheck* and *Abednego*.

Each doleful Day still with fresh loss returns,
 The *Loyal London* now a third time burns,
 And the true *Royal Oak* and *Royal James*,
 Ailly'd in Fate, encrease with theirs her flames.
 Of all our Navy none should now survive,
 But that the Ships themselves were taught to dive;
 And the kind River in its Creek them hides,
 Fraughting their pierced Keels with Ouzy sides;
 Up to the Bridge contagious terror struck,
 The *Tow'r* it self with the near danger shook,
 And were not *Ruyter's* Maw with ravage cloy'd,
 Ev'n *Londons* ashes had been then destroy'd.
 Officious fear however to prevent,
 Our loss does so much more our loss augment.
 The *Dutch* had robb'd those Jewels of the Crown,
 Our Merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown;
 So when the Fire did not enough devour,
 The Houses were demolisht near the *Tow'r*.
 Those Ships that yearly from their teeming hole
 Unloaded here the Birth of either Pole,
 Fir from the North, and Silver from the West,
 From the South Perfumes, Spices form the East;
 From *Gambo* Gold, and from the *Ganges* Jems,
 Take a short Voyage underneath the *Thames*:
 Once a deep River, now with Timber floor'd,
 And shrunk, less navigable, to a Ford.

Now nothing more at *Chathams* left to burn,
 The *Holland* Squadron leisurely return,
 And spight of *Ruperts* and of *Albermarles*,
 To *Ruyters* Triumphled the Captive *Charles*.
 The pleasing sight he often does prolong,
 Her Mast erect, tough Cordage, Timber strong,
 Her moving shape, all these he doth survey,
 And all admires, but most his easie Prey.
 The Seamen search her all within, without,
 Viewing her strength they yet their conquest doubt;

Then

Then with rude shouts secure, the Air they vex,
 With gamefom joy insulting on her Decks;
 Such the fear'd *Hebrew* Captive, blinded, thorn,
 Was led about in sport, the publick scorn.

Black day accurst ! on thee let no man hale
 Out of the Port, or dare to hoise a Sail,
 Or row a Boat in thy unlucky hour,
 Thee, the years Monster, let thy Dam devour ;
 And constant time to keep his course yet right,
 Fill up thy space with a redoubled Night.
 When aged *Thames* was bound with Fetters base,
 And *Medway* chaste ravish'd before his face,
 And their dear Offspring murder'd in their sight,
 Thou and thy fellows heldst the odious light.
 Sad chance since first that happy Pair was wed,
 When all the Rivers grac'd their Nuptial bed,
 And father *Neptune* promis'd to resign
 His Empire old to their Immortall line ;
 Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
 Themselves dishonour'd, and the gods untrue;
 And to each other helpless couple mourn,
 As the sad Tortoise for the Sea do's groan :
 But most they for their darling *Charles* complain,
 And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
 To see that fatal Pledge of Sea command,
 Now in the Ravisher *de Ruyters* hand,
 The *Thames* roar'd; swooning *Medway* turn'd her tyde,
 And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

The Court in Farthing yet it self do's please,
 (And female *Steward* there rules the four Seas,)
 But Fate does still accumulate our Woes,
 And *Richmond* her commands as *Ruyter* those.

After this loss, to relish Discontent,
 Some one must be accus'd by punishment ;
 All our miscarriages on *Pett* must fall,
 His Name alone seems fit to answer all.

Whose Counsel first did this mad War beget?
 Who all Commands fold through the Navy? *Pett.*
 Who would not follow when the *Dutch* were beat?
 Who treated out the Time at *Bergen*? *Pett.*
 Who the *Dutch* Fleet with Storms disabled met?
 And rising Prizes them neglected? *Pett.*
 Who with false News prevented the Gazette,
 The Fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett.*
 Who all our Sea-men cheated of their debt,
 And all our Prizes who did swallow? *Pett.*
 Who did advise no Navy out to set?
 And who the Forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
 Who to supply with Powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend and *Upnor*? *Pett.*
 Who all our Ships expos'd in *Chattam* Nett?
 Who should it be, but the Fanatick *Pett*?
Pett, the Sea-architect in making Ships,
 Was the first Cause of all these Naval slips.
 Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
 If no Creation, there had been no sin.
 But his great Crime, one Boat away he sent,
 That lost our Fleet, and did our flight prevent.
 Then that reward might in its turn take place,
 And march with Punishment in equal pace,
Southampton dead, much of the *Treasure's* care
 And place in Council fell to *Duncombs* share.
 All men admir'd, he to that pitch could fly,
 Powder ne're blew man up so soon, so high:
 But sure his late good husbandry in *Peeter*,
 Shew'd him to manage the *Exchequer* meeter;
 And who the Forts would not vouchsafe a Corn,
 To lavish the Kings Money more would scorn.
 Who hath no Chimneys, to give all, is best,
 And ablest Speaker, who of Law hath least.
 Who less Estate for Treasurer most fit,
 And for a Chanc'lour he that has least wit.

But the true Cause was that in's Brother *May*,
 Th' Exchequer might the privy Purse obey.
 And now draws near the Parliaments return,
Hide and the Court again begin to mourn;
 Frequent in Council, earnest in debate,
 All Arts they try how to prolong its date.
 Grave Primate *Shelden* (much in Preaching there)
 Blames the last Session, and this more do's fear;
 With *Boynston* or with *Middleton* 'twere sweet,
 But with a *Parliament* abhors to meet,
 And thinks 'twill ne're be well within this Nation,
 'Till it be govern'd by a Convocation.

But in the *Thames* mouth still *de Ruyter* lay'd,
 The Peace not sure, new Army must be pay'd;
Hide saith he hourly waits for a Dispatch,
Harry came Post just as he shew'd his Watch;
 All to agree the Articles were clear,
 The *Holland* Fleet and Parliament so near:
 Yet *Harry* must jobb back and all mature,
 Binding e're th' Houses meet the Treaty sure;
 And 'twixt necessity and spight, till then
 Let them come up so to go down agen.
 Up ambles Country Justice on his Pad,
 And Vest bespeaks to be more seemly clad;
 Plain Gentlemen are in Stage-Coach o'rethrown,
 And Deputy Lieutenants in their own;
 The portly Burghefs through the weather hot
 Do's for his Corporation sweat and trot;
 And all with Sun and Choller come adust,
 And threaten *Hide* to raise a greater dust.

But fresh, as from the Mint, the Courtiers fine
 Salute them, smiling at their vain design;
 And *Turner* gay up to his Perch doth march,
 With Face new bleacht, smoothed and stiff with Starch
 Tells them he at *White-hall* had took a turn,
 And for three dayes thence moves them to adjourn.

Not so, quoth *Tomkins*. and straight drew his Tongue,
 Trusty as Steel that always ready hung,
 And so proceeding in his motion warm,
 Th' Army soon rais'd he doth as soon disarm.
 True *Trojan*! whilst this Town can Girls afford,
 And long as Cyder lasts in *Hereford*,
 The Girls shall always kiss thee though grown old,
 And in eternal Healths thy Name be troul'd.

Mean while the certain News of Peace arrives
 At Court, so reprieves their Guilty Lives.

Hyde orders *Turner* that he should come late,
 Least some new *Tomkins* spring a fresh debate:
 The King that day rais'd early from his rest,
 Expects as at a Play till *Turner's* drest;
 At last together *Eaton* came and he,
 No Dial more could with the Sun agree:
 The Speaker summon'd to the Lords repairs,
 Nor gave the Commons leave to say their Pray'rs,
 But like his Prisoners to the Bar them led,
 Where mute, they stand to hear their Sentence read;
 Trembling with Joy, and fear *Hide*, them Prorogues,
 And had almost mistook, and call'd them Rogues.

Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the Foot,
 Where Pencil cannot, there my Pen shall do't.
 That may his Body, this his Mind explain;
 Paint him in golden Gown, with Maces train,
 Bright Hair, fair Face, obscure, and dull of Head,
 Like Knife with Iv'ry haft, and edge of Lead:
 At Pray'rs his eyes turn up the pious white,
 But all the while his private Bill's in sight:
 In Chair he smoaking sits like Master-Cook,
 And a Poll-bill do's like his Apron look.
 Well was he skill'd to season any Question,
 And make a Sawce fit for *White-balls* digestion:
 Whence every day the Palate more to tickle,
 Court-Mushrooms ready are sent in to pickle.

When

gue,

When Grievance's urg'd he swells like squatted Toad,
 Frisks like a Frog to croak a Taxes load ;
 His Patient, Piss he could hold longer, than
 An Urinal, and sit like any Hen :
 At Table jolly as a Country Host,
 And soaks his Sack with *Norfolk* like a Toast ;
 At Night than *Chanticleere* more brisk and hot,
 And Serjeants Wife serves him for *Pertelott*.

Paint last the King and a dead shade of Night,
 Only disperst by a weak Tapers light :
 And those bright Gleams that dart along and glare
 From his clear Eyes (yet these too dart with care ;)
 There as in the calm horror all alone,
 He wakes and muses of th' uneasie Throne:
 Raife up a sudden shape with Virgins Face,
 Though ill agree her posture, hour or place ;
 Naked as born, and her round Arms behind,
 With her own Tresses interwove and twin'd :
 Her Mouth lockt up, a blind before her Eyes,
 Yet from beneath her Veil her blushes rise,
 And silent tears her secret Anguish speak,
 Her Heart throbs, and with very shame would break :
 The Object strange in him no terror mov'd,
 He wondred first, then pityed, then he lov'd ;
 And with kind hand do's the coy Vision press,
 Whose Beauty greater seem'd by her distress ;
 But soon shrunk back chill'd with a touch so cold,
 And th' airy Picture vanisht from his hold ;
 In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
 And he divin'd 'twas *England* or the Peace.

Express him startling, next with list'ning ear,
 As one that some unusual Noise doth hear ;
 With Cannons, Trumpets, Drums his door surround,
 But let some other Painter draw the Sound ;
 Thrice he did rise, thrice the vain Tumult fled,
 But again Thunders when he lyes in Bed.

His mind secure do's the vain stroke repeat,
And finds the Drums *Lewis's* March did beat.

Shake then the Room and all his Curtains tear,
And with blew streaks infect the Taper clear,
While the pale Ghosts his Eye doth fixt admire,
Of Grandfire *Harry* and of *Charles* his Syre;
Harry sits down and in his Open-side
The grisly Wound reveals of which he dy'd;
And Ghostly *Charles* turning his Coller low,
The purple thred about his Neck doth shew:
Then whisp'ring to his Son in words unheard,
Through the lockt Door, both of them disappear'd;
The wondrous Night the pensive King revolves,
And rising straight on *Hides* disgrace resolves.

At his first step he *Castlemain* does find,
Bennet and *Coventry* as 'twere design'd;
And they not knowing, the same thing propose
Which his hid Mind did in his depths inclose:
Through their feign'd Speech their secret Hearts he knew,
To her own Husband *Castlemain* untrue;
False to his Master *Bristol*, *Arlington*.

And *Coventry* falser than any one,
Who to the Brother, Brother would betray;
Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
His Fathers Ghost too whisper'd him one Note,
That who does cut his Purse will cut his Throat:
But in wise Anger he their Crimes forbears,
As Thieves repriev'd for Executioner:
While *Hide* provok't his foaming Tusk do's whet
To prove them Traytors, and himself the Pett.

Painter, Adieu, how well our Arts agree,
Poetick Picture, Painted Poetry!

But this great work is for our Monarch fit,
And henceforth *Charles* only to *Charles* shall fit.
His Master-hand the Ancients 'hall out-do,
Himself the Poet and the Painter too.

To the KING.

SO his bold Tube Man to the Sun apply'd,
 And spots unknown in the bright Star descry'd,
 Shew'd they obscure him, while too near, they please
 And seem his Courtiers, are but his Disease.
 Through Optick Trunk the Planet seem'd to hear,
 And hurles them off e're since in his career.

And you, (*Great Sir*) that with him Empire share,
 Seen of our World, as he the *Charles* is there;
 Blame not the Muse that brought those Spots to sight,
 Which in your Splendor hid, corrode your Light:
 (Kings in the Country oft have gone astray,
 Nor of a Peasant scorn'd to learn the way,)
 Would she the unattended Throne reduce,
 Banishing Love, Trust, Ornament and Use?
 Better it were to live in Cloysters lock,
 Or in fair Fields to rule the easie Flock;
 She blames them only who the Court restrain,
 And where all *England* serves, themselves would Reign!

Bold and accurst are they that all this while
 Have strove to Isle this Monarch from this Isle;
 And to improve themselves by false pretence,
 About the common Prince have rais'd a Fence;
 The Kingdom from the Crown distinct would see,
 And peel the Bark to burn at last the Tree.
 But *Ceres* Corn, and *Flora* is the Spring,
Bacchus is Wine, the Country is the King.

Not so do's Rust insinuating wear,
 Nor Powder to the vaulted Bastion tear;
 Nor Earthquakes so an hollow Isle o'rewhelm,
 As scratching Courtiers undermine a Realm.
 And through the Palaces Foundations bore,
 Burrowing themselves to hoord their Guilty store:

The smallest Vermin make the greatest waſt,
And a poor Warren once a City rac't.

But they whom born to Virtue and to Wealth,
Nor *Guilt* to *Flatt'ry* binds, nor *want* to *Stealth* ;
Whoſe generous Conſcience, and whoſe Courage high,
Do's with clear Councils their large Souls ſupply ;
That ſerve the King with their Eſtates and Care
And as in Love on Parliament can ſtare ;
Where few the number, choice is there leſs hard ;
Give us this Court, and rule without a Guard.

By A. M.

The Loyal Scot.

By *Cleaveland's Ghost*, upon the Death of Captain
Douglas, burnt on his Ship at Chatham.

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike ſhades
Saw *Douglas* marching on the *Elyſian* Glades,
They all conſulting, gather'd in a Ring,
Which of their Poets ſhould his Welcome Sing ;
And as a favourable Penance choſe
Cleaveland, on whom they would that task impoſe.
He underſtood ; but willingly addreſt
His ready Muſe to Court that noble Gueſt.
Much had he cur'd the tumour of his Vein,
He judg'd more clearly now, and ſaw more plain ;
For thoſe ſoft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
And of wiſe *Lethe* he had drunk a Draught.
Abruptly he began, diſguiſing Art,
As of his Satyr this had been a part.

Not

Not so, brave *Douglas*, on whose lovely Chin
The early Down but newly did begin;
And modest Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
While envious Virgins hope he is a Male:
His yellow Locks curl back themselves to seek,
Nor other Courtship knew but to his Cheek:
Oft as he in chill *Eske* or *Seyn* by Night,
Hardned and cool'd, his Limbs so soft, so white;
Among the Reeds to be espy'd by him
The Nymphs would rustle, he would forwards swim;
They sigh'd and said, Fond Boy why so untame,
That fly'st Loves fires, reserv'd for other flame.
First on his Ship he saw that horrid day,
And wondered much at those that run away:
No other fear himself could comprehend,
Than least Heav'n fall e're thither he ascend;
But entertains the while his Time too short,
With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in sport;
Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
Within its Circle, knows himself secure.
The fatal Bark him boards with grappling fire.
And safely through its Port the *Dutch* retire:
That precious Life he yet disdains to save,
Or with known Art to try the gentle wave;
Much him the Honour of his Ancient race
Inspir'd, nor would he his own deeds deface;
And secret Joy in his calm Soul does rise,
That *Monk* looks on to see how *Douglas* dyes.
Like a glad Lover the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his first Embraces in their sheets:
His shape exact which the bright flame infold
Like the Suns Statue stands of burnisht Gold;
Round the transparent Fire about him glowes,
As the clear Amber on the Bees do's close;
And as on Angels heads their glories shine,
His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.

But when in his immortal mind he felt
 His alt'ring form and soder'd limbs to melt,
 Down on the Deck he layd himself and dy'd,
 With his dear Sword reposing by his side;
 And on the flaming Plank so rests his head,
 As one that warm'd himself, and went to bed.
 His Ship burns down, and with his Reliques sinks,
 And the sad stream beneath his Ashes drinks.
 Fortunate Boy, if either Pencils fame,
 Or if my Verse can propagate thy Name,
 When *Aeta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
 Our *English* Youth shall sing the valiant *Scot*.

Skip Saddles *Pegasus*, thou needst not brag,
 Sometimes the *Galloway* proves the better Nag.
 Shall not a Death so generous, when told
 Unite our distance, fill our breaches old?
 Such in the Roman *Forum*, *Curtius* brave
 Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
 No more discourse of *Scotch* and *English* Race,
 Nor chaunt the fabulous Hunt of *Chevy-chace*.
 Mixt in *Corinthian* Mettal at thy flame
 Our Nations melting, thy *Colossus* frame;
 Prick down the Point, whoever has the Art,
 Where Nature *Scotland* does from *England* part.
 Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells
 Where Life resides, and Understanding dwells:
 But this we know, tho' that exceeds our skill,
 That whosoever separates them, does ill.
 Will you the *Tweed* that sullen Bounder call
 Of Soyl, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
 Why draw you not as well the thrifty Line
 From *Thames*, from *Humber*, or at least the *Time*?
 So may we the State Corpulence redress,
 And little *England*, when we please, make less.
 What *Ethic* River is this wondrous *Tweed*,
 Whose one bank Virtue, t'other Vice does breed?

Or what new Perpendicular does rise
 Up from her Streams, continu'd to the Skies,
 That between us the common Air should bar,
 And split the Influence of every Star?
 But who considers right will find indeed,
 'Tis *Holy Island* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
 Nothing but Clergy could us two seclude,
 No *Scotch* was ever like a Bishops feud.
 All Litanies in this have wanted Faith,
 There's no *Deliver us! from a Bishops wrath*.
 Never shall *Calvin* pardon'd be for Sales,
 Never for *Burnet's* sake, the *Lauderdale's*,
 For *Becker's* sake *Kent* alwayes shall have Tails; }
 Who Sermons e're can pacifie and Prayers?
 Or to the Joint-stools reconcile the Chairs?
 Tho' Kingdoms joyn, yet Church will Kirk oppose,
 The Mitre still divides, the Crown does close;
 As in *Rogation-week* they whip us round,
 To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *English* bound:
 What the Ocean binds, is by the Bishops rent,
 Then Sees make Islands, in our Continent.
 Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
 If the Cathedral still shall have its Isles.
 Nothing, not Bogs, not Sands, not Seas, not *Alps*,
 Separate the World, so as the Bishops Scalps.
 Stretch for the Line, their Circingle alone
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable Zone:
 The friendly Load-stone has not more combin'd,
 Than Bishops cramp't the commerce of Mankind.
 Had it not been for such a Bias strong,
 Two Nations had ne're mis'd the mark so long.
 The World in all doth but two Nations bear,
 The Good, the Bad, and these mixt every where:
 Under each Pole place either of these two,
 The Bad will basely, Good will bravely do.

And few indeed can parallel our Climes
 For Worth Heroick, or Heroick Crimes.
 The tryal would however be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a *Scotch* or *English* Vice;
 Or whether the same Virtue would reflect
 From *Scotch* or *English* heart the same effect :
 Nation is all but Name, a *Sibboleth*,
 Where a mistaken Accent causes death.
 In Paradise Names only Nature show'd,
 At *Babel* Names from Pride and Discord flow'd;
 And ever since men with a female Spight
 First call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland, and *England*, cause of just uproar,
 Do Man and Wife signifie, Rogue and Whore.
 Say but a *Scot*, and straight we fall to sides,
 That Syllable like a *Picts* Wall divides.
 Rational mens Words Pledges are of peace,
 Perverted, serve Dissention to increase.
 For shame extirpate from each Loyal breast,
 That Senceless Rancour against Interest.
 One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Isle,
English and *Scotch*, 'tis all but Crois and Pile.
Charles our Great Soul this only understands,
 He our affections both, and wills commands.
 And where twin Sympathies cannot atone,
 Knows the last Secret how to make us one.

Just so the prudent Husbandman that sees,
 The idle tumult of his Factious Bees,
 The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
 The Hive a Comb case, every Bee a Drone,
 Powders them o're, till none discerns his Foes,
 And all themselves in Meal and Friendship lose ;
 The Insect Kingdom straight begins to thrive,
 And all work Honey for the common Hive.

Pardon young Heroe, this so long Transport,
 Thy Death more Noble did the same extort.

My former Satyr for this Verse forget,
My fault against my Recantation set.
I single did against a Nation write,
Against a Nation thou didst single fight.
My differing Crime does more thy Virtue raise,
And such my rashness best thy Valour praise.

Here *Douglas* smiling, said, He did intend
After such frankness shewn, to be his Friend;
Forewarn'd him therefore, lest in time he were
Metempsychos'd to some *Scotch* Presbyter.

By A. M

Britannia and Raleigh. By A. Marvell Esq.

Brit. **A** H *Raleigh*, when thou didst thy Breath resign
To trembling *James*, would I had quitted mine.
Cubs did'st thou call them? Hadst thou seen this Brood
Of *Earls*, *Dukes*, and *Princes* of the Blood;
No more of *Scottish* Race thou wouldst complain,
These would be Blessings in this spurious Reign.
Awake, arise from thy long blest Repose,
Once more with me partake of Mortal Woes.

Ra. What mighty Pow'r hath forced me from my rest?
Oh mighty Queen, why so untimely drest?

Brit. Favour'd by Night, conceal'd in this Disguise,
Whilst the *Lewd Court* in drunken Slumber lies,
I stole away, and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn;
Till *Cavaliers* shall Favourites be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd;

Till

Till *Liegh* and *Galloway* shall Bribes reject ;
 Thus O—n's Golden Cheat I shall detect :
 Till Atheist *Lauderdale* shall leave this Land,
 And *Commons Votes* shall Cut-*Nose* Guards disband ;
 Till *Kate* a happy Mother shall become,
 Till *Charles* loves *Parliaments*, and *James* hates *Rome*.

Ral. What fatal Crimes make you for ever fly
 Your once lov'd Court and *Martyrs* Progeny ?

Brit. A Colony of *French* possess the Court ;
Pimps, *Priests*, *Buffoons* in Privy Chamber sport ;
 Such slimy Monsters ne'r approacht a Throne
 Since *Pharaoh's* Days, nor so defil'd a Crown.
 In sacred Ear *Tyrannick* Arts they croak,
 Pervert his Mind, and good Intention choak ;
 Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathan, and absolute Commands.

Thus Fairy-like the *King* they steal away,
 And in his room a Changling *Lewis* lay.
 How oft have I him to himself restor'd,
 In's left the Scale, in's right hand plac'd the Sword ?
 Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue,
 To them who strive to separate these two ?
 The bloody *Scotish Chronicle* read o're,
 Shew'd him how many *Kings* in purple gore
 Were hurr'd to Hell by cruel Tyrant *Lore*.

The other day fam'd *Spencer* I did bring,
 In lofty Notes *Tudor's* blest Race to sing ;
 How *Spain's* proud Powers her Virgin Arms controul'd,
 And Gold'n Days in peaceful Order roul'd ;
 How like ripe Fruit she dropt from off her Throne,
 Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown.
 As the *Jessean* Hero did appease
Saul's stormy Rage, and stop't his black Disease ;
 So the learn'd *Bard*, with Artful Song suppress't
 The swelling Passion of his canker'd Breast,

And

And in his Heart kind Influences shed
 Of *Countrys* Love by *Truth* and *Justice* bred :
 Then, to perform the Cure so well begun,
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting Sun.
 How by her Peoples Looks pursu'd from far,
 So mounted on a bright Celestial Car,
 Out-shining *Virgo*, or the *Julian* Star.
 Whilst in Truths Mirrour this good Scene he spy'd,
 Enter'd a *Dame*, bedeckt with spotted Pride,
 Fair *Flower-de-Luce* within an Azure Field,
 Her left Hand bears the Ancient *Gallick* Shield,
 By her usurp'd ; her Right a bloody Sword,
 Inscrib'd *Leviathan*, our Sovereign Lord ;
 Her towry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
 And Exhalation bred of Blood and Tears ;
 Around her *Jove's* lewd rav'nous Curs complain,
 Pale Death, Lust, Tortures, fill her pompous Train :
 She from the easie King Truth's Mirrour took,
 And on the Ground in spiteful Fall it broke ;
 Then frowning, thus, with proud Disdain, she spoke :
 Are thred-bare Virtues Ornaments for *Kings* ?
 Such poor Pedantick Toys teach Underlings !
 Do *Monarchs* rise by Virtue, or by Sword ?
 Who e're grew great by keeping of his Word ?
Virtue's a faint *Green-sickness* to brave Souls,
 Dastards their Hearts, their active Heat controuls :
 The Rival God, Monarchs of th' other World,
 This mortal Poyson amongst Princes hurl'd ;
 Fearing the mighty Projects of the great,
 Shall drive them from their proud Cœlestial Seat,
 If not o're-aw'd : This new-found holy Cheat,
 Those pious Frauds too slight, r'insnare the brave,
 Are proper Arts the long ear'd Rout r'inslave.
 Bribe hungry Priests to deifie your Might,
 To teach your Will's, your only Rule to Right,
 And sound Damnation to all that dare deny't.

Thus

Thus Heaven designs 'gainst Heaven you shall turn,
 And make them feel those powers they once did scorn.
 When all the Gobling Interest of Mankind,
 By Hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd ;
 And by Impostures God and Man betray'd
 The Church and State you safely may invade :
 So boundless *Lewis* in full Glory shines,
 Whil'st your starv'd power in Legal Fetters pines,
 Shake off those Baby Bands from your strong Arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old Witches Charms ;
 Taste the delicious Sweets of Sovereign power,
 'Tis Royal Game whole Kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
 A Sacrifice to you their God and King:
 As these grow stale we'll harrahs Humankind,
 Rack Nature till new pleasures you shall find,
 Strong as your Reign, and beauteous as your Mind. }
 When she had spoke, a confus'd Murmur rose,
 Of *French, Scotch, Irish*, all my mortal Foes ;
 Some *English* too, O shame! disguis'd I spy'd,
 Led all by the wise Son-in Law of *Hide* ;
 With Fury drunk, like *Bachanals* they Roar,
 Down with that common *Magna Charta* Whore :
 With joynt Consent on helpless Me they flew,
 And from my *Charles* to a base Goal me drew ;
 My Reverend Age expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
 To Prigs, Bawds, Whores, was made the publick Game.
 Frequent Addresses to my *Charles* I send,
 And my sad State did to his Care commend ;
 But his fair Soul transform'd by that *French* Dame,
 Had lost a sense of Honour, Justice, Fame.
 Like a tame Spinster in's *Seraigl* he sits,
 Beseig'd by Whores, Buffoons, and Bastards Chits ;
 Lull'd in Security, rowling in Lust,
 Resigns his Crown to Angel *Carwells* Trust.

Her Creature O—— the Revenue steals,
 False F---b, Knave Ang—ess, misguide the Seals;
 Mack-James the Irish Biggots does adore;
 His French and Teague commands on sea and shore:
 The Scotch Scalado of our Court two Isles,
 False L——le with Ordure all defiles.

Thus the States Night-mar'd by this Hellish rout;
 And no one left these Furies to cast out:
 Ah *Vindex* come, and purge the poison'd State;
 Descend, Descend, e're the Cure's desperate.

Ral. Once more great *Queen* thy Darling strive to save,
 Snatch him again from scandal and the Grave;
 Present to's Thoughts his long scorn'd *Parliament*,
 The Basis of his Throne and Government:
 In his deaf, Ears sound his dead Fathers Name;
 Perhaps that Spell may's Erring Soul reclaim:
 Who knows what good Effects from thence may spring?
 'Tis God-like Good to save a falling King.

Brit. Rawleigh, no more; for long in vain I've try'd,
 The S——t, from the Tyrant to divide;
 As easily learn'd *Virtuoso's* may
 With the Dogs Blood his gentle Kind Convey
 Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn;
 To the bleating Flock, by him so lately torn:
 If this Imperial Juice once taint his Blood,
 'Tis by no potent Antidote withstood.

Tyrants, like Leprous Kings, for publick weal,
 Should be immur'd, lest the Contagion steal
 Over the whole. Th' Elect of the *Jessean* Line,
 To this firm Law their Scepter did resign,
 And shall this base Tyrannick Brood evade
 Eternal Laws, by God for Mankind made.

To the serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
 From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know;
 With her, the prudence of the Ancients read,
 To teach my People in their steps to tread:

By their great Pattern such a State I'll frame,
 Shall eternize a glorious lasting Name.
 Till then, my *Raleigh* teach our noble Youth,
 To love Sobriety and holy Truth:
 Watch and preside over their tender Age,
 Lest *Court*, Corruption should their Soul engage:
 Teach them how *Arts* and *Arms* in thy young Days
 Employ'd our Youth, not Taverns, Stews and Plays:
 Tell them the generous Scorn their rise does owe
 To *Flattery*, *Pimping* and a *Gawdy Shew*;
 Teach them to scorn the *Carwells*, *Portsm's*, *Nells*,
 The *Clevelands*, O —, *Berties*, *Lau* —ails,
Poppea, *Tegoline* and *Arteria's* Name,
 Who yield to these in Lewdness, Lust and Fame.
 Make 'em admire the *Talbots*, *Sidneys*, *Veres*,
Drake, *Cav'ndish*, *Blake*, Men void of slavish Fears,
 True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
 On whose fam'd Deeds all Tongues and Writers wait;
 When with fierce Ardour their bright Souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest Country I'll return.
Tarquin's just Judge and *Cæsar's* equal Peers,
 With them I'll bring, to dry my Peoples Tears.
Publicola with healing Hands shall pour
 Balm in their Wounds, and shall their Life restore:
 Greek Arts and Roman Arms in her conjoyn'd,
 Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind.
 As *Jove's* great Son th' infested Globe did free
 From noxious Monsters, hell born Tyranny;
 So shall my *England* in a Holy War,
 In Triumph lead chain'd *Tyrants* from a far;
 Her true *Crusado* shall at last pull down
 The *Turkish* Crescent and the Persian Sun.
 Freed by thy Labours, Fortunate Blest Isle,
 The Earth shall rest, the Heaven shall on thee smile;
 And this kind Secret for Reward shall give,
 No Poyson'd Tyrants on thy Earth shall live.

Advice to a Painter, by A. Marvell Esqr ;

Spread a large Canvass, *Painter*, to contain
 The great *Assembly*, and the num'rous Train;
 Where all about him shall in Triumph sit
 Abhorring *Wisdom* and despising *Wit*,
 Hating all *Justice* and resolv'd to Fight,
 To rob their Native Country of their Right ;
 First draw His *Highbness* prostrate to the South,
 Adoring *Rome*, this Label in his Mouth.

Most Holy Father, being joyn'd in League
 With Father *Patrick*, D—, and with Teague,
 Thrown at your Sacred Feet, I humbly bow,
 I and the wise *Associates* of my Vow ;
 A Vow, nor *Fire* nor *Sword* shall ever end,
 Till all this *Nation* to your *Foot-stool* bend :
 Thus arm'd with Zeal and Blessings from your Hands,
 I'll raise my *Papists*, and my *Irish Bands* ;
 And by a Noble well-contrived Plot,
 Manag'd by wise *Fitzgerrald* and by *Scot*,
 Prove to the World, I'll make Old *England* know,
 That *common Sense* is my *Eternal Foe*.
 I ne're can fight in a more glorious Cause,
 Than to destroy their *Liberty* and *Laws*,
 Their House of *Commons*, and their House of *Lords*,
 Their *Parchment Precedents* and dull *Records* ;
 Shall these e're dare to contradict my Will,
 And think a *Prince* oth' *Blood* can e're do Ill ?
 It is our *Birtb-right* to have Power to kill.
 Shall they e're dare to think they shall decide
 The Way to *Heaven*, and who shall be my *Guide* ?
 Shall they pretend to say, That *Bread* is *Bread*,
 If we affirm it is a *God* in deed ;
 Or that there's no *Purgatory* for the Dead ?

That

That *Extream Unction* is but common Oyl,
And not Infallible the Roman Soil?

I'll have these *Villains* in our *Notions* rest,
And I do say it, therefore it's the best.

Next *Painter*, draw his *Mordant* by his side,
Conveying his *Religion* and his *Bride*;
He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,
Does now in *Popery* with his *Master* joyn:
Then draw the *Princess* with her golden Locks,
Hastning to be envenom'd with the P——
And in her youthful Veins receive a Wound,
Which sent *N. H.* before her, under Ground;
The Wound of which the tainted Ch——t fades,
Laid up in Store for a new Set of *Maids*.
Poor *Princess*, born under a fullen Star,
To find such Welcome when you came so far!
Better some jealous Neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a Sound, tho' petty *Throne*!
Where, 'twixt a wholesome Husband and a Page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy Age,
Than on dull Hopes of being here a Q——
E're twenty dye, and rot before fifteen.

Now *Painter* shew us in the Blackest Dye,
The Counsellors of all this Villany:
Clifford, who first appear'd in humble guise,
Was always thought too Gentle, Meek and Wife:
But when he came to act upon the Stage,
He prov'd the mad *Cetbegus* of our Age;
He and his Duke had both too great a Mind,
To be by *Justice* or by *Law* confin'd;
Their boyling Heads can hear no other Sounds
Than Fleets and Armies, Battails, Blood and Wounds;
And to destroy our Liberty they hope,
By Irish Fools, and an old doting *Pope*.

Next *Talbot* must by his great Master stand,
Laden with *Folly*, *Flesh*, and *Ill-got Land*;

He's

He's of a size indeed to fill a Porch,
But ne're can make a *Pillar of the Church*;
His Sword is all his Argument, not his Book,
Alltho' no Scholar, he can act the Cook;
And will cut Throats again, if he be paid;
In th' Irish Shambles he first learn'd the Trade.

Then Painter shew thy Skill, and in fit place
Let's see the *Nuncio Arundel's* sweet Face;
Let the Beholders by thy Art espy
His *Sense* and *Soul*, as squinting as his Eye.

Let *B---'s* autumnal Face be seen,
Rich with the Spoils of a poor *Algerine*;
Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd;
And so shall we when his Advice's obey'd:
The Heroe once got Honour by the Sword,
He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word;
And now his Daughter he hath got with Child,
And Pimps to have his Family defil'd,

Next Painter draw the Rabble of the Plot.
German, Fitz Gerrald, Loftus, Porter, Scot:
These are fit Heads indeed, to turn a State,
And change the Order of a Nations Fate;
Ten thousand such as these shall ne'r controul
The smallest *Atome* of an *English* Soul.

Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands;
Defying all their *Heads* and all their *Hands*;
Its steady *Basis* never could be shook,
When *Wiser Men* her *Ruin* undertook:
And can her *Guardian Angel* let her stoop
At last, to *Mad-men, Fools*, and to the *Pope*?
No *Painter*, no; close up this Piece and see
This Crowd of *Traytors*, hang'd in *Effigie*.

To the King.

Great *Charles*, who full of Mercy, wouldst command
 In Peace and Pleasure this his Native Land ;
 At last take pity of thy tottering *Throne*,
 Shook by the Faults of *others*, not thine *own*.
 Let not thy *Life* and *Crown* together end,
 Destroy'd by a false *Brother* and a *Friend*.
 Observe the danger that appears so near,
 That all your Subjects do each minute fear :
 One drop of Poison, or a *Popish*-Knife,
 Ends all the Joy of *England* with thy *Life*.
 Brothers, 'tis true, by Nature, should be kind ;
 But a too zealous and ambitious Mind,
 Brib'd with a *Crown* on *Earth*, and one *above*,
 Harbours no Friendship, *Tenderness*, or Love :
 See in all Ages what Examples are
 Of *Monarchs* murder'd by their impatient Heir.
 Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'er believe,
 Till the Stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve.

Nostradamus's Prophecy. by A. Marvell. Esq;.

FOR Faults and Follies *London's* Doom shall fix,
 And She must sink in Flames in *Sixty six* ;
 Fire-Balls shall fly, but few shall see the Train,
 As far as from *White-hall* to *Pudding-Lane* ;
 To burn the City, which again shall rise,
 Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the Skies,
 Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
 (Though its Walls stand) shall bring the City low'r :
 When Legislators shall their Trust betray,

Saving

Saving their own, shall give the rest away ;
 And those false men by th' easie People sent,
 Give Taxes to the *King* by *Parliament* :
 When bare-fac'd *Villains* shall not blush to cheat,
 And *Chequer-Doors* shall shut up *Lumbard street* :
 When Players come to act the part of *Queens*,
 Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes:
 When *Sodomy* shall be prime Min'sters Sport,
 And *Whoring* shall be the least Crime at Court :
 When Boys shall take their *Sisters* for their Mate,
 And practice *Incests* between Seven and Eight :
 When no man knows in whom to put his trust,
 And e'en to rob the *Chequer* shall be just :
 When Declarations, Lies, and every Oath
 Shall be in use at Court, but *Faith* and *Troth*,
 When two good Kings shall be at *Brentford Town*,
 And when in *London* there shall be not one ;
 When the seat's given to a talking Fool,
 Whom wise men laugh at, and whom Women rule ;
 A Min'ster able only in his Tongue,
 To make harsh, empty speeches two hours long :
 When an old *Scotch* Covenant shall be
 The Champion for th' *English* Hierarchy :
 When Bishops shall lay all Religion by,
 And strive by Law t' establish Tyranny :
 When a lean Treasurer shall in one year
 Make himself fat, his King and People bare :
 When th' *English* Prince shall *English* men despise,
 And think *French* only loyal, *Irish* Wise :
 When *Wooden Shoon* shall be the *English* wear,
 And *Magna Charta* shall no more appear ;
 Then th' *English* shall a greater *Tyrant* know,
 Than either *Greek* or *Latin* Story shew ;
 Their Wives to's Lust expos'd, their Wealth to's Spoil,
 With Groans to fill his Treasury they toil ;

But like the *Ballides*, must sigh in vain;
 For that still fill'd, flows out as fast again:
 Then they with envious Eyes shall *Belgium* see,
 And wish in vain *Venetian* Liberty.

The Frogs too late grown weary of their Pain,
 Shall pray to *Jove* to take him back again.

Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's Ghost.

IT happen'd in the Twy-light of the Day,
 As *England's* Monarch in his Closet lay,
 And *Chiffinch* step'd to fetch the Female Prey;
 The bloody shape of *Godfrey* did appear,
 And in sad Vocal sounds these things declare:
 "Behold, Great Sir, I from the Shades am sent,
 "To shew these Wounds that did your Fall prevent.
 "My panting Ghost, as Envoy, comes to call,
 "And warn you, lest, like me, y' untimely fall;
 "Who against Law your Subjects Lives pursue,
 "By the same rute may dare to Murther you.
 "I, for *Religion, Laws, and Liberties*,
 "Am mangled thus, and made a *Sacrifice*.
 "Think what beset Great *Egypt's* hardned King,
 "Who scorn'd the Prophet's oft admonishing.
 "Shake off your brandy slumbers; for my Words
 "More Truth than all your close Cabal affords:
 "A Court you have with Luxury o'er-grown,
 "And all the Vices e're in Nature known;
 "Where Pimps and Panders in their Coaches ride,
 "And in Lampoons and Songs your Lust deride.
 "Old Bawds and flighted Whores, there tell with shame,
 "The dull Romance of your Lascivious Flame.

" Players and Scaramouches are your Joy ;
 " Priests and *French* Apes do all your Land annoy :
 " Still so profuse, you are insolvent grown,
 " A mighty Bankrupt on a Golden Throne.
 " Your nauseous Palate the worst Food doth crave ;
 " No wholsom Viands can an entrance have :
 " Each Night you lodge in that *French* Syren's Arms,
 " She strait betrays you with her wanton Charms ;
 " Works on your Heart, softned with Love and Wine,
 " And then betrays you to some *Philistine*.
 " Imperial Lust does o're your Scepter sway ;
 " And though a Sovereign, makes you to obey.
 " She that from *Lisbon* came with such Renown,
 " And to enrich you with the *Africk* Town.
 " In nature mild, and gentle as a Dove ;
 " Yet for Religion can a Serpent prove :
 " Priest-rid with Zeal, she Plots and did design
 " To cut your thred of Life, as well as mine :
 " Yet Thoughts so stupid have your Soul possess'd,
 " As if Inchant'd by some Magick Priest:
 " There's no example urge you to relent,
 " You Pardon Guilty, punish Innocent.
 " Next he who 'gainst the *Senate's* Vote did Wed,
 " Took defil'd *H.* and *Este* to his Bed.
 " Fiend in his Face, Apostate in his Name,
 " Contriv'd to Wars to your eternal shame.
 " He ancient Laws and Liberties defies ;
 " On standing Guards and new rais'd Force relies :
 " The *Teagues* he Courts, and doth the *French* admire,
 " And fain he would be mounted one Step higher.
 " All this by you must needs be plainly seen,
 " And yet he awes you with his daring Spleen.
 " Th' unhappy Kingdom suffer'd much of Old,
 " When *Spencer* and loose *Garveston* controull'd ;
 " Yet they by just Decrees were timely sent,
 " To suffer a perpetual Banishment.

" But your bold States-men nothing can restrain,
 " Their most enormous Courses you maintain.
 " They like those Head-strong Horses of the Sun,
 " Guided by the unskilful *Phaeton*:
 " Your tott'ring Charriot bears through uncouth ways.
 " Till the next World's inflamed with your Rays.
 " Witness that Man; who had for divers years
 " Pay'd the *Brib'd Commons*, *Pensions* and *Arrears*;
 " Though your Exchequer was at his Command,
 " Durst not before his just Accusers stand:
 " His Crimes and Treasons of so black a hue,
 " None dare to prove his Advocate but you.
 " Who e're within your Palace Walls remain,
 " Abhor your actions, serve you but for Gain.
 " The *Affyrians* (as Histories relate)
 " Had once a King grown so Effeminate;
 " All State-affairs seem'd Irksome in his sight,
 " In Spinning Wheels he placed his whole delight.
 " With his lew'd Strumpet Crew he did retire,
 " Condemned, and Loath'd, he set himself on Fire;
 " And only in this Act the World did own,
 " The greatest Man head of his Life was shewn.
 " Rome ne're to such a glorious State had grown,
 " Had not luxurious *Tarquin* there been known;
 " A single Rape was deem'd such a disgrace,
 " They extirpate his odious Name and Race;
 " Though he from *Tuscan* Kings did succour crave,
 " Yet they with Arms pursued him to the Grave:
 " Ingenious People always have withstood,
 " What stains their Honour or the publick good:
 " Trust not in Prelates false Divinity,
 " Who wrong their Prince, and shame their Deity,
 " Making their God so partial in their Cause,
 " Exempting Kings alone from humane Laws.
 " These lying Oracles they did infuse
 " Of old, and did your *Martyr'd Sire* abuse.

" Their

" Their strong delusions did him so enthrall,
 " No Cautions would anticipate his Fall.
 " Repent in time, and banish from your sight
 " The Pimp, the Whore, Buffoon, *Church-parasite* ;
 " Let Innocence deck your remaining days,
 " That After-ages may unfold your Praise.
 " So may Historians in new Methods write,
 " And draw a Curtain 'twixt your black and white.
 " The Ghost spake thus, groan'd thrice, and said no more;
 " Stright in came *Chaffinch*, *Hand* and *Hand*, with Whore;
 " The King tho' much concern'd 'twixt Joy and Fear,
 " Starts from the Couch, and bid the Dame draw near.

An Historical Poem by A Marvell Esq ;.

O F a Tall Stature, and of Sable Hue ;
 Much like the Son of *Kish*, that Lofly *Jew* :
 Twelve years compleat he suffered in Exile,
 And kept his F-- thers Asses all the while.
 At length by wonderful Impulse of Fate,
 The People call him Home to help the State;
 And what is more, they send him Money too,
 And Cloath him All, from Head to Foot, a new.
 Nor did he such small Favours then disdain,
 But in his Thirtieth year began his Reign :
 In a flasht Doublet then he came ashore,
 And dubb'd poor *P-- mer's* Wife his Royal Wh—
 Bishops and Deans, Peers, Pimps, and Knights he made,
 Things highly fitting for a Monarch's trade ;
 With Women, Wine, and Viands of Delight,
 His Jolly Vassals feast him Day and Night :
 But the Best Times have ever some allay,
 His younger Brother dy'd by Treachery.

Bold *James* survives, no dangers make him flinch,
 He Marries Seignior *Fal---*'s pregnant Wench :
 The Pious Mother Queen hearing her Son
 Was thus Enamour'd on a Buttered Bun ;
 And that the Fleet was gone in Pomp and State
 To fetch, for *Charles*, the Flow'ry *Lisbon Kate*,
 She Chaunts *Te Deum*, and so comes away,
 To wish her hopefull Issue timely Joy ;
 Her most Uxurious Mate she rull'd of old ;
 Why not with easie youngsters make as Bold ?
 From the *French* Court she haughty Topicks brings,
 Deludes their Plyant Nature with vain things ;
 Her mischief-breeding Breast did so prevaile,
 The new got *Flemish* 'Town was set to fail ;
 For these and *Germain's* Sins she Founds a Church,
 So slips away, and leaves us in the Lurch.
 Now the Court-Sins did every place defile,
 And Plagues, and War, fell heavy on the Isle.
 Pride nourisht Folly, Folly a Delight
 With the *Batarvian* Common-wealth to fight :
 But the *Dutch* Fleet fled suddenly with Fear,
 'Death and the Duke so dreadful did appear.
 The dreadful Victor took his soft Repose,
 Scorning pursuit of such Mecannick Foes.
 But now *T-k's* Genitals grew over-hot,
 With *D---ham* and *Carneige's* infected Plot ;
 Which, with Religion, so inflam'd his Ire,
 He left the City when 'twas got on Fire :
 So *Philip's* Son, inflam'd with a Miss,
 Burnt down the Palace of *Persepolis*.
 Foild thus by *Venus*, he *Bellona* wooe's,
 And with the *Dutch* a second War renews.
 But here his *French* bred Prowess prov'd in vain,
De Ruyter claps him in *Sole Bay* again.

This Isle was well reform'd, and gain'd Renown,
 Whilst the brave *Tudor's* wore th' Imperial Crown :

But since the Royall Race of *St...* came,
It has recoyl'd to Popery, and Shame.
Misguided Monarchs, rarely Wise or Just;
Tainted with Pride, and with impetuous Lust.

Should we the *Black-Heath* Project here relate,
Or count the various Blemishes of State,
My Muse would on the Reader's Patience grate.

The poor *Priapus King* led by the Nose
Looks as a thing set up to scare the Crows;
Yet in the Mimicks of the Spinstrian sport,
Out-does *Tiberius*, and his Goatish Court.
In Love's Delights none did him e'er excel,
Not *Tereus* with his Sister *Philomel*.

As they at *Athens*, we at *Dover* meet,
And gentlier far the *Orleans* Dutchess treat.
What sad Event attended on the same,
We'll leave to the Report of Common Fame.

The *Senate*, which should head-strong Princes stay,
Let loose the Reins, and give the Realm away;
With lavish hands they constant Tributes give,
And Annual Stipends for their Guilt receive;
Corrupt with Gold, they Wives and Daughters bring
To the Black Idol for an Offering.
All but Religious Cheats might justly swear,
He true Vice-gerent to old *Molock* were.

Priests were the first Deluders of Mankind,
Who with vain Faith made all their Reason blind;
Not *Lucifer* himself more proud than they,
And yet perswade the World they must obey;
'Gainst Avarice and Luxury complain,
And practice all the Vices they arraign.
Riches and Honour thy from Lay-men reap,
And with dull *Crambo* feed the silly Sheep.
As *Killigrew* Buffoons his Master, they
Droll on their God, 'but a much duller way;

With

With *Hocus Pocus*, and their Heavenly flight
 They gain on tender Consciences at Night.
 Who ever has an over-zealous Wife,
 Becomes the Priests *Amphitrio*, during life.
 Who would such Men Heavens Messengers believe,
 Who from the Sacred Pulpit dare deceive.
Baal's wretched Curates Legerdemair'd it so,
 And never durst their Tricks above-board shew,

When our first Parents Paradise did grace,
 The Serpent was the Prelate of the place ;
 Fond *Eve* did for this subtil Tempter's sake,
 From the Forbidden Tree the Pippin take.
 His God and Lord this Preacher did betray,
 To have the weaker Vessel made his Prey.
 Since Death and Sin did humane Nature blot,
 The chiefest Blessings *Adam's* Chaplain got.

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's Laws detest,
 And trace the ways fantastick of a Priest ;
 Till native Reasons basely forc'd to yield,
 And Hosts of upstart Errors gains the Field.

My Muse presum'd a little to digress,
 And touch her holy Function with my Verse.
 Now to the State again she tends direct,
 And does on Giant *L---dale* reflect.

This haughty Monster, with his ugly Claws,
 First temper'd Poyson to destroy our Laws ;
 Declares the Councils Edicts are beyond
 The most Authentick Statutes of the Land :
 Sets up in *Scotland* A-la-mode *de France* ;
 Taxes, Excise, and Armies does advance.
 This Saracen his Country's Freedom broke,
 To bring upon our Necks the heavier Yoke :
 This is the Savage Pimp, without dispute,
 First brought his Mother for a Prostitute.
 Of all the Miscreants that e're went to Hell,
 This Villain-Rampant beares away the Bell.

Now must my Muse deplore the Nation's Fate,
Like a true Lover, for her dying Mate.

The Royal Evil so malignant grows,
Nothing the dire Contagion can oppose.
In our Weal-publick scarce one thing succeeds,
For one Man's weakness a whole Nation bleeds,
Ill-luck starts up, and thrives like evil weeds.

Let *Cromwell's* Ghost smile with contempt to see
Old *England* struggling under Slavery.

His Meager Highness now has got a stride,
Does on *Britannia*, as on *Churchil* ride.

White-liver'd *D*—— for his swift Jack-call.
To hunt down's Prey, and hopes to Master all.

Clifford and *Hide* before had lost the Day;
One hang'd himself, and the other ran away;
'Twas want of Wit and Courage made them fail,
But *O--ne* and the *D--ke* must needs prevail.

The *D--ke* now vaunts with Popish Mermydons,
Our Fleets, our Ports, our Cities, and our Towns,
Are Man'd by him, or by his Holiness,
Bold *Irish* Ruffians to his Court Address:

This is the Collony to plant his Knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his Murthering Braves.
Here for an Ensign, or Lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a Judge or Justice of the Peace.

At his Command *Mac* will do any thing;
He'll burn a City: or destroy a King.

From *Tiber* came th' Advice-Boat monthly home,
And brought new Lessons to the Duke from *Rome*.
Here with curs'd Precepts, and with Councils dire,
The godly Cheat-King (would be) did inspire;
Heaven had him Chieftain of Great *Britain* made;
Tells him the Holy Church demands his Aid,
Bad him be bold, all Dangers to defy,
His Brother, sneaking Heretick, should dye:
A Priest should do it, from whose sacred stroke

All *England* straight should fall beneath his Yoke.
God did Renounce him, and his Cause disown,
And in his stead had plac'd him on his Throne.
From *Saul* the Land of Promise thus was rent,
And *Jes's* Son plac'd in the Government:
The Holy Scripture vindicates his Cause,
And Monarchs are above all humane Laws.

Thus said the Scarlet Whore to her Gallant,
Who streight design'd his Brother to supplant :
Fiends of Ambition here his Soul possess,
And Thirst of Empire Calentur'd his Breast.

Hence Ruine and Destruction had ensu'd,
And all the People bin in Blood imbru'd,
Had not Almighty Providence drawn near,
And stopt his Malice in its full career.

Be wise you Sons of Men, tempt God no more,
To give you Kings in's wrath to vex you sore:
If a King's Brother can such Mischiefs bring,
Then how much greater Mischiefs such a King?

Hodges

Hodges *Vision, from the Monument.* Decem.
1675, By A. Marvell *Esq*;

*A Country Clown call'd Hodge, went up to view
The Pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHen Hodge had numbered up how many score
The Airy Pyramid contain'd, he swore,
No Mortal Wight e're Climbd so high before :
To the best vantage plac'd he views around
The Imperial Town, with lofty Turrets Crown'd ;
That wealthy Store-house of the bounteous Flood,
Whose Peaceful Tides o'reflow our Land with good :
Confused forms flit by his wondring Eyes,
And his rapt Souls o'rewhelm'd with Extasies:
Some God it seems had enter'd his plain Breast,
And with's abode the rustick Mansion blest ;
Almighty change he feels in every part,
Light shines in's Eyes, and Wisdom rules his Heart :
So when her Pious Son, fair *Venus* shew'd
His flaming *Troy*, with Slaughter'd *Dardans* strew'd ;
She Purg'd his Opticks, fill'd with mortal Night,
And *Troy's* sad Doom he read, by Heaven's light,
Such light Divine broke on the Clouded Eyes
Of humble *Hodge*.

Regions remote, Courts, Ceuncils, Pollicies,
The circling wills of Tyrants treacheries :
He Views, Discerns, Uncyphers, Penetrates,
From *Charles's* Dukes, to *Europes* armed States ;
First he beholds Proud *Rome* and *France* Combin'd,
By double Vassallage to enslave Man-kind ;

That

That wou'd the Soul, this wou'd the Body sway,
 Their Bulls and Edicts, none must disobey.
 For these with War-sad *Europe* they inflame,
Rome says for God, and *France* declares for Fame :
 See Sons of Satan know Religions force,
 Is Gentleness, Fame bought with Blood a Curse,
 He whom all still'd Delight of human kind,
 Justice and Mercy, Truth with Honour joyn'd :
 His kindly Rays cherish the teeming Earth,
 And struggling Virtue blest with prosperous Birth ;
 Like Chaos you the tottering Globe Invade,
 Religion cheat, and War ye make a Trade.
 Next the lewd Palace of the Plotting King,
 To's Eyes new Scenes of Frantick Folly bring ;
 Behold (says he) the Fountain of our Woe,
 From whence our Vices and our Ruin flow :
 Here Parents their own Of-spring prostitute,
 By such vile Arts to obtain some viler Suit ;
 Here blooming Youth adore Priapus's shrine,
 And Priests pronounce him Sacred and Divine.
 The *Gottish* God behold in his *Alcove*,
 (The secret Scene of Damn'd incestuous Love.)
 Melting in Lust, and Drunk like *Lot*, he lies
 Betwixt two bright Daughter Divinities :
 Oh ! that like Saturn he had eat his Brood,
 And had been thus stain'd with their impious Blood, }
 He had in that less ill, more Man-hood shew'd.
 Cease, cease, (O C——) thus to pollute our Isle,
 Return, return to thy long wish'd Exile ;
 There with thy Court defile thy Neighbour States,
 And with thy Crimes precipitate their fates.
 See where the Duke in damn'd Divan does sit,
 To's vast designs wracking his Pigmy Wit,
 Whilst a choice Senate of the Ignatian Crew,
 The waies to Murder, Treason, Conquest shew ;

Dissenters they oppress with Laws severe,
 That whilst to Wound those Innocents, we fear,
 Their cursed Sect we may be forc'd to spare.
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a Bloody Prize,
 That *Rome* and *France* may on their ruin rise:
 Old *Bonner*, single Hereticks did burn,
 These Reform'd Cities into Ashes turn,
 And every year new Fires make us Mourn:
Ireland stands ready for his Cruel Reign,
 Well satined once, she gapes for Blood again,
 For Blood of *English* Martyrs basely Slain.
 Our Valiant Youth abroad must learn the Trade
 Of unjust War, their Country to Invade,
 Whilst others here do Guard us to prepare
 Our Gaulded Necks, his Iron Yoke to bear.
 Lo how the Wight already is betray'd,
 And *Bashaw Holmes*, does the poor Isle invade:
 To ensure the Plot, *France* must her Legions lend
Rome to restore, and to Enthrone *Romes* Friend:
 'Tis in return, *James* does our Fleet betray;
 (That Fleet whose Thunder made the World obey;
 Ships once our safety, and our glorious might,
 Are doom'd with Worms and rottenness to fight;
 Whilst *France* rides Sovereign o're the *British* Main,
 Our Merchants robb'd, and our brave Seamen ta'en:
 Thus this rash *Phaeton* with fury hurl'd,
 And rapid rage consumes our *British* World;
 Blast him, Oh Heavens! in his mad Career,
 And let this Isle no more his Frenzy fear.
 C—— F——, 'tis he that all good Men abhor,
 False to thy self, but to thy Friend much more;
 To him who did thy promis' Pardon hope, *Coleman*.
 Whilst with pretended Joy he kiss'd the Rope:
 O'rewhelm'd with Guilt, and gasping out a Lye,
 Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou lets him Dye,
 Which equal Gratitude and Charity

In spite of *Jermin*, and of Black-mouth'd Fame;
 This *St---s* trick Legitimates thy Name.
 With one consent we all her Death desire,
 Who durst her Husbands and her Kings Conspire;
 And now just Heavens prepar'd to set us free,
 Heaven and our hopes, are both oppos'd by thee:
 Thus fondly thou do'st *Hides* old Treason own,
 Thus makes thy new suspected Treason known.

Bless me What's that at *Westminster* I see?
 That peice of Legislative Pageantry?
 To our dear *James*, has *Rome* her Conclave lent?
 Or has *Charles* bought the *Parls* Parliament:
 None else wou'd promote *James* with so much Zeal;
 Who by Proviso hopes the Crown to Steal:
 See how in humble guise the Slaves advance,
 To tell a tale of Army, and of *France*;
 Whilst proud Prerogative in's scornful Guise
 Their fear, Love, Duty, danger does despise;
 There in a brib'd Committee they contrive,
 To give our Birth-right's to Prerogative:
 Give, did I say? They sell, and sell so dear,
 That half each Tax *D—* distributes there
D—, 'tis fit the price so great shou'd be,
 They sell Religion, sell their Liberty;
 These Vipers have their Mothers Entrails torn,
 And wou'd by force a second time be born;
 They haunt the place to which you once were sent,
 This Ghost of a departed Parliament. Octob. the
 Gibbets and Halters Country Men prepare, 15th 76.
 Let none, let none, their Renegadoes spare:
 When that day comes we'll part the Sheep and Goats,
 The spruce brib'd Monsieurs from the true Grey Coats,
 New Parliaments like Manna, all tastes please,
 But kept too long our Food, turns our Disease;
 From that loath'd sight, *Hodge* turn'd his weeping Eyes

And

And *London* thus Alarms with Loyal cries:
 Tho' common danger does approach so nigh,
 This Stupid Town sleeps in security :
 Out of your Golden Dream awake, awake,
 Your all, your all, tho' you see 't not's at stake,
 More dreadful Fires approach your falling Town,
 Then those which burnt your stately Structures down. }
 Such fatal Fires, as once in *Smith-field* shone. }

Major

If then ye stay till *Edward's* Orders give,
 No mortal Arme your safety can retrieve ;
 See how with Golden baits the crafty *Gaul*
 Has brib'd our Geese to yield the Capital ;
 And will ye tamely see your selves betray'd ;
 Will none stand up in our dear Country's aid ?

Self-preservation, Natures first great Law,
 All the Creation, except Man, does awe,
 'Twas in him fix'd, till lying Priests defac'd
 His Heav'n born Mind, and Natures Tablets raz'd;
 Tell me (ye forging Crew) what Law reveal'd
 By God, to Kings the *Jus Divinum* seal'd ?
 If to do good, ye *Jus Divinum* call,
 It is the grand Prerogative of all :
 If to do Ill unpunished be their Right,
 Such Power's not granted that great King of night ;
 Man's life moves on the Poles of hope and fear,
 Reward and pain all Orders do reveal.
 But if your dear Lord Sov'raigne you would spare,
 Admonish him in his Blood-thirsty Heir :
 So when the Royal Lyon does offend,
 The beaten Currs example makes him mend :
 This said poor *Hodge*, then in a broken tone,
 Cry'd out, Oh *Charles!* thy Life, thy Life, thy Crown ;
 Ambitious *James*, and Bloody Priests Conspire,
 Plots, Papists, Murders, Massacres, and Fire ;
 Poor Protestants! With that his Eyes did rowl;
 His Body fell, out fled his frighted Soul.

*A Dialogue Between two Horses. by A. Marvell,
Esq; 1674.*

The Introduction.

WE read in profane and sacred Records
 Of Beasts, that have utter'd *Articulate Words* ;
 When Magpies and Parrots cry, *Walk, Knaves, walk,*
 It is a clear Proof that Birds too may talk.
 And Statues without either Wind-pipes or Lungs
 Have spoken as plainly as Men do with Tongues :
Livy tells a strange Story, can hardly be fellow'd,
 That a sacrific'd Ox when his Guts were out, bellow'd.
Phalaris had a Bull, which as grave Authors tell you,
 Would roar like a Devil with a Man in his Belly.
Friar Bacon had a Head that spake, made of Brass ;
 And *Balaam* the Prophet was reprov'd by his Ass.
 At *Delphos* and *Rome*, Stocks and Stones, now and then,
 Have to Questions return'd Articulate Answers. (Sirs,
 All Popish Believers think something Divine,
 When Images speak, possesseth the Shrine :
 But they, that *Faith Catholick* ne'er understood,
 When Shrines give Answer, a Knaves on the Rood.
 Those Idols ne'er spoke, but are Miracles done
 By the Devil, a Priest, a Friar or a Nun.
 If the *Roman* Church, good Christians, oblige ye
 To believe Man and Beast have spoke in Effigie.
 Why should we not credit the publick Discourses
 In a Dialogue between two Inanimate Horses ?
 The Horses, I mean, of *Wool Church* and *Charing*,
 Who told many Truths worth any Man's Hearing,

Since

Since *Viner* and *Osborne* did buy, and provide 'em,
For the two Mighty Monarchs that now do bestride 'em.
The stately brass Stallion, and the white marble Steed;
One Night came together by all 'tis agreed :
When both Kings being weary of Sitting all Day,
Were stollen off *Incognito* each his own way.
And then the two Jades, after mutual Salutes;
Not only discours'd, but fell to Disputes.

The Dialogue.

- W.* Quoth the Marble Horse, it would make a Stone speak
To see a Lord Mayor and a *Lumbar* street break :
Thy Founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both Knaves agreed to be each others Brother;
- C.* Here *Charing* broke forth, and thus he went on,
My Brass is provoked as much as thy Stone,
To see Church and State bow down to a Whore;
And the Kings chief Minister holding the Door.
The Mōny of Widdows and Orphans imploy'd,
And the Bankers quite broke to maintain the Whores.
- W.* To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the Throne, (Pride
And the K--'s wicked Life say, God there is none.
- C.* That he should be stil'd Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a Word, what the Word of God saith;
- W.* That the D--should turn Papist, and that Church desie,
For which his own Father a Martyr did dye.
- C.* Tho' he changed his Religion, I hope he's so civil
Not to think his own Father is gone to the Devil.
- W.* That bondage and beggary should be in a Nation,
By a *Cuist* House of Commons, and a blest Restoration:
- C.* To see a white Staff make a Beggar a Lord,
And scarce a wisē Man at a long Council-board.
- W.* That the Bank should be seized, yet the Cheq. so poor;
Lord have Mercy, and a *Cross* might be set on the door;

- C. That a Million and half should be the Revenue,
Yet the King of his Debts pay no Man a Penny.
- W. That a K-- should consume three Kingdom's Estates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as Church Rats.
- C. That of four Seas Dominion and of there guarding,
No token should appear, but a poor Copper farthing.
- W. Our Worm-eaten Ships to be laid up at *Chatham*,
(Not our Trade to secure,) but for Fools to come at
- C. And our few Ships abroad become *Tripoli's* scorn, 'em.
By pawning for Victuals their Guns at *Leghorn*.
- W. That making us Slaves by Horse and Foot Guard,
For restoring the King shall be all our reward.
- C. The basest Ingratitude ever was heard,
But Tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.
- W. On *Harry* the Seventh's Head, he that placed the Crown,
Was after Rewarded by losing his own.
- C. That Parliament-men should rail at the Court,
And get good Preferments immediatly for't.
To see them that suffer both for Father and Son,
And helped to bring the latter to his Throne :
- That with their Lives and Estates did Loyally serve,
And yet for all this, can nothing deserve;
The King looks not on 'em, Preferments deni'd 'em,
The *Round heads* insult, and the *Courtiers* deride them.
And none gets Preferments, but who will betray
Their Country to Ruin, 'tis that ope's the way
Of the bold talking Members. —
- W. — If the Bastards you add,
What a number of Rascally Lords have been made.
- C. That Traitors to their Country in a brib'd House of C.
Should give away Millions at every Summons.
- W. Yet some of those Givers, such beggarly Villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty Shillings.
- C. No wonder that Beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given, do get a good living.

- W.* Four Knights and a Knave, who were Burgesses made,
For selling their Consciences were liberally paid.
- C.* How base are the Souls of such low prized Sinners,
Who Vote with the Country for drink and for dinners,
- W.* 'Tis they that brought on us this Scandalous Yoke,
Of Excising our Cups, and Taxing our Smoak.
- C.* But thanks to the Whores who made the K— dogged,
For giving no more the R— are Prorogued.
- W.* That a King should endeavour to make a War cease,
Which augments and secures his own profit and peace.
- C.* And Plenipotentiaries send into *France*,
With an addle-headed Knight, & a Lord without Brains.
- W.* That the King should send for another *French* Whore,
When one already had made him so Poor.
- C.* The Misses take place, and advanc'd to be Dutches,
With Pomp great as Queens in there Coach and six
Horses:
Their Bastards made Dukes, Earls, Viscounts & Lords,
And all the high Titles that Honour affords.
- W.* While these Brats and their Mothers, do live in such
Plenty (empty:
The Nation's empoverish'd, and the Chequer quite
And tho' War was pretended when the Mony was
lent,
More on Whores, then in Ships, or in War, hath been
spent.
- C.* Enough, dear Brother, although we speak Reason;
Yet truth many times being punish'd for Treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our Tongues,
Bold speaking hath done both Men and Beasts wrong:
When the Ass so boldly rebuked the Prophet,
Thou knowest what danger was like to come of it;
Though the Beast gave his Master ne'er an ill Word,
Instead of a Cudgel *Balaam* wish'd for a Sword.
- W.* Truth's as bold as a Lion, I am not afraid,
I'll prove every tittle of what I have said:

- Our Riders are absent, who is't that can hear;
 Lets be true to our selves, who then need we fear?
 Where is thy K- gone, (*Chair.*) to see Bishop *Laud*?
VV. To Cuckold a Scrivener, mines in Masquerade?
 On such Occasions he oft strays away,
 And returns to remount about break of Day.
 In very dark Nights sometimes you may find him
 With a Harlot, got up on my Crupper behind him.
- C. Pause Brother a while, and calmly consider
 What thou hast to say against my *Royal Rider*.
- VV.* Thy Priest-ridden King turn'd desperate fighter
 For the *Surplice*, *Lawn sleeves*, the *Cross* and the *Miter*
 Till at last on the Scaffold he was left in the lurch
 By Knaves, that cry'd up themselves for the Church.
 Arch-Bishops and Bishops, Arch-Deacons and Deans;
- C. Thy King will ne'er fight unless't be for *Queans*.
- VV.* He that dies for Ceremonies, dies like a Fool.
- C. The K- on thy Back is a lamentable tool.
- VV.* The Goat and the Lion, I equally hate,
 And Freeman alike value Life and a Estate:
 Though the Father and Son be different rods,
 Between the two Scourges we find little odds;
 Both Infamous stand in three Kingdoms Votes,
 This for Picking our Pockers, that for cutting our
 Throats:
- C. More tolerable are the Lion Kings Slaughters
 Then the Goat making Whores of our Wives and
 Daughters:
 The Debauched and Cruel since they equally gallus,
 I had rather bear *Nero* than *Sardanapalus*.
- VV.* One of the two Tyrants must still be our Case,
 Under all that shall Reign of the false S — Race.
- W.* *De Wit* and *Cromwel* had each a brave Soul,
 I freely declare it, I am for old *Nol*;
 Though his Government did a Tyrant resemble,
 He made *England* great and his Enemies tremble,

- C. Thy Rider puts no Man to Death in his Wrath,
But is bury'd a live in Lust and in Sloth.
- W. What is thy Opinion of *James Duke of York*
- C. The same that the Frogs had of *Jupiter's Stork*,
With the *Turk* in his Head, and the *Pope* in his Heart,
Father *Patrick's* Disciples will make *England* smart.
If e'er he be King I know *Britain's* Doom,
We must all to a *Stake*, or be Converts to *Rome*.
Ah! *Tudor*, ah! *Tudor*, we have had *Ste—s* enough:
None ever reign'd like old *Bess* in the Ruff.
Her *Walsingham* could dark Counsels unriddle,
And our Sir *J—pb* write News books and fiddle,
- W. Truth, Brother, well said, but that's somewhat bitter,
His perfumed Predecessor was never more sitter:
Yet we have one Secretary honest and wise;
For that very Reason, he's never to rise.
But can't thou devise when things will be mended?
- C. When the Reign of the Line of the *S—ts*, are ended.

Conclusion.

If Speeches from Animals in *Rome's* first Age,
Prodigious Events did surely presage,
(That should come to pass, all Mankind may swear
That which two Inanimate Horses declare—
But I should have told you before the Jades parted,
Both gallop'd to *White hall*, and there humbly started;
Which Tyranny's downfall portended much more
Than all that the Beasts had spoken before.
If the *Delphick Sybil's* Oracular Speeches,
(As learned Men say) came out of their Breeches,
Why might not our Horses, since Words are but Wind,
Have the Spirit of Prophecy likewise behind?
Though Tyrants make Laws, which they strictly proclaim
To conceal their own Faults, and cover their own Shame;

Yet the Beasts in the Field, and the Stones in the Wall,
 Will publish their Faults and prophesy their Fall;
 When they take from the People the Freedom of Words,
 They teach them the sooner to fall to their Swords.
 Let the City drink Coffee, and quietly groan, (the Son,
 (They that conquer'd the Father won't be Slaves to
 For Wine and strong Drink make Tumults encrease,
 Chocolate, Tea, and Coffee, are Liquors of Peace;
 No Quarrels or Oaths amongst those that drink them,
 'Tis *Bacchus*, and the Brewer swear dam'em and sink 'em.
 Then C---s thy late Edict against Coffee recal,
 'There's ten times more Treason in Brandy and Ale.

On the Lord Mayor and Court of Alderman, presenting the late King and Duke of York each with a Copy of their Freedoms, Anno Dom. 1674.

By A. Marvell. *Esq*;

I.

THe Londoners Gent to the King do present
 In a Box the City Maggot;
 'Tis a thing full of weight, that requires the Might
 Of whole *Guild Hall Team* to drag it.

II.

Whilst their Church's unbuilt, and their Houses undwelt,
 And their Orphans want Bread to feed 'em;
 Themselves they've bereft of the little Wealth they had
 To make an Offering of their Freedom. (left,

III.

O ye Addle-brain'd Cits! who henceforth in their Wits
 Would intrust their Youth to your heading;
 When in Diamonds and Gold you have him thus en-
 You know both his Friends and his Breeding? (roll'd,
 Be.

IV.

Beyond Sea he began, where such a Riot he ran,
That every one there did leave him ;
And now he's come o'er ten times worse than before,
When none but such Fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to serve or be free,
Though he has past through so many Adventures ;
But e'er since he was bound, (that is he was crown'd)
He has every Day broke his Indentures.

VI.

He spends all his Days in running to Plays,
When he should in the Shop be poring :
And he wasts all his Nights in his constant Delights,
Of Revelling, Drinking and Whoring.

VII.

Thro' out *Lumbard street* each Man he did meet,
He would run on the *Score* and *borrow*,
When they'd ask'd for their own, he was broke and
And his Creditors left to Sorrow. (gone,

VIII.

Though oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would
To vex his poor Neighbours with Quarrels, (cease,
And when he was beat, he still made his Retreat,
To his *Cleavelands*, his *Nels*, and his *Carwels*.

IX.

Nay, his Company lewd, were twice grown so rude,
That had not Fear taught him Sobriety,
And the House been well barr'd with Guard upon
They'd robb'd us of all our Propriety. (Guard,

X.

Such a Plot was laid, had not *Ashley* betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former Disasters; (Trumpets,
And your Wives had been Strumpets to his Highnesses
And Foot Boys had all been your Masters.

XI.

So many are the Debts, and the Bastards he gets,
Which must all be defray'd by *London*,
That notwithstanding the Care of Sir *Thomas Player*,
The Chamber must needs be undone.

XII.

His Word nor his Oath cannot bind him to Troth,
And he values not Credit or History;
And though he has serv'd through two Prentiships now
He knows not his Trade nor his Mystery.

XIII.

Then *London* rejoyce in thy fortunate Choice,
To have made him free of thy Spices;
And do not mistrust he may once grow more just,
When he's worn of his Follies and Vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
To the Duke, the Kingdom's Darling;
Ye hug it and draw like Ants at a Straw,
Tho' too small for the Gristle of Starling.

XV.

Is it a Box of Pills to cure the Duke's Ills?
(He is too far gone to begin it)
Or that your fine Show in Proceffioning go,
With the Pix and the Host within it.

XVI.

The very first Head of the Oath you him read,
Shews you all how fit he's to Govern,
When in Heart (you all knew) he ne'er was nor will
be true
To his Country or to his Sovereign.

XVII.

And who could swear, that he would forbear
To cull out the good of an Alien,

Who still doth advance the Government of *France*,
With a *Wife* and *Religion Italian*?

XVIII.

And now, Worshipfull Sirs, go fold up your Furs,
And *Vyner* turn again, turn again;
I see who e'ers freed you for Slaves are decreed
Until you *burn again, burn again*.

On Blood's Stealing the Crown. By A. Marvell,
Esq;

W Hen daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd
Upon the *English* Diadem distrain'd:
He chose the Cassock, Surfingle and Gown,
The fittest Mask for one that robs the Crown;
But his lay pitty underneath prevail'd,
And whilst he sav'd the Keepers Life he fail'd.
With the Priests Vestment had he but put on.
The Prelates Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

A. Marvell,

Far-

Farther Instructions to a Painter, 1670. By

A. Marvell Esq;.

PAINTER, once more thy Pencil re-assume,
And darw me in one Scene *London* and *Rome* :
Here holy *Charles*, there good *Aurelius* sat,
Weeping to see their Sons Degenerate :
His *Romans* taking up the Teemers Trade,
The *Britains* Jigging it in Masquerade ;
Whilst the brave Youths tired with the Toil of State,
Their wearied Minds, and Limbs to recreat ;
Do to their more belov'd Delights repair,
One to his——, the other to his Player.

Then change the Scene, and let the next present
A Landskip of our Motley Parliament ;
And place hard by the Barr, on the Left-hand,
Circean Clifford with his Charming Wand :
Our Pig-ey'd on his Fashion,
Set by the worst Attorney of our Nation :
This great Triumirate that can divide
The spoils of *England*, and along that side
Place *Falstafs* Regiment of thred bear Coats,
All looking this way, how to give their Votes,
And of his dear Reward let none Dispair.
For Mony comes when *Sey*——r leaves the Chair :
Change once again, and let the next afford
The Figure of a Motley Council Board.
At *Arlingtons*, and round about it sat,
Our mighty Masters in a warm debate :
Full Bowls, and lusty Wine repeat,
To make them t'other Council board forget :
That while the King of *France* with powerful Arms,
Gives all his fearful Neighbours strange Allarms ;
Wee in our glorious *Bachanalls* dispose
The humbled Fate of a *Plebean* Nose.
Which to effect, when thus it was Decreed ;

Draw

By Draw me a Champion mounted on a Steed,
And after him a brave Briggade of Horſe,
Arm'd at all Points, ready to reinforce,
His, this aſſault upon a ſingle Man.
'Tis this muſt make *Obrion* great in Story,
And add more beams to *Sandys* former Glory.

Draw our *Olympia*, next in Council ſet,
With *Cupid*, S—r, and the tool of State.
Two of the firſt recanters of the Houſe,
That Aim at Mountains, and bring forth a Mouſe;
Who make it by there mean retreat appear,
Five Members need not be demanded here:
Theſe muſt aſſiſt her in her Countermine,
To overthrow the *Darby* Houſe Deſigns.
Whilſt poſitive Walks, like *Woodcock* in the *Park*,
Contriving Projects with a *Brewers* Clark;
Thus all Employ themſelves, and without Pity,
Leave *Temple* ſingly to be beat i' th' City.

A. Marvell.

Oceana. & Britannia. By. A. Marvell Eſq;

Non ego ſum vates, ſed priſci Conſcius ævi.

Oceana. **W**Hither, O whither wander I forlorn?
Fatal to Friends, and to my Foes a ſcorn.
My pregnant Womb is labouring to bring forth
Thy Off ſpring *Archon*, Heir to thy juſt worth.
Archon, O *Archon*, hear my groaning Cries;
Lucina, help, aſſwage my Miſeries.

Satur-

Saturnian spight pursues me thro' the Earth,
 No corner's left to hide my long wish'd Birth;
 Great Queen of the Isles, yield me a safe retreat
 From the crown'd Gods, that would my Infants eat.
 To me O *Delos* on my Child-Bed smile,
 My happy Seed shall fix thy floating Isle.
 I feel fierce pangs assault my Teeming Womb,
Lucina, O *Britannia*, Mother, come.

Britan. What doleful shrieks pierce my affrighted Ear?
 Shall I ne'r rest for this lewd Ravisher?
 Rapes, Burnings, Murthers are his Royal Sport,
 These Modish Monsters haunt his perjur'd Court.
 No tumbling Player so oft e're chang'd his shape,
 As this Goat, Fox, Wolf, timorous *French* Ape.
 True Protestants in *Roman* Habits drest,
 With Scrogs he baits that Ravenous Butchers Beast.
Tresilian *J's*, that fair-fac'd Crocodile,
 Tearing their Hearts, at once doth weep and smile,
Neronian Flames at *London* do him please,
 At *Oxford* Plots to Act *Agathocles*.
 His Plot's reveal'd, his Mirth is at an end,
 And's fatal hour shall know no Foe nor Friend.
 Last Martyr's day I saw a Cherub stand
 A cross my Seas, one Foot upon the Land,
 The' other on the enthralled *Gallick* Shore,
 Aloud Proclaim their Time shall be no more.
 This mighty Power Heav'n's equal Ballance sway'd,
 And in one Scale Crowns, Crossiers, Scepters laid,
 Ith' other a sweet smiling Babe did lye,
 Circled with Glories, deck'd with Majesty.
 With stedd' Hand he pois'd the Golden pair,
 The gilded Gew-gaws mounted in the Air,
 The ponderous Babe descending in its Scale,
 Leapt on my Shore——
 Nature triumph'd, Joy echo'd throw the Earth,
 The Heav'n's bow'd down to see the blessed Birth.

What's

What's that I hear? A new born Babes soft Cries,
 And joyful Mother's tender Lullabies!
 'Tis so, behold my Daughter's past all harms,
 Cradeling an Infant in her fruitful Arms.
 The very same th' Angelique Vision shew'd
 In mein, in Majesty how like a God.
 What a firm Health does on her Visage dwell?
 Her sparkling Eyes Immortal Youth fore-tel.
Rome, Sparta, Venice, never could bring forth
 So strong, so temperate, such lasting worth.
Marpesia from the North with speed advance,
 Thy Sisters Birth brings thy Deliverance.
Fergusian Founders this just Babe exceeds
 Ith' Arts of Peace and mighty Martial deeds.
 Ye *Panopeians* kneel unto your equal Queen,
 Safe from the Foreign Sword, and Barbarous Skeen.
 Transports of Joy divert my yearning Heart
 From my dear Child, my Soul, my better part.
 Hev'n show'r her choicest Blessings on thy womb,
 Our present help, our stay in time to come.
 Thou best of Daughters, Mothers, Matrons say,
 What forc'd thy Birth, and got this glorious Day?
Ocea. Scap'd the slow Jaws o'th' grinding Pensioners,
 I fell i'th' Traps of *Rome's* dire Murderers;
 Twice rescu'd by my Loyal Senate's Power.
 Twice I expected my Babe's happy Hour.
 Malignant force twice check'd their Pious aid,
 And to my Foes as oft my State betray'd.
 Great, full of pain, in a dark Winters Night,
 Threatned, pursu'd, I escap'd by sudden flight.
 Pale fear gave speed to my weak trembling Feet,
 And far I fled ere Day our World could greet.
 That dear lov'd Light which the whole Globe doth chear,
 Spur'd on my flight, and added to my fear;
 Whilst black Conspiracy, that Child of Night,
 In Royal Purple clad, out-dares the Light.

By

By Day her self the Faith's Defender stiles,
 By Night dig Pits, and spreads her Papal Toils.
 By Day he to the Pompous Chappel goes,
 By Night with *York* adores *Rome's* Idol shews:
 Witness ye Stars and silent Powers of Night,
 Her Treacheries forc'd my Innocent flight.
 With the broad Day my danger too drew near,
 Of help, of Council void, how shall I steer?
 T' th' Pulpit damn'd, Strumpet at Court proclaim'd;
 Where should I hide, where should I rest defam'd?
 Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping Eyes,
 And sobbing Voice to th' all helping Skies;
 As by Heav'n sent a Reverend Sire appears,
 Charming my Grief, and stopping my flood of Tears.
 His busie circling Orbs (two restless Spies)
 Glanc'd to and fro, out-ranging *Argos* Eyes.
 Like fleeting Time, on's Front one lock did grow,
 From his glib Tongue torrents of words did flow.
 Propose, Resolve, Agrarian Forty one,
Lycurgus, Brutus, Solon, Harington.
 He said, he knew me in my Swadling bands,
 Had often danc'd me in his careful Hands.
 He knew Lord *Archon* too, then wept and swore,
 Enshrin'd in me, his Fame he did adore.
 His Name I ask'd, he said, *Politico*,
 Descended from the Divine *Nicholo*.
 My state he knew, my danger seem'd to dread,
 And to my safety vow'd, Hand, Heart, Head.
 Grateful Returns I up to Heaven send,
 That in Distress had sent me such a Friend.
 I ask'd him where I was? Pointing, he shew'd
Oxford's Old Towers, once the Learned Arts aboard.
 (Once great in Fame, now a Piratick Port,
 Where *Romish* Priests and *Elvish* Monks resort)
 He added near a new-built College stood,
 Endow'd by *Plato* for the Publick good.

Thither allur'd by Learned Honest Men,
Plato vouchsaf'd once more to live again:
 Securely there I might my self repose,
 From my fierce Grievs and my more cruel Foes.
 Tyr'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear,
 The welcome News my drooping Soul did chear.
 His pleasing words shortned the time and way,
 And me beguil'd at *Plato's* House to stay.
 When we came in, he told me (after rest,)
 He'd shew me *Plato* and's *Venetian* Guest,
 I scarce reply'd, with weariness oppress'd:
 To my desir'd Apartment I repair'd,
 Invoking Sleep and Heaven's Almighty Guard.
 My waking Cares and stabbing frights recede,
 And nodding Sleep dropt on my drowsie Head.
 At last the Summons of a busie Bell,
 And glimmering Lights did Sleeps kind Mists dispel.
 From Bed I stole, and creeping by the Wall,
 Thro' a small Chink I spy'd a Spacious Hall.
 Tapers as thick as Stars did shed their Light
 Around the place, and made a Day of Night.
 The curious Art of some great Master's hand,
 Adorn'd the Room——*Hide, Clifford, D*—— stand
 In one large piece, next them the two *Dutch Wars*,
 In bloody Colours paint our fatal Jars.
 Here *London* Flames in Clouds of Smoke aspire,
 Done to the life, I'd almost cry'd out Fire.
 But living Figures did my Eyes divert
 From those, and many more of wondrous Art.
 There entred in three Mercenary Bands.
 (The different Captains had distinct Commands)
 The Begger's desperate Troop did first appear,
L——ton led, proud *S——re* had the Rear.
 The disguis'd Papists under *Garroway*,
Talbot Lieutenant (none had better pay)

Next greedy *Lee* led Party-colour'd Slaves,
 Deaf Fools i'th' right, i'th' wrong sagacious Knaves.
 Brought up by *M—*, then a Nobler Train,
 (In Malice mighty, impotent in Brain)
 The Pope's Solicitor brought into th' Hall,
 Not guilty Lay much guilty Spiritual.
 I also spy'd behind a private Skreen,
Colebert and *Portsmouth*, *York* and *Mazarine*.
 Immediately in close Cabal they joyn,
 And all applaud the Glorious Design.
 'Gainst me and my lov'd Senates Free born Breath,
 Dire threats I hear'd, the Hall did Eccho Death.
 A Curtain drawn, another Scene appear'd,
 A tinkling Bell, a mumbling Priest I heard.
 At Elevation every Knee ador'd
 The Baker's Craft, *Infallible's* vain Lord.
 When *Cataline* with Vipers did conspire,
 To Murther *Rome* and bury it in Fire,
 A Sacramental Bowl of Humane Goar,
 Each Villain took, and as he drank he swore.
 The Cup deny'd, to make their Plot compleat,
 These *Catalines* their conjur'd Gods did eat.
 Whilst to their Breaden Whimsies they did kneel,
 I crept away, and to the door did steal.
 As I got out, by Providence I flew,
 To this close Wood, too late they did pursue.
 That dreadful night, my Child-Bed Throws brought on,
 My Crys mov'd yours and Heavens Compassion.
Britania. Oh happy day ! A Jubilee Proclaim,
 Daughter adore the unutterable name.
 With grateful Heart breath out thy self in Prayer.
 In the mean time thy Babe shall be my care.
 There is a man my Island's Hope and Grace,
 The chief Delight and Joy of humane Race.
 Expos'd himself to War, in tender Age,
 To free his Country from the *Gallick* Rage,

With all the Graces blest his riper Years,
 And full blown Vertue wak'd the Tyrant's fears.
 By's Sire rejected, but by Heaven call'd,
 To break my Yoke, and rescue the Enthral'd.
 This this is he who with a stretch'd out Hand,
 And matchless might shall free my groaning Land:
 On Earth's proud Basilisks he'll justly fall,
 Like *Moses* Rod, and Prey upon them all.
 He'll guide my People through the Raging Seas,
 To Holy Wars and certain Victories.
 His spotless Fame, and his Immense Desert,
 Shall plead Loves cause, and storm this Virgins Heart.
 She like *Ageria* shall his Breast inspire,
 With Justice, Wisdom, and Celestial Fire.
 Like *Numa* he her Dictates shall obey,
 And by her Oracles the World shall sway.

On his Excellent Friend Mr. Anth. Marvell,
 1677.

While lazy Prelates lean'd their Mitred-Heads
 On downy Pillows, lull'd with Wealth and Pride,
 (Pretending Prophecie, yet naught foresee.)
Marvell, this Islands watchful Centinel
 stood in the gap, and bravely kept his Post,
 When Courtiers too in Wine and Riot slept:
 'Twas he th' approach of *Rome* did first explore,
 And the grim Monster, Arbitrary Power.
 The ugliest Giant ever trod the Earth,
 Who like *Goliath* marcht before the Host:
 Truth, Wit and Eloquence, his Constant Friends,
 With swift dispatch he to the Main-Guard sends,
 Th' Alarm strait their Courage did Excite,
 Which check'd the Haughty Foes bold Enterprize,

And left them halting between Hope and Fear;
 He like the Sacred *Hebrew* Leader stood.
 The Peoples surest Guide, and Prophet too.
Athens may boast of Virtuous *Socrates*.
 The Chief among the *Greeks* for Moral good.
Rome of her Orator, whose fam'd Harangues,
 Foyl'd the Debauch'd *Antony's* designs.
 We him, and with deep Sorrows 'wail his loss;
 But whether Fate or Art unturn'd his thread,
 Remains in doubt, Fames lasting Register,
 Shall leave his Name enroll'd as great as theirs,
 Who in *Phillippi* for their Country fell.

An Epitaph on the Lord Fairfax. By the D
of Buckingham.

U Nder this Stone does lye
 One, born for Victory,
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
 Who e'r, for that alone a Conqueror wou'd be,
 Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd:
 He had the Fierceness of the Manliest Mind,
 And eke the Meekness too of Woman kind.
 He never knew what Envy was, or Hate:
 His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty;
 And with another thing quite out, of date,
 Call'd Modesty.

II.

He ne're seem'd Impudent, but in the Field; a Place
 Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew her Face:
 Had any stranger spy'd him in the Room
 With some of those whom he had overcome,

And had not heard their Talk, but only seen,
 Their gesture and their meen,
 They wou'd have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been;
 For as they brag'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
 While they their own ill lucks in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush, to hear
 How often he had them Defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
 Was wonderful, and Great,
 And yet, it so appear'd in nothing more,
 Than in his private last retreat;
 For it's a stranger thing, to find
 One Man of such a Glorious mind,
 As can dismiss the Pow'r h' has got,
 Than Millions of the Polls, and Braves,
 Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
 Who such a Pother make,
 Through dulness and mistake,
 In seeking after Pow'r, but get it not.

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
 And with expence of Blood had bought,
 Store great enough he thought,
 Of Fame and of Renown;
 He then his Arms laid down,
 With full as little Pride
 As if he had been of his Enemies side,
 Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:
 He neither Wealth, nor Places sought;
 For others, not himself, he Fought.
 He was content to know,
 For he had found it so,
 That, when he pleas'd, to Conquer, he was able
 And left the Spoil and plunder to the Rabble;

He might have been a King,
 But that he understood
 How much it is a meaner thing
 To be unjustly Great, than honourably Good.

V.

This from the World, did admiration draw.
 And from his Friends, both Love and Awe,
 Remenbring what in Fight he did before :
 And his Foes lov'd him too,
 As they were bound to do,
 Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.
 So blest'd of all, he Dy'd ; but far more blest'd were we,
 If we were sure to live, till we could see
 A Man as great in VVar, in Peace, as just as he.

An Essay upon the Earl of Shaftsbury's Death.

W Henever Tyrants fall, the Air
 And other Elements prepare
 To Combat in a Civil-War,
 Large Oaks up by the Roots are torn,
 The Savage Train
 Upon the Forest or the Plain
 To a Proceffion through the Sky are born,
 Sulphureous Fire displays
 Its baneful Rays,
 Then from the hollow Womb
 Of some rent Cloud does come
 The Blazing Meteor or destructive Stone;
 Distant below the Grumbling Wind
 Pent up in Earth' a vent would find;
 But failing, roars
 Like broken Waves upon the Rocky Shores.

The

The Earth with Motion rowls,
 Those Buildings which did brave the Sky,
 Now in an humble posture lye,
 While here and there
 A subtle Priest and Sooth-sayer
 The Fatal Dirges howl.
 Thus when the first twelve *Cæsars* fell,
 A Jubilee was kept in Hell ;
 But when that Heav'n designs, the Brave
 Shall quit a Life to fill a Grave,
 The Sun turns pale and Courts a Cloud,
 From Mortals sight his Grief to shroud,
 Shakes from his Face a shower of Rain,
 And faintly views the World again.
 The Tombs of Ancient Heroes weep,
 Hard Marble Tears lets fall :
 The *Genii*, who possess the Deep,
 And seem the Islands Fate to keep,
 Lament the Funeral.
 Silence denotes the greatest Woe,
 So Calms precede a Storm,
 Deep Waters smoothest are, we know,
 And bear the evenest form.
 So 'tis when Patriots cease to be,
 And hast to Immortality ;
 Their Noble Souls blest Angels bear
 To the Ethereal Palace there,
 Mounting upon the ambient Air,
 While wounded Atomes press the Ear
 Of Mortals, who far distant are.
 Hence sudden Grief does seize the Mind,
 For good and brave agree ;
 Each being Moves unto his Kind
 By Native Sympathy.

So 'twas when mighty *Cooper* dy'd
 The *Fabius* of the Isle,
 A fullen Look the Great o're-spread,
 The Common People lookt as dead,
 And Nature droopt the while.
 Living ; Religion, Liberty,
 A mighty Fence he stood,
 Peers Rights and Subjects Property
 None stronglier did maintain than he,
 For which *Rome* sought his Blood.
 Deep Politician, *English* Peer,
 That quash't the Power of *Rome*,
 The change of State they brought so near,
 In bringing Romish Worship here,
 Was by thy Skill o're-thrown:
 'Less Heav'n a Miracle design'd
 Sure it could never be
 One so Gyantick in his Mind,
 That soar'd a-pitch 'bove humane kind,
 So small a Corps should be.
 Time was, the Court admir'd thy Shrine,
 And did the Homage pay :
 But wisely thou didst Countermine,
 And having found the black Design,
 Scorn'd the Ignoble way.
 Having thus strongly stem'd the Tide,
 And set thy Country free :
 Thou, *Cato* like, an Exile pidi't,
 'Mongst Enemies belov'd resid't,
 Whilst Good men Envy thee.
 And as the Sacred Hebrew Seer
 Canaan to view desir'd ;
 So Heav'n did shew this Noble Peer
 The end of Popish Malice here,
 Which done, his Soul Expir'd.

A Satyr in Answer to a Friend. 1682.

TIS stranger that you, to whom I've long been known,
 Should ask me why I always rail at th' Town:
 As a good Hound when he runs near his Prey,
 With double Eagerness is hard to Bay.
 So when a Coxcomb doth offend my sight,
 To ease my Spleen, I straight go home and write:
 I love to bring Vice ill conceal'd to light.
 And I have found that they that Satyr write,
 Alone can season the useful with the sweet.
 Should I write Songs, and to cool Shades confin'd,
 Expire with Love, who hate all Women kind!
 Then in my Closet, like some fighting Sparks,
 Thinking on *Phyllis* Love upon my works!
 I grant I might with bolder Muse inspir'd,
 Some *Hero* Sing worthy to be admir'd,
 Our King hath Qualities might entertain,
 With Noblest Subjects *Waller's* lofty Pen.
 But then you'll own no Man is thought his Friend,
 That doth not love the Pope and *York* commend.
 He who his Evil Counsellors dislikes,
 Say what he will, still like a Traytor speaks.
 Now I Dissimulation cannot bear,
 Truth and good Sence, my Lines alike must share.
 I love to call each Creature by his Name,
 H—— a Knave, S—— an Honest Man.
 With equal scorn I alwaies did abhor,
 The Effeminate Fops and bustling Men of War.
 The careful Face of Ministers of State,
 I alwaies judg'd to be a down-right Cheat.
 The smiling Courtier, and the Counsellour Grave,
 I alwaies thought two different Marks of Knave.
 They that talk loud, and they that draw i'th' Pit,
 These want of Courage shew, those want of Wit.

Thus

Thus all the World endeavours to appear,
 What they'd be thought to be, not what they are.
 If any then by most unhappy choice,
 Seek for content in *London's* crowd and noise.
 Must form his words and manners to the place,
 If he'll see Ladies must like *Villers* dress.
 In a soft tone without one word of Sense,
 Must talk of Dancing and the Court of *France*.
 Must praise alike the ugly and the fair,
Buckly's good Nature, *Feltons* shape and Hair,
 Exalt my Lady *Portsmouth's* Birth and Wit,
 And vow she's only for a Monarch fit.
 Although the fawning Coxcombs all do know,
 She's lain with *Beaufort* and the Count *de Leau*.
 This method with some ends of Plays,
 Basely apply'd, and dress'd in a *French* Phrase
 To Ladies favour, can e'ne *Hewit* raise.

He that from Business would Preferment get,
 Plung'd in the Toyls and Infamies of State,
 All Sense of Honour from his Breast must drive,
 And in a course of Villanies resolve to live.
 Must cringe and flatter the King's Owls and Curs,
 Nay worse, must be obsequious to his Whores.
 Must alwaies seem to approve what they commend,
 What they dislike, by him must be condemn'd.
 And when at last by a thousand different Crimes,
 The Monster to his wisht-for Greatness climbs,
 He must in his continu'd greatness wait,
 With Guilt and Fears, the Imprison'd D—y Fate
 This Road has H—r and S—r gone,
 And thus must answer for the Ills they've done.
 Who then would live in so deprav'd a Town,
 Where Pleasure is by Folly, Power alone
 By Infamy obtain'd? —————

Wise *Heracitus*, all his life-time griev'd,
Democritus in endless Laughter Liv'd ;
 Yet to the first no fears of Plots were known,

Nor Parliaments remov'd to Popish Town,
Murthers not favour'd, Virtues not suppress'd,
Laws not derided, Commons not oppress'd.
Nor King, who *Claudius* like, expels his Son,
To make th' Imperious *Nero* Prince of *Rome* ;
Nor yet to move the others merry vane,
Did Cuckolds (who each Boy i'th' street could name)
Most learned Proof in publick daily give,
That they themselves do their own shame contrive ;
While their Lewd Wives scouring from place to place,
T' expose their secret Members, hide their Face.

But Lo ! how would this Sage have burst his spleen,
Had he seen Whore and Fool with merry King,
And Ministers of State at Supper sit,
Mistaking Bawdy Ribaldry for wit ;
Whilst C—s with tottering Crown and empty Purse,
(Derided by his Foes, to's Friends a Curse)
Abandon'd now by every Man of Wit,
Delights himself with any he can get.
Pimps, Fools, and Parasites, make up the Rout,
For want of Wedding Garments, none's left out.

But I shall weary both my self and you,
To tell you all the Follies that I know.
How a great Lord, in numbers soft, thought fit,
(Though void of Sense, to set up for a Wit.)
And how with wondrous Spirit, he and's Friend
An Epitaph to Cruel *Cloris* pen'd ;
His Name (I think) I hardly need to tell,
For who should be, but the Lord *Ar—l*.
But should I here waste Paper to declare,
The senseless Tricks of every silly Peer,
I'd as good tell how many several ways,
The trusty Duke his Country still betrays.
How full the World is stuff'd with Knave and Fool,
How to be very Honest, is counted dull.
How to speak plain, and greatness to despise,
Is thought a Madness, but Flattery is Wise,

Diffimulation excellent, to cheat a Friend
 A very Trifle, provided still our end
 Be but the Snare We call our Interest,
 Then nothing is so bad, but that is best ;
 Ple therefore end this vain Satyrick rage,
 And leave the Bishops to reform the Age.

*A Character of the English. In Allusion to
 Tacit. de Vit. Agric.*

THE Free-born *English*, Generous and Wise,
 Hate Chains, but do not Government despise :
 Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes, they
 When Lawfully Exacted, freely pay.
 Force they abhor, and Wrong they scorn to bear,
 More guided by their Judgment than their Fear ;
 Justice with them is never held severe.
 Here Power by Tyranny was never got ;
 Laws may perhaps Ensnare them, Force cannot :
 Rash Councils here, have still the same Effect ;
 The surest way to Reign is to protect.
 Kings are least safe in their unbounded Will,
 Joyn'd with the Wretch'd Power of doing ill.
 Forsaken most when they're most Absolute ;
 Laws guard the Man, and only bind the Brute:
 To Force that Guard, and with the worst to joyn,
 Can never be a prudent Kings design ;
 What King would chuse to be a *Cataline* ?
 Break his own Laws, stake an unquestion'd Throne,
 Conspire with Vassals to Usurp his own ;
 'Tis rather some base Favourites Vile pretence,
 To Tyrannize at the wrong'd King's expence.

Let *France* grow Proud, beneath the Tyrants Lust,
While the Rackt People crawl and lick the Dust :
The mighty Genious of this Isle disdains
Ambitious Slavery and Golden Chains.
England to servile Yoke did ne'er bow,
What Conquerours ne'er presum'd, who dares do now.
Roman nor *Norman* ever could pretend
To have Enslav'd, but made this Isle their Friend.

Cullen with his Flock of Misses, 1679.

AS Cullen drove his Sheep along,
By *Whiteball* there was such a throng
Of Earls Coaches at the Gate,
The silly Swain was forc'd to wait.
Chance threw him on Sir *Edward S*——
The silly Knight that Rhimes to Mutton :
Cullen, (said he,) this is the Day,
For which poor *England* once did pray ;
The day that sets our Monarch free,
From butter'd Buns and Slavery.
This hour from *French* Intreages, ('tis said,)
He'll clear his Council and his Bed.
Portsmouth he vouchsafes to know,
Was the cast Whore of Count *de Loe*.
She must return and sell her place,
Buyers (you see) flock in a pace ;
Silence i'th' Court being once Proclaim'd,
In steps fair *Ri* ——d once so fam'd :
She offers much but was refus'd,
And of miscarriages accus'd.
Nor would his Majesty accept her
At thirty, who at Fifteen left her:

She

She blusht, and Modestly withdrew:
 Next *M——ton* appeared in View,
 Who streight was told of *M——ue*.
 Of Cates from *Hide*; of Cloaths from *France*,
 Of Arm-pits, Toes of Nauseance;
 At which the Court set up a Laughter,
 She never pleads but for her Daughter,
 A Buxom lass fit for the place,
 Were not her Father in disgrace:
 Besides some strange incestuous stories
 Of *H——y* and her long *C——ies*:
 With these exceptions she's dismiss,
 And *M——nd* Fair enters the List:
 Husband in Hand most decently,
 And begs at any rate to Buy:
 She offered Jewels of great price,
 And dear Sir *Samuels* next Device.
 Whether it be a Pump or Table.
 Glass House or any other Bauble;
 But she was told she had been try'd,
 And for good Reason lay'd aside.
 Next in steps pretty Lady *G——y*,
 Offers her Lord should nothing say;
 'Gainst the next Treasurer accused,
 So her pretence was not refus'd:
R—— in rage bid her be gone,
 And play her game out with her Son;
 Or if she lik'd an aged Carcass
 For *L——* get a Noble Marquess.
Sb——ry offered for the place,
 All she had gotten from his Grace;
 She knew his wants, and could comply
 With all his wants of Leachery.
 She was dismiss with Scorn and told
 Where a Tall *P——* was to be Sold.

D—— of
B——

Then

Then in came Dowdy *M——ine*,
That Foreign Antiquated Quean ;
Who soon was told the King no more
Would deal with an Intriguing Whore :
That she already had about her
Too good an Equipage *de Foytre*;
Her Grace at these rebukes lookt Blank,
And sneakt away to Villan *F——k*.

Fair *L——* too her claim put in,
'Twas urg'd she was to much a Kin :
She modestly reply'd no more
A Kin than *S——x* was before :
Besides she had often haerd her Mother
Call her the Daughter of another :
She did not drivel and had fence,
To which all his had no pretence ;
Yet for the present she's put off,
And told she was not VVhore enough.

L——s smil'd at that exception,
And doubted not of good Reception.
Put in her claim, Vowing she'd Steal
All that her Husband wore of Veal :
To Buy the place, all she could get,
By his long Suit with Mr. *Pitt* :
But from *Goliath's* size of *Goth*,
Down to the Pitch of little VVroth ;
The Court was told she lay wiht all,
'The roaring Roysters of *Whiteball* :
For which old *R——* lest she'd grudge,
Gave her the making of a Judge :
She bow'd and straight went her way,
To Haunt the Court, Park, and Play,

In stept Stately Carry *F——er*,
freight the whole Court began to Praise her :

As fine as Chains and Point could make her,
 She vow'd the King or Goal must take her.
 R—— reply'd, he was Retrenching,
 And Vow'd no more of costly Wenching:
 That she was Proud and went too Gaudy,
 Nor could she Swear, Drink or talk Bawdy,
 Virtues requisite for that place
 More than Youth, VVit, or a good Face.

C——and offered down a Million,
 But she was soon told of *Castillion*;
 At that name she fell a weeping
 And swore she was undone with Keeping:
 That C——, G——, had so drain'd her,
 She could not live on the Remainder:
 The Court said, there was no Record,
 Of any to that place Restor'd,
 Nor might the King at these Years venture,
 VWho in his Prime could not content her.

Young Lady J——, stept up and urg'd,
 She'd give the Deed her Father Forg'd:

But she was told her Family
 VWas tainted with *Presbytery*:
 She said her Mother with clean Heart
 And Hand, had lately done her part,
 In bringing M——ne to Bed,
 Nor was't her fault the Babe was Dead:
 For her R——y own'd his Passion,
 But said, he staid for Declaration.
 Ingaged, no matter of great weight,
 To pass till after some debate
 In his great Council so they Adjourn'd,
 And Cullen with his Flocks return'd.
 Swearing there was at every Fair
 Blither Girls than any there.

Sir Tho. Armstrong's Ghost.

THE groans, dear *Armstrong*, which the world employ,
 Would please thy Ghost, to see transform'd to joy :
 Had'st thou abroad found safety in thy flight,
 Thy immortal honour had not shin'd so bright ;
 Thou still hadst been a worthy Patriot thought ;
 But now thy glory's to perfection brought.
 In Exile and in Death to *England* true,
 What more could *Brutus* or just *Cato* do ?
 What can the Villains spread to blast thy fame,
 Unless thy former Loyalty they blame ?
 To be concern'd the *Stuarts* to restore,
 Is a reproach that hardly can be bore.
 The utmost Plague a Nation could befall,
 Like the forbidden Fruit, it curst us all.
 Yet thou in season a brave convert grew,
 Abhorr'd their counsels and their int'rest too :
 And death at last before their smiles preferr'd ;
 So holy *Cranmer* burnt the hand that err'd.
 Let 'em now place thy Quarters in the Air,
 'Twill please thy soul to think they flourish there :
 Thou scorn'st to hope for freedom in the Grave ;
 And flombring lie, whilst *England* was a Slave :
 Thy Carcass stands a Monument to all,
 Till the whole Progeny a Victim fall ;
 And like their Father, tread that Stage, which some,
 In a blasphemous strain, call Martyrdom ;
 For they in guilt transcendently excell,
 All that e'er Poets or Historians tell.
 To act fresh Murders, and by Flames devour,
 Is but the recreation of their power :
 For they alone are for destruction chose,
 Who either *Rome* or Tyranny oppose :

Tarquin

Tarquin and *Nero* were but Types of these,
In whom all crimes are in their last degrees.
Swelling like *Nile* in a prodigious Flood
Of execrable Villanies and Blood:
Yet how the age their Lives and Peace betray,
And those whom th'ought to sacrifice th' obey.
They lick up Poyson and to Tortures run,
And madly hug all *Egypt's* Plagues in one.
Degenerous Slaves! such Monsters to adore,
Was ever *Sodom* so carest before?
Quick vengeance put a period to their breath,
By their destruction ease the groaning earth:
For Mortals attempt the righteous work in vain;
Heaven it self does th' immediate glory claim,
For they're reserv'd by Thunder to be slain.

The

*The Royal Game: or, A Princely new Play found
in a Dream, &c. 1672.*

PROLOGUE.

W Hsoever looks about and minds things well,
And on Affairs abroad doth take a view,
May think the Story which I here do tell
Was never dream't it fall'eth out so true.

I do confess it's something hard to find

A crooked Path directly in the dark;

And while a Man's asleep you know he's blind,

And can't easily hit on a Mark.

Well, be it so, yet this you know is right,

What's seen i'th' Day is dream't again at Night.

A Dream I hope will no wise man offend,

Nor will it Treason be (I trow) to lend

A Copy of my Dream unto my Friend.

Caball beware your Shins,

For thus my Tale begins.

*The Dream of the Caball: A Prophetick Sa-
tyr. Anno 1672.*

A S'tother Night in Bed I thinking lay,
How I my Rent shou'd to my Landlord pay,
Since Corn, nor Wool, nor Beast would Money make;
Tumbling perplext, these Thoughts kept me awake.
What will become of this mad World, quoth I?
What's its Disease? what is its Remedy?
Where will it issue? whereto does it tend?
Some ease to Misery 'tis to know its end.
Till Servants Dreaming, as they us'd to doe,
Snor'd me asleep, I fell a Dreaming too.

Methought there met the Grand Caball of Seven,
 (Odd numbers some men say do best please Heaven)
 When fate they were, and Doors were all fast shut,
 I secret was behind the Hangings put:
 Both hear and see I could; but he that there
 Had placed me, bad me have as great a care
 Of stirring, as my life: and ere that out
 From thence I came, resolv'd shou'd be my Doubt.
 What would become of this mad World, unless
 Present Designs were cross'd with ill success?
 An awfull Silence there was held some space,
 Till trembling, thus began one call'd his Grace.
 Great Sir, your Government for first twelve years
 Has spoil'd the Monarchy, and made our Fears [Buck.
 So potent on us, that we must change quite
 Th' old Foundations, and make new, wrong or right.
 For too great mixture of Democracy
 Within this Government allay'd must be;
 And no allay like nulling Parliaments
 O'th' Peoples Pride and Arrogance, the vents
 • Factious and Saucy, disputing Royal Pleasure,
 Who your Commands by their own humors measure.
 For King in Barnacles (and to th' Rack-Staves ty'd)
 You must remain, if these you will abide.
 So spake the Long blue-Ribbon: then a Second,
 Though not so tall, yet quite as wise is reckon'd, [Orm.
 Did thus begin: Great Sir, you are now on
 A tender Point much to be thought upon,
 And thought on only; for by Ancient Law,
 'Twas Death to mention what my Lord foresaw;
 His trembling shew'd it, wherefore I'm so bold
 To advise it's standing, lest it shou'd be told
 We did attempt to change it; for so much
 Our Ancestors secur'd it, that to touch,
 Like Sacred Mount, 'tis Death; and such a Trick,
 I no-ways like my Tongue should break my Neck.

Thus

Thus said, he fate. Then Lord of Northern Tone,
 In Gall and Guile a second unto none, [Lauder:
 Inraged rose, and Col'rick, thus began.
 Dread Majesty, Male beam of Fame, a Son
 Of th' hundred and tenth Monarch of the Nore;
 De'l split the Weam of th' Loon that spoke afore,
 Shame saw the Cragg of that ill-manner'd Lord,
 That nent his King durst speak so saw a word;
 And aw my Saul, right weell the first man meant;
 De'l hoop his Luggs that loves a Parliament.
 Twa Houses aw my Saul are too too mickle,
 They'll gar the Leard shall near have more a prickie;
 No Money get to gee the bonny Lais,
 But full as good be Born without a —
 Ten thousand Plagues light on his Cragg (that gang)
 To make you be but third part of a King.
 De'l take my Saul I'll near the matter mince,
 I'd rather Subject be than like a Prince.
 To Hang, and Burn, and Slay, and Draw, and Kill,
 And measure aw things by my awn gude will,
 Isgay Dominion; a Checkmate I hate,
 Of Men, or Laws, it looks so like a Ståte.
 This eager well-meant Zeal some Laughter stirr'd;
 Till Nose half Plush, half Flesh, the Inkhorn Lord
 Crav'd Audience thus. Grave Majesty Divine, [Arlingt:
 (Pardon that Cambridge Title, I make mine)
 We now are enter'd on the great'st Debate
 That can concern your Throne and Royal State.
 His Grace hath so spoke all, that we who next
 Speak after, can but comment on his Text:
 Only 'tis wonder at this sacred Board,
 Shou'd fit 'mongst us a *Magna Charta* Lord,
 A Peer of old Rebellious Barons breed,
 Worst, and great'st Enemies to Royal Seed.
 But to proceed; well was it urg'd by's Grace,
 Such Liberty was given for twelve years space,

That are by past, there's no necessity
 Of new Foundations, if safe you'll be.
 What Travel, Charge and Art, before was set
 This Parliament, we had, you can't forget ;
 Now force, cajole, and court, and bribe for fear
 They wrong should run, e'er since they have been here
 What diligence, what study, day and night
 Was on us, and what care to keep them right ?
 Wherefore (if good) you can't make Parliament,
 On whom such Costs, such Art, and Pains were spent,
 And Moneys, all we had for them to do ;
 Since we miss that, 'tis best dismiss them too.
 'Tis true, this House the best is you can call,
 But in my Judgment, best is none at all :
 Well mov'd, the whole Cabal cry'd, Parliaments
 Are cloggs to Princes, and their brave intents.
 One did object, 'twas against Majesty
 To obey the Peoples pleasure. Another he
 Their Inconvenience argues, and that neither
 Close their Designs were, nor yet speedy either.
 Whilst thus confused chatter'd the Cabal,
 And many mov'd, none heard, but speak did all ;
 A little bobail'd Lord, Urchin of State, [*Chancell. Shaft.*]
 A *Praise-God-bare-bone* Peer whom all men hate,
 Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half Knave ;
 Begg'd silence, and this purblind Counsel gave :
 Blest and best Monarch that e'er Scepter bore,
 Renown'd for Vertue, but for Honour more ;
 That Lord spake last, has well and wisely shown,
 That Parliaments, nor new, nor old, nor none
 Can well be trusted longer ; for the State
 And Glory of the Crown hate all Checkmate.
 That Monarchy may from its Childhood grow
 To man's Estate ; *France* has taught us how
 Monarchy's Divine : Divinity it shows,
 That he goes backward that not forward goes.

There.

Therefore go on, let other Kingdoms see
 Your Will's your Law, that's absolute Monarchy;
 A mixt hodge podge will now no longer do,
Cæsar or nothing, You are brought unto:
 Strike then, Great Sir, 'fore these Debates take wind,
 Remember that Occasion's bald behind.
 Our Game is sure in this, if wisely play'd,
 And sacred Votes to th' Vulgar not betray'd;
 But if the Rumor shou'd once get on wing,
 That we consult to make you abs'lute King,
 The *Plebeians* head, the Gentry, forsooth,
 They strait would snort and have an aking Tooth;
 Lest they, I say, should your great Secrets scent,
 And you oppose in nulling Parliament.
 I think it safer, and a greater skill
 To obviate, than to overcome an Ill:
 For those that head the Herd are full as rude,
 When th' humor takes, as th' following Multitude;
 Therefore be quick in your Resolves, and when
 Resol'd you have, execute quicker then
 Remember your great Father lost the Game
 By slow Proceedings, may'nt you do the same?
 An unexpected, unregarded blow
 Wounds more than ten made by an open Foe.
 Delays do Dangers breed; the Sword is yours,
 By Law declar'd, what need of other Powers?
 We may unpolitick be judg'd, or worse,
 If we can't make the Sword command the Purse;
 No Art, or Courtship can the rule so shape
 Without a Force, it must be done by Rape:
 And when 'tis done, to say you cannot help,
 Will satisfie enough the gentle Whelp.
 Phanaticks they'll to Providence impute
 Their Thraldom, and immediately grow mute;
 For they, poor pious Fools, think the Decree
 Of Heaven falls on them, though from Hell it be;

And when their reason is abas'd to it,
 They forthwith think't Religion to submit,
 And vainly glorying in a passive Shame,
 They'll put off Man to wear the Christian Name;
 Wherefore to lull 'em, do their Hopes fulfill
 With Liberty, they're halter'd at your Will;
 Give them but Conventicle-room, and they
 Will let you steal the Englishman away,
 And heedless be, till you your Nets have spread,
 And pull'd down Conventicles on their head.
 Militia therefore and Parliaments cashier,
 A formidable standing Army rear,
 They'll mount you up, and up you soon will be,
 They'll fear who ne'er did love your Monarchy:
 And if they fear, no matter for their hate;
 To rule by Law becomes a sneaking State.
 Lay by all Fear, care not what People say,
 Regard to them will your Designs betray:
 When bite they can't, what hurt can barking do?
 And, Sir, in time we'll spoil their barking too,
 Make Coffee-Clubs, talk of more humble things
 • Than State Affairs, and Interest of Kings.
 Thus spake the Rigling Peer, when one more grave,
 That had much less of Fool, but more of Knave,
 Began: Great Sir, it gives no small content, [Cliff.
 To hear such Zeal (for you) 'gainst Parliament;
 Wherefore, though I an Enemy no less
 To Parliaments than you your selves profess;
 Yet I must also enter my protest
 'Gainst these rude rumbling Counsels indigest.
 And, Great Sir, tell you, 'tis an harder thing
 Than they suggest, to make you absolute King;
 O'd Buildings to pull down, believe it true,
 More danger in it hath, than building New.
 And what shall prop your Superstructure till
 Another you have built that suits your Will?

An Army shall, say they (content) but fray,
 From whence shall this new Army have its pay?
 For easie gentle Government a while
 Must first appear this Kingdom to beguile
 The Peoples minds, and make them cry up you,
 For raising Old, and making better New.
 For Taxes with new Government, all will blame,
 And put the Kingdom soon into a flame:
 For Tyranny has no such lovely look
 To catch Men with, unless you hide the Hook;
 And no Bait hides it more than present Ease;
 Ease but their Taxes, then do what you please.
 Wherefore, all wild debates laid by, from whence
 Shall Money rise to bear this vast expence?
 For our first thoughts thus well resolved, we
 In other things much sooner shall agree;
 Join then with Mother Church, whose bosom stands
 Ope to receive us, stretching forth her Hands;
 Close but this breach and she will let you see
 Her Purse as open as her Arms shall be.
 For sacred Sir, (by guess I do not speak)
 Of poor she'll make you rich, and strong of weak.
 At home, abroad, no Money, no, nor Men,
 She'll let you lack, turn but to her again.
 The *Scot* could here no longer hold, but cry'd, [*Laud.*
 De'l take the Pape, and all that's on his side;
 The Whore of *Rome*, that mickle Man of Sin,
 Plague take the Mother, Bearn, and aw the Kin.
 What racks my Saul! must we the holy Rood
 Place in God's Kirk again? troth 'tis not gude,
 I defy the Loon, the De'l and aw his works,
 The Pape shall lig no mare in God's gude Kirk.
 The *Scot* with Laughter check'd, they all agreed,
 The Lord spoke last shou'd in his Speech proceed, [*Cliff.*
 Which thus he did; Great Sir, You know 'tis Season
 Salts all the motions that we make with reason;

And now a season is afforded us,
The best e'er came and most propitious.
Besides the Summ the Cath'licks will advance,
You know the Offers we are made from *France* ;
And to have Money and no Parliament,
Must fully answer your design'd intent.
And thus without tumultuous noise, or huff
Of Parliaments, you may have Money enough ;
Which, if neglected now, there's none knows when
Like Opportunities may be had again,
For all to extirpate, now combined be,
Both civil and religious Liberty.
Thus Money you'll have to exalt the Crown,
Without stooping Majesty to Country Clown.
The triple League, I know, will be objected,
As if that ought by us to be respected ;
But who to Hereticks, or Rebel pay'th
The Truth ingag'd to by solemn Faith,
Debaucheth Vertue, by those very things,
The Church profaneth and debaseth Kings,
As you your self have admirably shown
By burning solemn Cov'nant, though your own ;
Faith, Justice, Truth, Plebeian Vertues be,
Look well in them, but not in Majesty.
For publick Faith is but a publick Thief,
The greatest Cheat in Nature's vain Belief.
The second Lord though check'd, yet did not fear,
Impatient grew and could no longer bear,
But rose in heat, and that a little rude
The Lord's voice interrupts, and for Audience su'd :
Great Majesty, authentick Authors say,
When hand was lifted up, *Cræsus* to slay,
The Father's danger on th' Dumb Son did make
Such deep Impressions that he forthwith spake.
Pardon, great Sir, if I, in imitation,
Seeing the danger to your Land and Nation,

Do my resolv'd on silence also break,
 Although I see the matter I shall speak,
 Under such disadvantages will fall,
 That it, as well as I, exploded shall;
 But vainly do they boast they Loyal are,
 That can't for Princes good, Reflections bear;
 Nor will I call Compurgators to prove,
 What honour to the Crown I've born, with Love,
 My Acts have spoken, and sufficient are,
 Above what e'er Detractors did or dare.
 Wherefore, great Sir, 'tis Ignorance, or hate
 Dictates these Counsels, you to precipitate.
 For say't again I will, not eat my word,
 No Council's Power, no, nor yet the Sword
 Can old Foundations alter or make new:
 Let time interpret who hath spoken true.
 Those Country Gentry, with their Beef and Bacon,
 Will shew how much you Courtiers are mistaken;
 For Parliaments are not of that cheap rate,
 That they will down without a broken Pate;
 And then I doubt you'll find those worthy Lords
 More Braves and Champions with their Tongue than
 Wherefore, Dread Sir, encline not Royal Ear (Swords.
 To their Advice, but safer Counsels hear;
 Stay till these Lords have got a Crown to lose,
 And then consult with them which way they'll chuse.
 Will you all hazard for their humours sake,
 Who nothing have to lose, nothing at stake;
 And at one Game your Royal Crown expose,
 To gratifie the foolish Lusts of those,
 Who hardly have Subsistence how to live,
 But what your Crown and Grace to them does give?
 And one of those (Bagpudding) Gentlemen,
 (Except their places) would buy nine or ten:
 Then, why they should thus slight the Gentleman,
 I see no reason, nor think how they can;

For

For had not Gentleman done more than Lord,
 I'll boldly say't, you ne'er had been restor'd.
 But why, of Armies now, great Sir, must we
 (So fond just now) all on the sudden be?
 What faithfull Guardians have they been to Pow'rs
 That have employ'd 'em, that you'd make 'em yours?
 Enough our Age, we need not seek the glory
 Of Armies Faith, in old, or doubtfull Story:
 Your Father 'gainst the *Scots* an Army rear'd,
 But soon, that Army more than *Scot* he fear'd:
 He was in hast to raise them, as we are,
 But to disband them was far more his care;
 How *Scottish* Army after did betray
 His Trust and Person both, I need not say.
 Rump Parliament an Army rear'd, and they
 The Parliament that rais'd them, did betray;
 The Lord Protector they set up one hour,
 The next pull'd down the Protectorian pow'r.
 Your Father's Block and Judges the same Troops
 Did guard, some Tongues at Death of both made hoops:
 And will you suffer Armies to beguile,
 And give your Crown and them to cross and pile?
 What if as *Monk* should both swear, lie and feign,
 Till he does both your Trust and Army gain,
 And you believe his Oath and Faith istruer,
 But serves himself instead of serving you.
 Pardon, great Sir, if Zeal transports my Tongue,
 'Texpress what your Greatness don't become.
 Expose I can't your Crown and sacred Throat
 To the false Faith of a common Red-coat.
 Your Law, your All does fence secure from Fears;
 That kept, what trouble needs of Bandileers?
 Consider, Sir, 'tis Law that makes you King,
 The Sword another to the Crown may bring;
 For Force knows no distinction, longest Sword
 Makes Peasant Prince, Lacquey above his Lord.

If that be all that we must have for Laws,
 Your Will inferiour may be to *Jack Straw's*.
 If greater Force him follow ; there's no Right
 Where Law is failing, and for Will men fight.
 Best Man is he alone whose Steel's most strong ;
 Where no Law is, there's neither right nor wrong.
 That Fence broke down, and all in common laid,
 Subjects may Prince, and Prince may them invade.
 See, greatest Sir, how these your Throne lay down,
 Instead of making great your Royal Crown,
 How they divest you of your Majesty :
 For Law destroy'd, you are no more than we.
 And very vain would be the Plea of Crown,
 When Statute-Laws, and Parliaments are down.
 This Peer proceeded on to shew how vain
 An Holy League would be with *Rome* again,
 And what dishonour 'twould be to our Crowns,
 If unto *France* give cautionary Towns.
 He's interrupted, and bid speak no more,
 By's enraged Majesty, who deeply swore,
 His Tongue had so run o'er, that he'd take
 Such Vengeance on him, and example make
 To after Ages, all which heard should fear,
 To speak what wou'd displease the Royal Ear ;
 And bid the Lord that spoke before, go on,
 And Silence all should keep till he had done ;
 Who thus his Speech re'sum'd. If Lord spake last,
 To interrupt me had not made such hast,
 I soon had done ; for I was come, Great Sir,
 T'advise your sending *Dutch* Ambassador ;
 But much it does concern you whom to trust,
 With this Embassy : for none true, nor just,
 Wife, Stout, or Honourable, nor a Friend,
 Should you in any wise resolve to send,
 Lest any unseen, or unlucky Chance
 Shou'd in this War befall to us or *France*.

We

We may that loathed wretch give to the hate
 Of th' Peoples fury, them to satiate.
 And when all's done that can be done by man,
 Much must be left to chance, do what we can.
 And if you'll make all Christendom your Friend,
 And put to *Dutch-Land-League* an utter end;
 Then surely you may have of Men and Treasure
 Enough of both to execute your Pleasure.

This Speech being ended, five or six agree,
France shall be lov'd, and *Holland* hated be.
 All gone, I wak'd, and wondred what should mean
 All I had heard, methought 'twas more than Dream.
 And if Cabal thus serves us *Englishmen*,
 'Tis ten to one but I shall dream again.

*On the Three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday
 Morning, Febr. the 26th, 1671.*

Near *Holborne* lies a Park of great Renown,
 The place, I do suppose is not unknown.
 For brevity's sake the Name I shall not tell,
 Because most genteel Readers know it well,
 (Since middle Park near *Charing-Cross* was made,
 They say there is a great decay of Trade)
 'Twas there a Gleeke of Dukes by Fury brought
 With bloody Mind a sickly Damsel sought,
 And against Law her Castle did invade,
 To take from her her Instrument of Trade,
 'Tis strange (but sure they thought not on't before)
 Three Bastard Dukes should come t'undoe one Whore.
 Murder was cry'd (truth is, her case was sad)
 When she was like to lose ev'n all she had:
 In came the Watch, disturb'd with Sleep and Ale,
 By shrill Noises, but they could not prevail,

T'appease

T'appease their Graces; straight rose Mortal Jarrs
Betwixt the Night black Guard and Silver Stars;
Then fell the Beadle by a Ducal Hand,
For daring to pronounce the Sawcy Stand.
The way in Blood certain Renown to win,
Is first with bloody Noses to begin.
The high-born Youths their hasty Errand tell,
Dam ye you Rogue, we'll send your Soul to Hell.
They need not send a Messenger before,
They're too well known there to stay long at Door.
See what mishaps dare ev'n invade *Whiteball*;
This silly Fellow's death puts off the Ball,
And disappoints the Queen, poor little Chuck,
I warrant 'twould have danc'd it like a Duck.
The Fidlars, Voices, Entries, all the sport,
And the gay Show put off, where the brisk Court
Anticipates in rich Subsidy-Coats
All that is got by mercenary Votes:
Yet shall *Whiteball* the Innocent, the Good,
See these men dance all daub'd with Lace and Blood.
Near t'other Park there stands an aged Tree,
As fit as if 'twere made o'th' nonce for Three;
Where that no Ceremony may be lost,
Each Duke for State may have a several Post.
What Storms may rise out of so black a Cause,
If such Turd-Flies shall break through Cobweb Laws?

The History of Infipids; A Lawpoem, 1676.

By the Lord Roch—r.

I.

CHaste, pious, prudent, C—— the Second,
The Miracle of thy Restoration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
Rain'd on the *Israelitick* Nation;

The

The wisht for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

2.

The Vertues in thee, C—— inherent,
Although thy Countenance be an odd-piece,
Proves thee as true a God's Vicegerent
As e're was *Harry* with the Codpiece:
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Grandfire *Harry*, C—— exceeds.

3.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused half a dozen Wives;
C—— onely one resolv'd to marry,
And other *Mens* he never ——
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e're had *Harry* by threescore.

4.

Never was such a Faiths Defender,
He like a politick Prince, and pious,
Gives liberty to Conscience tender,
And doth to no Religion tye us.
Jews, Turks, Christians, Papists, he'll please us,
With *Moses, Mahomet*, or *J* ——

5.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
He very zealous is, and able,
Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
At the Caball and Council-Table;
His very Dog at Council-Board,
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

6.

Let C—— his Policy no man flout,
The wisest Kings have all some Folly;
Nor let his Piety any doubt;
J —— like a Sovereign wise and holy;

Make young men Judges of the Bench,
And B—— some that love a Wench.

7.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cut off's Head:
Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
He lets them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

8.

Blood that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing *Ormond* and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no Man good,
Let's steal the King and out-do *Blood*.

9.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sors,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes,
Here with a Place, there with a Pension.
When to give Money he can't cologue 'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

10.

But they long since by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the Nation;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee C—— a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by Dissolution.

11.

Fame is not grounded on Success,
Though Victories were *Cæsar's* Glory;
Lost Battels make not *Pompey* less,
But lest them stiled great in Story.
Malitious Fate doth oft devise
To beat the Brave and fool the Wise.

12.

C—— in the first *Dutch* War stood fair
 To have been Sovereign of the Deep;
 When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
 Had not his Highness gone to sleep.
 Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his waking,
 The *Dutch* else had been in sad taking.

13.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
 Though we paid dear for that Design:
 Had we not three days parling staid,
 The *Dutch* Fleet there, C—— had been thine.
 Though the false *Dane* agree'd to sell 'um,
 He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

14.

Had not C—— sweetly choos'd the States,
 By *Bergen* baffle grown more wise,
 And made them Shit as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleets Surprise.
 Had haughty *Holms* but call'd in *Spragg*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

15.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
 And once the Navies wise Division,
 Defeated C—— his best designs,
 Till he became his Foes Derision.
 But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
 Had he had Ships but to come at 'um.

16.

Our *Blackbeath* Host without dispute,
 Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no man knows)
 Must C—— have rendred absolute,
 Over his Subjects or his Foes.
 Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
 By taking *Maeftricht* with our Tools?

But

17.

But C—— what could thy Policy be,
 Torun so many sad Difasters;
 To join thy Fleet with false *D^r Etrees*,
 To make the *French* of *Holland* Masters?
 Was't *Carewell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
 That made thee break the Triple League?

18

Could *Robin Viner* have foreseen
 The glorious Triumphs of his Master,
 The Wool-Church Statue Gold had been,
 Which now is made of Alabaſter:
 But wiſe Men think had it been Wood,
 'Twere for a Bankrupt K—— too good.

19.

Thoſe that the Fabrick well conſider,
 Do of it diverſly diſcourſe;
 Some paſs their Censure of the Rider,
 Others their Judgment of the Horſe:
 Moſt ſay the *Steed's* a goodly thing,
 But all agree 'tis a Lewd K——.

20.

By the Lord Mayor and his grave Coxcombs,
 Free-man of *London* C—— is made;
 Then to *Whiteball* a Rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was beſtow'd on the *French* Jade.
 But wonder not it ſhould be ſo, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themſelves with Grocers.

21.

Cringe, ſcrape, no more, ye City Fops,
 Leave off your Feaſting and fine Speeches,
 Beat up your Drums, ſhut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then will kiſs your Breeches.
 Arm'd, tell the Popiſh Duke that rules,
 You're Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

22.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, Whores,
 That Locust-like devour the Land,
 By shutting up th' Exchequer Doors,
 When thither our Money was trapan'd,
 Have rendred C—— his Restauration,
 But a small Blessing to the Nation.

23.

Then C—— beware of thy Brother R——
 Who to thy Government gives Law;
 If once we fall to the old Sport,
 You must again both to *Breda*:
 Where spight of all that would restore you,
 Grown wise by wrongs, we shall abhor you.

24.

If of all Christian Blood the guilt
 Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven;
 That Sea by treacherous *Lewis* spilt,
 Can never be by God forgiven.
 Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
 Than Pestilence, Famine, Fire or Sword.

25.

That false rapacious Wolf of *France*,
 The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
 Who at his Subjects cry, does dance,
 And study how to make them worse.
 To say such Kings, Lord, rule by thee,
 Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

26.

Such know no Law but their own Lust,
 Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
 They count it Tribute due and just,
 Still spent and spilt for Subjects good.
 If such Kings are by God appointed,
 The D—— may be the L—— Anointed.

27.

Such Kings curst be the Power and Name,
 Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em;
 Monsters which Knaves sacred proclaim,
 And then like Slaves fall down before 'em.
 What can there be in Kings Divine?
 The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

28.

Then farewell sacred Majesty,
 Let's pull all Brutish Tyrants down;
 When Men are born, and still live free,
 Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
 Mankind like miserable Frogs,
 Prove wretched, King'd by Storks and Logs.

ROCHESTER's Farewell, 1680.

TIr'd with the noysome Follies of the Age,
 And weary of my part, I quit the Stage;
 For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?
 Long I with charitable Malice strove,
 Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove,
 But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
 As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew;
 Yet though my Life hath unsuccessfull been,
 (For who can this *Augæan* Stable clean)
 My gen'rous end I will pursue in Death,
 And at Mankind rail with my parting breath.
 First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
 With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear:
Mulg — e their Head, but Gen'ral have a care,
 Though skill'd in all those Arts that cheat the fair,
 The undiscerning and impartial *Moor*,
 Spares not the Lover on the Ladies score.

Think how many perish by one fatal shot,
 The Conquests all thy Goggling ever got.
 Think then (as I presume you do) how all
 The *English* Ladies will lament your fall;
 Scarce will there greater Grief pierce every heart,
 Should Sir *George Hewit* or Sir *Carr* depart.
 Had it not better been than thus to roam,
 To stay and tie the Cravat-string at home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewit*, *Dame*, there's no Action there.
 Had'st thou no Friend that wou'd to *Rouly* write,
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight?
 That without danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews*—*y*.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
 But who such Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what reason could with you prevail,
 To change Embroider'd Coat for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plim*—*b*, or let *Mord*—*t* go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant but desperate.
 For who could not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzar*,
 One flies from Creditors, the other from *Frazier*;
 'Twere cruelty to make too sharp Remarks,
 On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks;
 Only poor *Charles* I can't but pity thee,
 When all the pert young Volunteers I see.
 Those Chits of War, who as much Mirth create
 As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State:
 Their Names shall equal all excelling Glory,
 Chit *Sund*—*d*, Chit *God*—*n*, and Chit *L*—*y*.
 When thou let'st *Plim*—*b*, 'twas such a jest,
 As when the Brother made the same request;
 Had *Rich*—*d* but got leave as well as he,
 The Jest had been compleat and worthy thee.

Well,

Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance
 It is resolv'd, but first let's have a Dance
 First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,
 And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
 With Drum and Fife to make a Jigg of War;
 What is of Soldier seen in all the heap,
 Besides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloath,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg* — e down to little *Wroth*?
 But now they're all embark'd and curse there Fate,
 Curse *Charles* that gave them leave, and much more *Kate*,
 Who then *Tangier* to *England* and the King
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring;
 And with the *Moors*, since now their hand is in,
 As they have got her Portion, had the Queen.
 There leave we them and back to *England* come,
 Whereby the wiser Sparks that stay at home,
 In safe Ideas by their fancy form'd,
Tangier (like *Maestrich*) is at *Wind* (or storm'd.
 But now we talk of *Maestrich*, where is he,
 Fam'd for that brutal piece of Bravery?
 He with his thick impenetrable Skull,
 The solid, hard'ned Armour of a Fool:
 Well might himself to all Wars ills expose,
 Who (come what will yet) had no Brains to lose.
 Yet this is he, the du'l unthinking he,
 Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be,
 This Fool by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Vern—n*) led,
 Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his Head,
 By great example he this Path doth tread,
 Following such senseless Asses up and down,
 (For *Saul* sought Asses when he found a Crown)
 But *Rosse* is risen as *Samuel* at his call,
 To tell that God hath left the ambitious *Saul*.
 Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun,
 See *P——s* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.

So Heaven says, but *Bran*——*n* says he shall,
 But whoe'er he protects is sure to fall.
 Who can more certain of Destruction be,
 Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?
 What good can come from him who *York* forsook,
 T'espouse the Interest of this Booby Duke?
 But who the best of Masters could desert,
 Is the most fit to take a Traytor's part.
 Ungratefull! This thy Master-piece of sin,
 Exceeds ev'n that with which thou did'st begin.
 Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
 Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excell:
 The very top of Villany we seize,
 By steps in order, and by just degrees.
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one day,
 The murder'd Boy to Treason led the way;
 But when degrees of Villany we name,
 How can we choose but think on *Buck*——*m*?
 He who through all of them hath boldly ran,
 Lest ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
 His treasured Sins of Supererogation,
 Swell to a sum enough to damn a Nation:
 But he must here, *per* force, be let alone,
 His acts require a Volume of their own:
 Where rank'd in dreadfull order shall appear,
 All his Exploits from *Shrews*—*y* to *Le Meer*.
 But stay, methinks I on a sudden find,
 My Pen to treat of th' other Sex, inclin'd;
 But where in all this choice shall I begin?
 Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
 For all the Bawds the Courts rank Soil doth bear,
 And Bawds and States-men grow in plenty there.
 To thee submit and yield, should we be just,
 To thy experienc'd and well travell'd Lust:
 Thy well-known Merits claim that thou should'st be,
 First in the Glorious Roll of Infamy.

To

To thee they all give place, and Homage pay,
 Do all thy Letcherous Decrees obey ;
 (Thou Queen of Lust, thy Bawdy Subjects they.)
 While *Suffex*, *Brug*—ll, *Betty Felton* come,
 Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;
 For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
 Than be Anointed the Imperial Whore ?
 For tell me in all *Europe*, where's the part,
 That is not conscious of thy Lewd desert.
 The great *Pedatian* Youth, whose Conquests run
 O'er all the World, and travel'd with the Sun,
 Made not his Valour in more Nations known,
 Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust have shown.
 All Climes, all Countries do with Tribute come,
 (Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless Womb :
 Thou Sea of Lust, that never ebb dost know,
 Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.
 Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,
 Thou highest, last degree of Letchery :
 For in all Ages, except her and you,
 Who ever sinn'd so high, and stoop'd so low ?
 She to th' Imperial Bed each Night did use,
 To bring the stink of the exhausted Stews ;
 Tir'd (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,
 Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home.
 But thou to our admiring Age dost show
 More sin than inn'cent *Rome* did ever know ;
 And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
 Takes up with Devil, having tir'd Man :
 For what is else that loathsome ugly Black,
 Which you and *Suffex* in your Arms do take ?
 Nor does old Age, which now rides on so fast,
 Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past :
 Though on thy Head, Grey Hairs like *Etna's* Snow
 Are shed, thou'rt Fire and Brimstone all below.

Thou monstrous thing, in whom at once does rage
 The flames of Youth and Impotence of Age.
 My Lady Dutchess takes the second place,
 Proud with thy favour and peculiar grace;
 Ev'n she with all her Piety and Zeal,
 The hotter flames that burn in thee does feel.
 Thou dost into her kindling breast inspire,
 The lustfull Seeds of thy contagious fire;
 So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
 Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Letchery.
 Important use Religion's made,
 By those who wisely drive the cheating Trade;
 As Wines prohibited securely pass,
 Changing the Name of their own native Place.
 So Vice grows safe, drest in Devotion's Name,
 Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame:
 Where e'er so much of Sanctity you see,
 Be more suspicious of hid Villany;
 Whose'ever Zeal is than his Neighbours more,
 If Man think he's a Rogue, if Woman Whore:
 And such a thing art thou religious Pride,
 So very Lewd, and yet so sanctify'd.
 Let now the Dutchess take no further care
 Of humorous Stallions, let her not dispair,
 Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
 To send her *Bromley* and *Mazarine*;
 This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* place supply,
 And Wit supplanted is by Letchery.
 For *Monmouth* he had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
 To all which *Mazarine* had no pretence;
 A proof that since such things as he prevail,
 Her Highness Head is lighter than her Tail.
 But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
 The common Theam of ev'ry rhiming Sor;
 She'll after railing make us laugh a while,
 For at her Folly who can chuse but smile?

While

While them who always slight her, great she makes,
 And so much pains to be despis'd she takes.
 Goes fauntring with her Highness up to Town,
 To an old Play, and in the dark come down;
 Still makes her Court to her as to the Queen,
 But still is Justified out by *Mazarine*.
 So much more Worthy a kind Bawd is thought,
 Than ever she who her from Exile brought.
 O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*! Not to take
 The offer the great Sun — *d* did make,
 When cringing at thy Feet; e'er *Monmouth* bow'd,
 The Golden Calf, that's worshipp'd by the Crowd.
 But thou for *R—k*, who now despises thee,
 To leave both him and pow'rfull *Shaftsbury*.
 If this is all the Policy you know,
 This all the skill in States you boast of so,
 How wisely did thy Countrys Laws ordain,
 Never to let the foolish Women reign,
 But what must we expect, who daily see
 Unthinking *Charles* rul'd by Unthinking thee.

Marvil's Ghost. By Mr. Jo. Ayloffe.

FROM the dark Stygian Lake I come,
 To acquaint poor *England* with her Doom;
 Which by the infernal Sisters late,
 I copied from the Book of Fate:
 And though the sence may seem disguis'd,
 'Tis in these following Lines compriz'd.

When *England* shall forsake the Broom,
 And take the Thistle in the room;
 A wanton Fidler shall be led
 By Fate to shame his Master's Bed;

From

From whence a spurious Race shall grow,
 Design'd for *Britain's* overthrow.
 These, whilst they do possess her Throne,
 Shall serve all interest but their own ;
 And shall be both in Peace and War,
 Scourges unto themselves and her.

A brace of exil'd Youths, whose Fates
 Shall pull down Vengeance on those States
 That harbour'd them abroad, must come
 Well skill'd in foreign Vices home,
 And shall their dark designs to hide,
 With two contending Churches side ;
 Till with cross persecuting zeal,
 They have destroy'd the Common-weal :
 Then Incest, Murder, Perjury,
 Shall fashionable Vertues be ;
 And Villanies infest this Isle,
 Shall make the Son of *Claudius* smile.
 No Oaths or Sacraments hold good,
 But what are seal'd with Lust and Blood :
 Lust, which cold Exile could not tame,
 Nor Plague nor Fire at home reclaim:
 For this she shall in Ashes mourn,
 From *Europe's* envy turn her scorn,
 And curse the day that e'er gave Birth
 To *Cæcil*, or to *Monk* on Earth.

But as I onwards strove to look,
 The angry Sister shut the Book,
 And said, No more, that sickle State
 Shall know no further of her Fate ;
 Her future fortunes must be hid,
 Till her known Ills be remedied ;
 And she to those Resentments come,
 That drove the *Tarquins* out of *Rome* ;
 Or such as did in fury turn
 The *Assyrian's* Palace to his Urn.

The true Englishman, 1686.

Curs'd be the tim'rous fool, whose feeble mind
Is turn'd about with every blast of Wind;
Who to self-interest basely does give ear,
And suffers Reason to be led by Fear:
He only merits a true *English* Name,
Who always says, and does, and is the same;
Who dares be honest, though at any rate,
And stands prepar'd to meet the worst of Fate:
He laughs at Threats, and Flatt'ries does despise,
And won't be knavish to be counted wise;
No publick storm can his clear Reason blind,
Or bad example influence his mind.

Let *M*—— like a Cur kick'd out of doors,
For his aspiring Projects and Amours,
Unman himself to sneak, fawn, cringe and whine,
And play the Spaniel, till they let him in;
Then, with a grinning and affected Leer,
Run his red snout in every Lady's ear.

Let a lewd Judge come reeking from a Wench,
To vent a wilder Lust upon the Bench;
Bawl out the Venom of his rotten Heart,
Swell'd up with envy, over-act his part;
Condemn the Innocent by Laws ne'er fram'd;
And study to be more than doubly damn'd.
Let a mean scoundrel Lord (for equal fear
Of hanging, or of starving) falsely swear;
Let him, whose Knavery and Impudence
Is known to every Man's experience,
With scraps of broken evidence, contrive
To feed, and keep a fainting Plot alive:
Nay, though he swears by the same Deities,
Whom he has mock'd by Mimic Sacrifice.

Let

Let *Rumsey*, with his ill-look'd treacherous Face,
 That swarthy off-spring of a Hellish Race,
 Whose Mother, big with an intriguing Devil,
 Brought an Epitome of all that's evil:
 Let him be perjur'd, and as rashly damn
 Teteral Infamy his odious Name.

Let Knaves and Fools confound the tott'ring State,
 And pluge the Subjects in their Monarch's hate;
 Blinding by false accounts of Men and Things,
 The most indulgent, and the best of Kings.

Let an unthinking hare-brain'd Bigot's zeal,
 (Not out of any thought of doing well,
 But in a pure defiance of the Law)
 In bloody Lines his true *Idea* draw;
 That Men may be inform'd, and early see,
 What such a Man (if once in pow'r) wou'd be:
 Of Royal Mercy: let him stop the source,
 That Death may have a free and boundless course;
 Till shivering Ghosts come from their gloomy-Cell,
 And in dumb Forms a fatal story tell. (Whores,

Let the Court swarm with Pimps, Rogues, Bawds and
 And honest Men be all turn'd out of doors;
 Let Atheism and profaneness there abound,
 And not an upright Man (God save the King) be found.
 Let Men of Principles be in disgrace,
 And mercenary Villains in their place;
 Let free-born Cities be by Treach'ry won,
 Lose their just Liberties, and be undone:
 Let States-men sudden Changes undertake,
 And make the Government's foundation shake;
 Till strange tempestuous Murmurs do arise,
 And show a storm that's gath'ring in the Skies.

Let all this happen. Nay, let certain Fate
 Upon the issue of their Actions wait;
 If you've a true, a brave undaunted Mind
 Of *English* Principles, as well as kind;

You'll

You'll on the bottom of true Honour stand,
Firm as a Rock, unshaken as the Land :
So when vast Seas of Trouble 'gainst you beat,
They'll break, and force themselves to a Retreat ;
No Fate, no flattery can e'er controul
A steady, resolute, Heroick Soul.

On the Young Statesmen. By J. Dryden, 1680.

1.

Clarendon had Law and Sense,
Clifford was Fierce and Brave,
Brennet's grave look was a pretence,
And D — y's matchless Impudence
Help'd to support the Knave.

2.

But Sun — d, God — n, L — y,
These will appear such Chits in story,
'Twill turn all Politicks to Jest,
To be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

3.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What wou'd these Mad-men have ?
First, they wou'd bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without common Sense,
And without Power enslave.

4.

Shall free-born Men in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom, draw
The same Right to be rul'd by Law
Which Kings pretend to reign?

5.

The Duke shall wield his conqu'ring Sword,
The Chancellor make a Speech,

The

The King shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd Revenue Summs afford;
And then, come kiss my Breech.

VI.

So have I seen a King on Chefs,
(His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Bishops in distress)
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn.

Portsmouth's *Looking Glass*.

Methinks I see you newly risen,
From your Embroidered Bed and pissing;
With studied Mien and much Grimace,
Present your self before your Glass,
To varnish and rub o're those Graces,
You rubb'd off in your Night Embraces:
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all those Powers you conquer with;
Lay trains of Love and State-Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs:
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread,
Upon your Cheeks the best French Red.
Indeed for Whites none can compare,
With those you naturally wear;
And though her Highness much delights
To laugh and talk about your Whites,
I never could perceive your Grace
Made use of any for your Face.
Here 'tis you practice all your Art,
To triumph o're a Monarch's Heart;
Tattle and smile, and wink and twink on't,
It almost makes me sp--- to think on't.

These

These are your master-strokes of Beauty,
 That keeps poor *Rowley* to hard Duty :
 And how can all these be withstood,
 By frail amorous Flesh and Blood ?
 These are the Charms that have bewitch't him,
 As if a Conjuror's Rod had switch't him :
 Made him he knows not what to do,
 But loll and fumble here with you.
 Amongst your Ladies, and his Chitts,
 At Cards and Council here he sits :
 Yet minds not how they play at either,
 Nor cares not when 'tis walking weather :
 Business and Power he has resign'd,
 And all things to your mighty Mind.
 Is there a Minister of State,
 Or any Treasurer of late,
 That's fawning and imperious too?
 He owes his Greatness all to you :
 And as you see just cause to do it,
 You keep him in, or turn him out.
 Hence 'tis you give us War and Peace,
 Raise Men, disband them as you please :
 Take any Pensions, retrench Wages,
 For Petticoats, and lusty Pages:
 Contrive and Execute all Laws,
 Suiting the Judges to the Cause.
 Learn'd *Scroggs* and honest *Jeffreys*,
 A Faithfull Friend to you who e're is ;
 He made the Jury come in booty,
 And for your service wou'd hang *Doughby*.
 You govern every Council meeting,
 Making th' Fools do as you think fitting :
 Your Royal Cully has command,
 Onely from you at second hand ;
 He does but at the helm appear,
 Sits there and sleeps while your Slaves steer :

And

And you are the bright Northern Star,
By which they guide this Man of War;
Yet without doubt they might conduct
Him better were you better f——

Many begin to think of late,

His Crown and C — ds have both one date, }
For as they fall so falls the State.

And as his Reins prove loose and weak,
The Reigns of Government must break

The Impartial Trimmer. 1682.

SInce there are some that with me see the state
Of this declining Isle and mourn its fate,
French Councillors and Whores, *French* Education,
Have chang'd our Natures and enslav'd our Nation;
There was a time when Barons boldly stood,
And spent their Lives for their dear Countries good,
Confirm'd our Charter, with a Curse to light
On those that shou'd destroy that sacred Right,
Which Power with Freedom can so well unite,
The hated name of Rebel is not due
To him that is to Law and Justice true.
Brutus bold part may justly claim Renown,
Preferring Right to Friendship and a Crown;
For 'twas not Treason then to keep our own.
But now the Nation with unusual need
Cries help, where is our bold, our *English* Breed?
Popery and Slavery are just at hand,
And every Patriot is a S——d.
Shaftsbury's gone another Change to try,
He hates his Word, yet more the Monarchy.
No Head remains our Loyal Cause to grace,
For *Monmouth* is too weak for that high Place:

More

More proper for the Court where he was rais'd,
 His Dancing envy'd, and his Dressing prais'd;
 Where still such Folly is so well protected,
 Those few that han't it are oblig'd t' affect it;
 For Statesmen, King and Whore, and all have sworn
 T'advance such Wit and Virtue as their own:
 Degenerate *Rome* and *Spain* deserves to out-brave us,
 If *H—e* or *H——x* can e'er enslave us;
 Or he that kennels 'twixt his Dogs and Whore,
 Rul'd by a Woman, lie can use no more,
 Whispers with Knaves, and Jest all day with Fools;
 Is chid to Counsel like a Boy to School.
 False to Mankind, and true to him alone
 Whose Treason still attempts his Life and Crown.
 Rouse up and cry, no Slavery, no *York*,
 And free your King from that devouring Stork;
 Tho' lull'd with Ease and Safety he appear,
 And trusts the Reins to him he ought to fear.
 'Tis Loyalty indeed to keep the Crown
 Upon a head that would it self dethrone.
 This is the case of our unthinking Prince,
 Wheedled by Knaves, to rule 'gainst common Sense;
 That we provok'd our Wrongs to justify,
 Might in his Reign his Brother's Title try.
 Live long then *Charles* secure of those you dread,
 There's not five Whigs that ever wish'd you dead;
 For as old Men rarely of Gout complain,
 That Life prolongs but soothes its wholesome pain.
 So we with as small cause (God knows) to boast,
 Bear much with you, rather than with him roast;
 For if a Subject he such Terror bring,
 What may we hope from a revengefull King?
 Both lewd and zealous, stubborn in his Nonsense,
 He'll sacrifice Mankind to ease his Conscience.
 O happy *Venice*, whose good Laws are such,
 No private Crime the publick Peace can touch.

But we most wretched, while two Fools dispute,
If *Leg* or *Armstrong* shall be absolute.

Brajazet to *Gloriana*, 168 $\frac{3}{4}$.

F Air Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
To tell you how he drew his ruin on;
By what degrees he took that passion in,
That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
Who from the Gods durst steal Celestial Fire;
And tho' with less success I did as high aspire:
Ah, why (you Gods) was she of mortal Race,
And why 'twixt her and me was there so vast a space?
Why was she not above my Passion made?
Some Star in Heaven or Goddess of the Shade.
And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
To any Beauty of the common Crowd.
None but the Brow that did expect a Crown
Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.

I liv'd the Envy of the *Arcadian* Plains,
Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
Where-e'er I pass I swept the Street along,
And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
In numerous Flocks and Herds I did abound,
And when I vainly spread my Wishes round,
They wanted nothing but my being crown'd:
Yet witness all you spitefull Pow'rs above,
If my Ambition did not spring from Love:
Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been less fair,
Less excellent, less charming than you are,
I had my honest Loyalty retain'd,
My noble Blood untainted had remain'd;
Witness you Graces, witness you sacred Bowers,
You shaded River, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
Where the expecting Nymphs have pass'd their Hours;

Witness

Witness how oft (all careless of their fame)
 They Languish'd for the Author of their Flame:
 And when I came reproach'd, my old reserve
 Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preserve?
 What sighing Maid was next to be undone;
 For whom I dress'd and put my Graces on?
 And never thought (tho' I feign'd ev'ry proof
 Of tender Passion) that I lov'd enough.
 While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
 Or the faint Pleasure like a Dream enjoy'd;
 'Twas *Gloriana's* Eyes my Soul alone,
 With everlasting Gust could feed upon
 From her first Bloom my fate I did pursue;
 And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew,
 The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
 They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
 The Beauty from the Princess to divide:
 For he at once must feel whom you inspire
 A soft Ambition and a haughty Fire,
 And hopes the natural Aid of young desire.

My unconsidering Passion had not yet
 Thought your Illustrious Birth for mine too great.
 'Twas Love that I pursu'd, that God that leads
 Sometimes the equall'd Slave to Princes Beds.
 But oh, I had forgot that Flame must rest
 In your bright Soul that makes th'Adorer blest;
 Your sacred Fire alone must you subdue,
 'Tis that, not mine, can raise me up to you;
 Yet if by chance m'ambition meet a stop,
 With any thought that check'd m'advancing hope:
 This new one straight wou'd all the rest confound,
 How every Coxcomb aim'd at being crown'd:
 The vain young Fool with all his Mother's parts,
 Who wanted Sense enough for little arts;
 Whose composition was like *Cheder Cheese*,
 (In whose Production all the Town agrees)

To whom, from Prince to Priest was added Suff,
From great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*;
Yet he with vain Pretension lays a claim,
To th' glorious title of a Sovereign :
And when for Gods such wretched things set up,
Was it so great a crime for me to hope ?
No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
There is no Treason in ambitious Love :
That sacred Antidote i'th' poyson'd Cup
Quells the Contagion of each little drop.

I bring no forces but my Sighs and Tears,
My Languishments, my soft Complaints and Prayers.
Artillery which was never sent in vain,
Nor fails, where-e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
Here only, here rebated they return,
Meeting the solid Armour of your Scorn ;
Scorn by the Gods, I any thing could bear,
The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War ;
Long Winter Marches or the Summers Heat,
Nay ev'n in Battle from the Foe defeat ;
Scars on this Face, Scars, whose dull recompence
Would ne'er atone for what they rob from thence ;
Scandal of Coward, nay half-witted too,
Or siding with the pardon'd rebel Crew :
Or ought but Scorn, and yet you must frown on,
Your Slave was destin'd thus to be undone ;
You the avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd fair.

On King CHARLES, by the Earl of Rochester,
For which he was banish'd the Court and turn'd
Mountebank.

I N the Isle of Great Britain long since famous known,
For breeding the best C—— in Christendom;
There Reigns, and long may he Reign and thrive,
The easiest Prince and best bred Man alive:
Him no ambition moves to seek Renown,
Like the French Fool, to wander up and down,
Starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.
Nor are his high desires above his Strength,
His Scepter and his P—— are of a Length,
And she that plays with one may sway the other,
And make him little wiser than his Brother.
I hate all Monarchs and the Thrones that they sit on,
From the Hector of France to the Cully of Britain.
Poor Prince, thy P—— like the Buffoons at Court,
It governs thee because it makes thee sport;
Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,
'Twill break through all to make it's way to C——.
Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,
A merry Monarch, scandalous and poor.
To Carewell the most dear of all thy Dears,
The sure relief of thy declining Years;
Oft he bewails his fortune and her fate,
To love so well, and to be lov'd so late;
For when in her he settles well his T——
Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arse.
This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you,
The pain it costs to poor laborious Nelly,
While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips and Thighs,
E'er she can raise the Member she enjoys.

*Cato's Answer to Libanius, when he advis'd him
to go and consult the Oracle of Jupiter Hamon;
translated out of the 9th Book of Lucan, begin-
ning at quid. quin. Labiene jubes, &c.*

What should I ask my Friends which best would be,
To live enslav'd; or thus in Arms die free;
If any force can honours price abate,
Or Virtue bow beneath the Blows of Fate:
If Fortune's Threats a steady Soul disdains;
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the pains:
If it our Happiness at all import,
Whether the foolish Scene be long or short:
If when we do but aim at noble ends,
The attempt alone immortal Fame attends:
If for bad accidents which thickest press,
On Merit we should like a good cause less,
Or be the fonder of it for success.
• All this is clear, words in our Minds it strikes,
Nor *Hamon* nor his Priest can deeper fix,
Without the Clergies venial Cant and Pains,
Gods never frustrate will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act but what th' all-Wise ordains,
Who need no Voice nor perishing Word to awe
Our wild Desires, and give his Creatures Law;
Whate'er to know or needfull was or fit,
In the wise frame of humane Souls is writ,
Both what we ought to do and what forbear,
He once for all did at our Birth declare;
But never did he seek out desert Lands,
To bury truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a corner of the World withdrew
Head of a Sect, or partial to a few.

Nature's

Nature's vast Fabrick is his House alone,
 This Globe his Footstool, and high Heaven his Throne.
 In Earth, Air, Sea, and in whoe'er excells.
 In knowing Heads and honest Hearts he dwells.
 Why seek we then among these barren Sands,
 In narrow Shrines and Temples built with hands;
 Him whose dread Presence does all places fill,
 Or look but in our Reason for his Will?
 All we e'er saw is God, in all we find
 Apparent Print of the eternal Mind.
 Let flatt'ring Fools their course by Prophets steer,
 And always of the future live in fear:
 No Oracle or Dream the Crowd is told,
 Can make me more or less resolv'd or bold;
 But certain Death which equally on all,
 Both on the Coward and the Brave must fall;
 This said, and turning with disdain about,
 He left scorn'd *Hamon* to the vulgar Rout.

The Lord Lucas's Ghost, 1687.

FROM the blest Regions of eternal day,
 Where Heaven born Souls imbibe th' immortal
 Where Liberty and Innocence reside (Ray,
 Free from the Grips of Tyranny and Pride,
 Where pious Patriots that have shed their Blood
 For sacred Truths and for the publick Good,
 Now rest secure from thence (poor Isle) I come
 To see thy Sorrows and bewail thy Doom,
 Thy sore Oppressions and thy peircing Cry,
 Disturbs our Rest and drowns our Harmany.
 When stiff-neck'd *Israel* did their God reject,
 And in his stead an Idol-King erect:

Heaven's flaming Sword he brandish'd in his hand,
 And dreadful Thunder struck their sinfull Land;
 Till Penitence atton'd his sinfull Ire,
 And quench'd the rage of his consuming fire.
 But this poor Land still feels the dire effect
 Of his just Wrath who his mild Reign reject.
 Unhappy Isle, how oft hast thou been curst
 With s—lish Kings, but this of all's the worst.
 The Fire, the Plague, the Sword, are dreadful fiends,
 This R — l Plague all other far transcends.
 From him the Fountain all our Mischiefs flows,
 From him the Fire, from him the War arose.
 With *Rome* he plots, Religion to o'erthrow,
 With *France* combines to enslave the People too.
 No Man must near his sacred Person come,
 Unless he be for Tyranny and *Rome*.
 With hardned Face he assaults the frail and fair,
 Uses his Power the Vertuous to ensnare.
 With *Troops* of Vice he conquers *Liberty*,
 Depresses Virtue, enthrones *Tyranny*,
 Threatens the Coward, fawns upon the Bold,
 • Debauches all with Power or with Gold.
 Lift up thy Head afflicted Isle, and hear,
 The time of thy Deliverance draws near,
 His full blown Crimes will certainly pull down
 A slow, but sure Destruction of his Crown.
 His loathed Acts thy freedom's Birth shall cause,
 Secure Religion, produce wholesome Laws.
 No more the Poor the Rich one shall devour,
 No more shall Right yield to oppressive Power:
 No more shall Rapine make the Country groan,
 Nor civil Wars shall reign within the Town:
 The Iron Scepter, and the Tyrant's Hand,
 Shall cease henceforth to bruise thy happy Land.
Rome's Hocus Pocus Ministers no more
 Shall cause Mankind their jugling Priests t'adore:

Thy

Thy *Learned Clergy* shall confound them all,
 And they, like *Ely's Sons*, unpitied fall.
 Dark Mists of Errors then must fly away,
 And Hell's Delusions shrink from the bright day.
 Truth's sacred Light in full abundance shall
 Upon thy Teachers and thy People fall.
 So when th'eternal Son was born to die
 For all the World, the lesser Gods did fly ;
 His bright appearance struck their *Prophets* domb,
 And Death like silence did their *Gods* intomb.
 The tunefull *Spheres* with Hallelujahs rung,
 Heaven's mighty Host with Man one Chorus sung.
 Ne'er fading Glory unto God above,
 Peace upon Earth, to Men eternal Love.
 Thus the Creation showed with one Voice,
 Thus Heaven and Earth did at his Birth rejoyce :
 And thus shall all repeat this Song again,
 When upon Earth he shall begin to reign.
 But this lov'd Isle shall be the chosen place,
 Here shall the King of Kings begin his race:
Judea was his Cradle and the Tomb,
Britain shall be his Throne in time to come.

An E P I T A P H.

A *Lgernoon Sidney* fills this Tomb ;
 An *Atheist*, by declaiming *Rome* :
 A Rebel bold, by striving still
 To keep the Laws above the Will ;
 And hindring those would pull them down,
 To leave no limits to a Crown :
 Crimes damn'd by Church and Government,
 Oh ! whither must his Soul be sent ?
 Of Heaven it must needs despair,
 If that the Pope be turn-key there;

And

And Hell can ne'er it entertain,
 For there is all Tyrannick Reign,
 And Purgatory's such a Pretence
 As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense:
 Where goes it then? Where 'tought to go,
 Where Pope and Devil have nought to do.

The Brazen Head.

What strepitantious Noise is it that sounds
 From raised Banks, or from the lower Grounds?
 From hollow Caverns, Labyrinths from far,
 Threatning Confusions of a dreadfull War?
 What dismal Cries of People in Despair,
 Fill the vast Region of the troubled Air?
 The Tune of Horror, or of what's as strange,
 That strikes uneven like a World of Change,
 With such a bold Surprize attacks my Sense,
 Beyond the Power of Counsel or Defence?
 But tho' blind Fortune rolls her turning Wheel
 With a perpetual Motion, who can feel
 This Surge of Fate, push'd on with Fire and Steel?
 You precious Moments of serener Days!
 When many Victories enlarg'd my Praise,
 And all things ran in a most easie Stream,
 Back unto me their Ocean and Supreme.
 Are you all vanish'd by the sudden Fright,
 And left m' encompass'd with a dismal Night?
 By my own Subjects in suspicion held,
 Murmurings as bad, as if they had Rebell'd?
 You all controuling Powers of things above!
 Who easier Dictates guide the World by Love!
 Avert th' impendent Miseries, and show
 Us Earthly Gods to govern here below.

The Answer.

'TIS we'll you've thought upon the chiefest Cause,
 Change nothing of Religion nor the Laws.
 Let the great Monarch this good Motto wear,
 Not only in his Arms but every where.
Integer Viæ, is my whole Defence,
Scelerisque purus, a most strong defence ;
Non eget Mauri, that no Forces need,
Jaculis nec Arcu, which contentions breed :
Nec venenatis gravida Sagittis
Phaetra, to make Loyal his own Cities.

Upon the Execrable Murther of the Right Honourable Arthur Earl of Essex.

Mortality wou'd be too frail to hear,
 How *ESSEX* fell, and not dissolve with fear;
 Did not more generous Rage take off the Blow,
 And by his Blood the steps to Vengeance show.

The Tow'r was for the Tragedy design'd,
 And to be slaughter'd he is first confin'd :
 As fetter'd *Victims* to the Altar go.
 But why must noble *ESSEX* perish so ?
 Why with such Fury drag'd into his Tomb,
 Murther'd by Slaves, and sacrific'd to *Rome* ?

By Stealth they kill, and with a secret Stroke
 Silence that Voice, which charm'd whene'er it spoke.
 The bleeding Orifice o'erflow'd the Ground,
 More like some mighty Deluge than a Wound.

Through

Through the large space his Blood and Vitals glide,
 And his whole Body might have past beside.
 The reeking Crimson swell'd into a Flood,
 And stream'd a second time in *Capel's* Blood.
 He's in his Son again to Death pursu'd,
 An instance of the high'st ingratitude.
 They then malicious Stratagems employ,
 With Life, his dear Honour to destroy;
 And make his Fame extinguish with his Breath,
 And act beyond the Cruelties of Death.
 Here Murther is in all its shapes complete,
 As *Lines* united in their *Centre* meet;
 Form'd by the blackest Politicks of Hell;
 Was *Cain* so de'vlish when his Brother fell?

He that contrives, or his own Fate desires,
 Wants Courage, and for fear of Death expires;
 But mighty *BSSEX* was in all things brave,
 Neither to *Hope*, nor to *Despair*, a Slave.
 He had a Soul too *Innocent* and *Great*,
 To fear, or to anticipate his Fate:
 Yet their exalted Impudence and Guilt,
 Charge on himself the precious Blood they spilt.
 So were the *Protestants* some Years agoe,
 Destroy'd in *Ireland* without a Foe.
 By their own barbarous Hands the Mad-men dye,
 And massacre themselves, they know not why:
 Whilst the kind *Irish* howl to see the Gore,
 And pious *Catholicks* their Fate deplore.
 If you refuse to trust erroneous Fame,
 Royal *Mac-Ninny* will confirm the same.

We have lost more in injur'd *Capel's* Heir,
 Than the poor Bankrupt Age can e'er repair.
 Nature indulg'd him so, that there we saw
 All the choice Strokes her steady Hand cou'd draw.

He

He the Old *Engliſh* Glory did revive,
In him we had *Plantaganets* alive.
Grandeur and Fortune, and a vaſt Renown,
Fit to ſupport the Luſtre of a Crown.
All theſe in him were potently conjoyn'd,
But all was too ignoble for his Mind :
Wiſdom and *Vertue*, properties Divine,
Thoſe, God-like *ESSEX*, were entirely thine.

In this great Name he's ſtill preſerv'd alive,
And will to all ſucceeding Times ſurvive.
With juſt Progreſſion, as the conſtant Sun
Doth move, and through its bright *Ecliptick* run.
For whiſt his Duſt does unextinguish'd lye,
And his bleſt Soul is ſoar'd above the Sky,
Fame ſhall below his parted Breath ſupply.

An Eſſay upon Satyr: By J. Dr—en, Eſquire.

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a Beaſt
Is Man, who yet would Lord it o're the reſt ?
Philoſophers and Poets vainly ſtrove
In every Age the lumpiſh Maſs to move :
But thoſe were Pedants when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightfull way,
Myſterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers ; ſo that as men grow
Pleaſ'd with their Poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satyr has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt Faults,
To laugh at their vain Deeds, and vainer Thoughts.
In *Satyr* too the Wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.

Some

Some did all Folly with just sharpness blame,
 Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame.
 But of these two, the last succeeded best,
 (As Men aim rightest when they shoot in jest :)
 Yet if we may presume to blame our Guides,
 And censure those who censure all besides;
 In other things they justly are preferr'd,
 In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd ;
 Against the grossest Follies they disclaim,
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the Talent of each vulgar Wit ;
 Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
 Morals to *Armstrong*, or dull *Aston* teach?
 'Tis being devout at Play, wise at a Ball,
 Or bringing Wit and Friendship to *Whitehall* ;
 But with sharp Eyes those nicer Faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest Mind ;
 That little speck, which all the rest does spoil,
 To wash off that would be a noble toil ;
 Beyond the loose-writ Libels of this Age,
 Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage ;
 Above all Censure too, each little Wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit :
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
 Of such Correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a Satyr all would seek a share,
 And every Fool will fancy he is there.
 Old Story-tellers too must pine and dye,
 To see their antiquated Wit laid by ;
 Like her who mis'd her Name in a Lampoon,
 And grieve to find her self decay'd so soon ;
 No common Coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Not the dull train of dancing Sparks appear ;
 Nor fluttering Officers, who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched Rabble who would write ?

Much

Much less half Wits, that's more against our Rules;
 For they are Fops, the other are but Fools.
 Who would not be as silly as *Dunbarr*?
 As dull as *Monmouth*, rather than *Sir Carr*?
 The cunning Courier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull Knavery makes so much ado;
 Till the shrewd Fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like *Esop's* Fox, becomes a Prey at last:
 Nor shall the Royal Mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easie to be blam'd;
 With whom each rhyming Fool keeps such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other:
 Yet santering *Ch*——s between his beastly Brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place,
 Affected Humour or a painted Face. }
 In Loyal Libels we have often told him,
 How one has gilted him, the other sold him.
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
 Was ever Prince by two at once mis-led,
 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and *Ayles-ry*, with all that race
 Of busie Block-heads shall have here no place;
 At Council set as foils on *D*——'s score,
 To make that great false Jewel shine the more;
 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.
 But there's no meddling with such nauseous Men,
 Their very Names have tyr'd my lazy Pen;
 'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest Man alive,
 Against his careless Genius vainly strive;
 Quit his dear Ease, some deep design to lay,
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:

Yet he will laugh at his best Friends, and be
 Just as good Company as *Nokes* and *Lee*.
 But when he aims at Reason or at Rule,
 He turns himself the best in ridicule.
 Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit ;
 That shadow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Though he left all Mankind to be destroy'd :
 So Cat transform'd far gravely and demure,
 Till Mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure ;
 But soon the Lady had him in her Eye,
 And from her Friend did just as odly fly ;
 Reaching above our Nature does no good,
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.
 As by our little *Matchiavel* we find
 (That nimblest Creature of the busie kind)
 His Limbs are crippled, and his Body shakes,
 Yet his hard Mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor Companion rakes.
 What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see that drag his feeble Legs about ;
 Like Hounds ill coupled, Jowler lugs him still
 Through Hedges, Ditches, and through all that's ill !
 'Twere Crime in any man but him alone,
 To use a Body so, though 'tis ones own :
 Yet this false Comfort never gives him o're,
 That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can soar :
 Alas, that soaring to those few that know,
 Is but a busie groveling here below.
 So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
 Whilst on the Ground th' intranced Wretches lye ;
 So modern Fops have fancied they could fly :
 Whilst 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
 And for the most part building Castles there ;
 As the new Earl with Partsdeserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways ;

Yet

Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune flights;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine Notion of a busie Man;
 And what is that at best but one whose Mind,
 Is made to tire himself and all Mankind:
 For *Ireland* he would go, faith let him reign,
 For if some odd fantastick Lord would fain
 Carry in Trunks, and all my drudgery do,
 I'll not only pay him but admire him too;
 But is there any other Beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittily contrives?

Will any Dog that has his Teeth and Stones,
 Refin'dly leave his Bitches and his Bones
 To turn a Wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
 While *Venus* is by rival Dogs enjoy'd:

Yet this fond Man to get a Statesman's Name,
 Forfeits his Friends, his Freedom and his Fame.
 Though *Satyr* nicely writ, no humour stings
 But those who merit praise in other things;
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for folly *Tropos* sake;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
 Rais'd only by his mercenary Tongue,
 From railing smoothly, and from reasoning wrong:
 As Boys on Holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish Traps for Girls that pass that way;
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress,
 Some silly Cit in flowr'd foolish Dress;
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the Ground:
 To see the florid Fool despis'd (and know it)
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it;
 (For sence sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The finer; nay sometimes the wittiest Speaker)

But 'tis prodigious so much Eloquence
 Should be acquired by such a little Sense;
 For words and wit did anciently agree,
 And *Tully* was no Fool though this man be:
 At Bar abusive, on the Bench unable,
 Knave on the Woolfack, Fop at Council-Table.
 These are the Grievances of such Fools as wou'd,
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of Wits must be made known,
 Whose harmless Errors hurt themselves alone;
 Excess of Luxury they think can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease:
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
 Though their whole Life's but intermitting pain:
 So much of Surfeits, Head-aches, Claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between:
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
 And pleasure lose only for pleasures sake;
 Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of pain we squander Life away.

• Thus *D—et* purring like a thoughtfull Cat,
 Married but wiser, Puss ne'er thought of that:
 And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
 Like *Pembrook's* Mastives at his kindest time;
 Then for one night sold all his slavish Life,
 A teeming Widow but a barren Wife;
 Suckl'd by contract of such a fulsome road,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
 Till Fortune blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
 Which he would use in all his sneaking way,
 Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
 Dull as *Ned Howard*, whom his brisker Times,
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious Rhimes.

*Mul—*we had much adoe to scape the snare,
 Though learn'd in those ill Arts that cheat the Fair:

For

For after all his vulgar Marriage-mocks,
 With Beauty dazled Numps was in the Stocks ;
 Deluded Parents dry'd their weeping Eyes,
 To see him catch his Tartar for his Prize:
 Th' impatient Town waited the wisht for change,
 And Cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
 Till *Petworth* Plot made us with sorrow see,
 As his Estate his Person too was free:
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move,
 To Gold he fled from Beauty and from Love ;
 Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will:
 'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and power,
 Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little *Sid* — *y* for *Simile* renown'd,
 Pleasures has always sought but never found:
 Though all his Thoughts on Wine and Women fall,
 His are so bad sure he ne'er thinks at all.
 The Flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His Meat and Mistresses are kept too long;
 But sure we all mistake this pious Man,
 Who mortifies his Person all he can:
 What we uncharitably take for Sin,
 Are only Rules of this old *Capuchin* ;
 For never Hermit under grave pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense ;
 And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
 No nastiness offends his skilfull Nose ;
 Which from all stink can with peculiar art
 Extract Perfume, and Essence, from a F — t ;
 Expecting Supper is his great delight,
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
 Then o're his Cups this Night-bird chirping sits,
 Till he takes *Hewer*, and *Jack Hall* for Wits.

Roch — *r* I despise for his meer want of wit,
 Though thought to have a Tail and Cloven Feet ;

For while he mischief means to all Mankind,
 Himself alone the ill effects does find ;
 And so like Witches justly suffers shame,
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
 False are his words, affected is his wit,
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit ;
 To every face he cringes while he speaks,
 But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks.
 Mean in each Action, lewd in every Limb,
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
 A proof that chance alone makes every Creature,
 A very Killig——w without good Nature.
 For what a *Bessus* has he always liv'd,
 And his own *Kickings* notably contriv'd :
 For (there's the folly that's still mixt with fear)
 Cowards more blows than any Hero bear ;
 Of fighting Sparks some may her pleasures say,
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away :
 The World may well forgive him all his ill,
 For every fault does prove his penance still :
 Falsly he falls into some dangerous noose,
 And then as meanly labours to get loose ;
 A Life so infamous is better quitting,
 Spent in base injury and low submitting.
 I'd like to have left out his Poetry ;
 Forgot by all almost as well as me.
 Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
 And if it rarely, very rarely hit,
 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
 To find it out's the Cinder-womans trade ;
 Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire :
 So lewdly dull his idle Works appear,
 The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here ;
 Where one poor Thought sometimes left all alone,
 For a whole Page of dulness to atone :

'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable line,
Without expression, fancy, or design.

How vain a thing is Man, and how unwise,
Even he who would himself the most despise ;
I who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own Vanity and Pride can't see.
While the World's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own ;
That we may Angels seem, we paint them Elves,
And are but Satyrs to set up our selves.
I who have all this while been finding fault,
Even with my Master, who first Satyr taught ;
And did by that describe the Task so hard,
It seems stupendious and above reward.
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty Hill, unreacht by former time ;
Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

*Upon an undeserving and ungratefull Mistress,
whom he could not help loving.*

Being a Paraphrastical Translation of Ovid's
Tenth Elegy. *Lib. 3. Amorum.*

I Have too long endur'd her guilty Scorn,
Too long her falseness my fond Love has born ;
My freedom and my wits at length I claim ;
Be gone base Passion, dye unworthy flame ;
My Life's sole torment and my Honour's stain,
Quit this tir'd Heart and end the lingring pain.
I have resolv'd I'll be my self once more
Long banish'd Reason to her right restore,
And throw off Love's tyrannick sway, that still en-
croaching power.

}
My

My growing shame I see at last, tho' late,
 And my past Follies both despise and hate:
 Hold out my Heart, nor let her Beauty move,
 Be constant in thy Anger as thy Love:
 My present pains shall give thee future ease,
 As bitter Potions cure, tho' they displease.
 'Tis for this end, for freedom more assur'd,
 I have so long such shamefull Chains endur'd.
 Like a scorn'd Slave before her door I lay,
 And proud repulses suffer'd every day;
 Without complaining, banish'd from her sight,
 On the cold ground I spent the tedious Night;
 While some glad Rival in her Arms did lye,
 Glutted with Love and surfeited with Joy.
 Thence have I seen the tir'd Adulterer come,
 Dragging a weak exhausted Carcass home.
 And yet this Curse a Blessing I esteem,
 Compar'd with that of being seen by him;
 By him descry'd attending in the Street,
 May my foes only such Disgraces meet.
 • What toyl and time has this false Woman cost?
 How much of unreturning Youth has for her sake been
 How long did I, where fancy led or fate? (lost?)
 Unthank'd, unminded, on her Rambles wait;
 Her Steps, her Looks were still by mine pursu'd,
 And watch'd by me she charm'd the gazing Crowd.
 My diligent Love and over-fond Desire,
 Has been the means to kindle others Fire.
 What need I mention every little Wrong,
 Or curse the softness of her soothing Tongue.
 The private Love-signs that in publick pass,
 Between her and some common staring Ass.
 • The Coquet Art her faithless Heart allows,
 Or tax her with a thousand broken Vows:
 I hear she's sick, and with wild hast I run,
 Officious Hast, and Visit importune.

Entering,

Entring, my Rival on her Bed I see,
 The politick Sickneſs only was to me.
 With this and more oft has my Love been try'd,
 Some other Coxcomb let her now provide,
 To bear her jilting and maintain her pride;
 My batter'd Bark has reach'd the Port at laſt,
 Nor fears again the Billows it has paſt.
 Cease your ſoft Oaths and that ſtill ready ſhow'r,
 Thoſe once dear words have loſt their charming pow'r.
 In vain you flatter, I am now no more,
 That eaſie Fool you found me heretofore.

Anger and Love a doubtfull fight maintain,
 Each ſtrives by turns my ſtaggering heart to gain:
 But what can long againſt Lov's force contend,
 My Love I fear will conquer in the end;
 I'll do what e'er I can to hate you ſtill,
 And if I Love, know 'tis againſt my Will.
 So the Bull hates the Ploughman's Yoke to wear,
 Yet what he hates, his ſtubborn Neck muſt bear.

Her manners oft my Indignation raiſe,
 But ſtraight her Beauty the ſhort ſtorm allays.
 Her Life I loath, her Perſon I adore;
 Much I condemn her, but I love her more.
 Both with her and without her I'm in pain,
 And rage to loſe, what I ſhould bluſh to gain:
 Uncertain, yet at what my wiſhes aim;
 Loath to abandon Love or part with Fame
 That Angel-form ill ſuits a form all ſin;
 Ah! be leſs fair without, or more within.
 When theſe ſoft Smiles my yielding Powers invade,
 In vain I call her Vices to my aid;
 Tho' now diſdaining the diſguiſe of Art,
 In my eſteem her Conduct claims no part,
 Her Face a natural right has to my Heart.
 No Crime's ſo black as to deform her Eyes,
 Thoſe Clouds muſt ſcatter when theſe Suns ſhall riſe.

Enough, fair Conqueror, the day's your own,
 See at your Feet, Love's vanquish'd Rebel thrown;
 By these dear Joys, (Joys dear tho' they are past) (fast;
 When in the kindest Links of Love we held each other
 By th'injur'd Gods your false Oaths did prophane (disdain;
 By all those Beauties that support and feed your proud
 By that lov'd Face from the whole Sex Elect,
 To which I all my Vows and Pray'rs direct,
 And equal with a Power divine respect:
 By every feature of a turn so fine,
 And by those Arms that charm and dazle mine.
 Spare from new triumphs, cherish without art,
 This over-faithfull, this too tender Heart:
 A Heart that was respectfull while it strove,
 But yielding is all blind impetuous Love:
 Live as you please, torment me as you will,
 Still are you fair, and I must love you still.
 Think only, if with just and clement Reign,
 A willing Subject you wou'd chuse to gain,
 Or drag a conquer'd Vassal in a Chain;
 • But to what ever Conduct you incline,
 Do suffer, be what my worse fears divine,
 You are, you ought, you must, you shall be mine.
 Reason for ever, the vain strife give o'er,
 Thy cruel Wisdom I can bear no more;
 Let me indulge this one soft Passion's rule,
 Curb vexing Sense and be a happy Fool;
 With full spread Sails the tempting Gale obey,
 That down Lov's Current drives me fast away.

The Town Life.

Once how I doated on this Jilting Town,
 Thinking no Heaven was out of *London* known;
 Till Iher Beauties artificial found,
 Her Pleasure's but a short and giddy round;
 Like one who has his *Phillis* long enjoy'd,
 Grown with the fulsom repetition cloy'd;
 Love's Mists then vanish from before his Eyes;
 And all the Ladies Frailties he descries:
 Quite surfeited with Joy, I now retreat
 To the fresh Air, a homely Country Seat,
 Good Hours, Books, harmless Sports, & wholsom Meat.
 And now at last I have chose my proper Sphere,
 Where Men are plain and rustick, but sincere.
 I never was for Lies nor Fawning made,
 But call a Wafer Bread, and Spade a Spade.
 I tell what merits got Lord ——— his place,
 And laugh at marry'd *M*——— *we* to his Face.
 I cannot vere with ev'ry change of State,
 Nor flatter Villains, tho' at Court they're great:
 Nor will I prostitute my Pen for Hire,
 Praise *Cromwell*, damn him, write the *Spanish Fryar*:
 A Papist now, if next the Turk should reign,
 Then piously transverse the Alcoran.
 Methinks I hear one of the Nation cry,
 Be Christ, this is a Whiggish Calumny,
 All Virtues are compriz'd in Loyalty.
 Might I dispute with him, I'de change his Note,
 I'de silence him, that is, he'd cutt my Throat.
 This powerfull way of reasoning never mist,
 None are so positive but then desist,
 As I will, e're it come to that extreme;
 Our Folly, not our Misery is our Theam,

Well

Well may we wonder what strange Charm, what Spell,
 What mighty Pleasures in this *London* dwell,
 That Men renounce their Ease, Estates and Fame,
 And drudge it here to get a Fopling's Name ?
 That one of seeming sense advanc'd in years,
 Like a Sir *Courtly Nice* in Town appears:
 Others exchange their Land for tawdry Cloaths,
 And will in spite of Nature pass for Beau's.
 Indulgent Heaven, who ne'er made ought in vain,
 Each Man for something proper did ordain;
 Yet most against their Genius blindly run,
 The wrong they chuse, and what they're made for shun.
 Thus *Ar*——*n* thinks for State affairs he's fit;
Hewit for Ogling, *C*——*ly* for a Wit;
 But 'tis in vain, so wise, these Men to teach,
 Besides the King's learn'd Priests should only preach.

We'll see how Sparks the tedious day employ,
 And trace them in their warm pursuit of Joy;
 If they get drest (with much ado) by Noon,
 In quest of Beauty to the *Mall* they run,
 Where (like young Boys) with Hat in hand they try
 'To catch some flutt'ring gawdy Butterfly.
 Thus *Gray* pursues the Lady with a Face,
 Like forty more, and with the same success,
 Whose jilting Conduct in her Beauty's spite,
 Looses her fame, and get's no pleasure by't.
 The secret Joys of an Intrigue she flights,
 And in an Equipage of Fools delights.
 So some vain Heroes for a vain command,
 Forfeit their Conscience, Liberty and Land.
 But see high Mass is done, in Crowds they go,
 What; all these *Irish*, and *Mall Howard* too ?
 'Tis very late, to *Locket's* let's away,
 The Lady *Frances* comes, I will not stay.
 Expecting Dinner, to discourse they fall,
 Without respect of morals censuring all:

pell, The Nymph they lov'd, the Friend they hug'd before,
 He's a vain Coxcomb, she's a common Whore :
 No obligation can their Jeasts prevent ;
 Wit, like unruly Wind in Bowels pent,
 Torments the bearer till he gives it vent ;
 Tho' this offends the Ear as that the Nose,
 No matter, 'tis for Ease and out it goes,
 But what they talk (too nauseous to rehearse)
 I leave for the late Ballad-writers Verse.
 After a dear bought Meal they hast away,
 To a desert of Ogling at the Play :
 un. What's here which in the Box's front I see,
 Deform'd old Age, diseases Infamy.

W——k, N—th, Paget, Hinton, Martin, Willis,
 And that Epitome of Lewdness, Elly's.
 I'll not turn that way, but observe the Play,
 Pox, 'tis a tragick Farce of Banks to day :
 Besides some *Irish* Wits the Pit invade
 With a worse Din than Cat-call Serenade.
 I must be gone, let's to *Hide Park* repair,
 If not good company, we'll find good Air :
 Here with affected Bow and Side-Glass look,
 The self-conceited Fool is easily took.
 There comes a Spark with six in Tarsels drest,
 Charming the Ladies Hearts with dint of Beast:
 Like Scullers on the *Thames* with frequent bow,
 They labour, tugg, and in their Coaches row,
 To meet some fair one, still they wheelabout,
 Till she retires, and then they hurry out.

But next we'll visit where the Beaux in order come,
 ('Tis yet too early for the drawing-room)
 Here *Nowels* and *Olivia's* abound ;
 But one plain *Manly* is not to be found :
 Flattr'ng the present, the absent they abuse,
 And vent their Spleen and Lies, pretending News :

Why;

Why, such a Lady's pale and wou'd not dance ;
 This to the Country gone, and that to *France* :
 Whose marry'd, slip'd away, or mist at Court,
 Others Misfortunes thus afford them sport :
 A new Song is produc'd, the Author guest,
 The Verses and the Poet made a Jest.
 Live Laureat *E*——er, in whom we see,
 The English can excell Antiquity.
Dryden writes Epick, *Wosley* Odes in vain,
Virgil and *Horace* still the chief maintain :
 He with his matchless Poems has alone,
Bavius and *Mevius* in their way out-done.
 But now for Cards, and play they all propose,
 While I who never in good Breeding lose,
 Who cannot civilly sit still and see
 The Ladies pick my Purse and laugh at me,
 Pretending earnest business drive to Court,
 Where those who can do nothing else resort.
 The *English* must not seek preferment there,
 For *Mack's* and *O's* all places destin'd are.
 No more we'll send our Youth to *Paris* now,
French Principles and Breeding once wou'd do :
 They for Improvement must to *Ireland* sail,
 The *Irish* Wit and Language now prevail.
 But soft my Pen, with care this Subject touch,
 Stop where you are, you soon may write too much.
 Quite weary with the hurry of the day,
 I to my peacefull home direct my way ;
 While some in Hack and Habit of Fatigue,
 May have (but oft pretend) a close Intrigue ;
 Others more open to the Tavern scower,
 Calling for Wine, and every Man his Whore,
 As safe as those with quality perhaps,
 For *N*——*rgb* says great Ladies can give Claps :
 Somewhere they're kept, and many where they keep,
 Most see an easie Mistress e'er they Sleep.

Thus

Thus Sparks may dress, dance, play, write, fight, ~~get~~
But all the mighty Pother ends in Punk. (drunk,

A Satyr on the modern Translators.
Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

SINCE the united cunning of the Stage,
Has balk'd the hireling Drudges of the Age:
Since *Betterton* of late so thrifty's grown,
Revives old Plays, or wisely acts his own:
Thum'd *Rider* with a Caralogue of Rhimes,
Makes the compleatest Poet of our Times:
Those who with nine months toil had spoil'd a Play,
In hopes of Eating at a full Third day,
Justly despairing longer to sustain
A craving Stomach from an empty Brain,
Have left Stage-practice, chang'd their old Vocations,
Atoning for bad Plays, with worse Translations,
And like old *Sternhold* with laborious spite,
Burlesque what nobler Muses better write:
Thus while they for their Causes only seem
To change the Channel, they corrupt the Stream.
So breaking *Vintners* to increase their Wine,
With nauseous Drugs debauch the generous Vine:
So barren *Gipsies* for recruit are said,
With Strangers Issue to maintain the Trade;
But lest the fair Bantling should be known,
A daubing Walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this Gang too *John Dryden* appears,
But to save the Town-censure and lessen his Fears,
Join'd with a Spark whose Title makes me civil,
For *Scandalum Magnatum* is the Devil:
Such mighty Thoughts from *Ovid's* Letters flow,
That the Translation is a work for two;

Who

Who in one Copy joyn'd their shame have shewn,
 Since *T-e* could spoil so many, though alone :
 My Lord I thought so generous would prove,
 To scorn a Rival in affairs of Love :
 But well he knew his teeming pangs were vain,
 Till Midwife *Dryden* cas'd his labouring Brain ;
 And that when part of *Hudibras's* Horse
 Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an Arse ;
 So when fleet *Fowler* hears the joyfull halloo,
 He drags his sluggish Mate, and *Tray* must follow.
 But how could this learn'd brace employ their time ?
 One construed sure, while th'other pump'd for Rhime:
 Or it with these, as once at *Rome*, succeeds,
 The *Bibulus* subscribes to *Cæsar's* Deeds:
 This, from his Partners Acts, ensures his Name,
 Oh sacred thirst of everlasting Fame !
 That could defile those well cut Nails with Ink,
 And make his Honour condescend to think :
 But what Excuse, what Preface can atone,
 For Crimes which guilty *Bayes* has singly done ?
Bayes, whose *Rose Alley* Ambuscade injoyn'd,
 To be to Vices which he practic'd kind,
 And brought the venome of a spitefull *Satyr*,
 To the safe innocence of a *dull Translator*.
Bayes, who by all the Club was thought most fit
 To violate the *Mantuan Prophet's* wit,
 And more debauch what loose *Lucretius* writ.
 When I behold the rovings of his Muse,
 How soon *Assyrian* Ointments she would lose
 For Diamond Buckles sparkling at their Shoes.
 When *Virgil's* height is lost, when *Ovid* soars,
 And in Heroics *Canace* deploras
 Her Follies, louder than her Father roars,
 I'd let him take *Almanzor* for his Theme ;
 In lofty Verses make *Maximin* blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer Airs *St. Katharine's* Dream,

Nay,

Nay, I could hear him damn last Ages Wit,
 And rail at Excellence he ne'er can hit ;
 His Envy shou'd at powerfull *Cowley* rage,
 And banish Sense with *Johnson* from the Stage :
 His Sacrilege should plunder *Shakespeare's* Urn,
 With a dull Prologue make the Ghost return
 To bear a second Death, and greater pain,
 While the Fiend's words the Oracle prophane ;
 But when not satisfy'd with Spoils at home,
 The Pyrate wou'd to foreign Borders roam ;
 May he still split on some unlucky Coast,
 And have his Works, or Dictionary lost ;
 That he may know what *Roman* Authors mean,
 No more than does our blind Translatress *Behn*.

The Female Wit, who next convicted stands,
 Nor for abusing *Ovid's* Verse but *Sand's* :
 She might have learn'd from the ill borrow'd Grace,
 (Which little helps the ruine of her Face)
 That Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o're the Heart,
 When more of Nature's seen and less of Art :
 Nor strive in *Ovid's* Letters to have shown,
 As much of Skill, as Lewdness in her own :
 Then let her from the next inconstant Lover,
 Take a new Copy for a second Rover :
 Describe the cunning of a Jilting Whore,
 From the ill Arts her self has us'd before ;
 Thus let her write, but Paraphrase no more.

R—mer to *Crambo* privilege does claim,
 Not from the Poet's Genius, but his Name ;
 Which Providence in contradiction meant,
 Though he Predestination cou'd prevent,
 And with bold dulness translate Heavens intent.
 Rash Man ! we paid thee Adoration due,
 That ancient Criticks were excell'd by you :
 Each little Wit to your Tribunal came
 To hear their doom, and to secure their Fame :

But

But for Respect you servilely sought Praise,
 Slighted the Umpire's Palm to court the Poet's Bayes;
 While wise Reflexions and a grave Discourse,
 Declin'd to Zoons a River for a Horse.
 So discontented *Pemberton* withdrew,
 From sleeping Judges to the noisie Crew;
 Chang'd awesfull Ermin for a servile Gown,
 And to an humble fawning smooth'd his frown:
 The *Simile* will differ here indeed;
 You cannot versify, though he can plead.

To painfull *Creech* my last Advice descends,
 That he and Learning would at length be Friends;
 That he'd command his dreadfull Forces home,
 Not be a second *Hannibal* to *Rome*.
 But since no Counsel his Resolves can bow,
 Nor may thy fate, O *Rome*, resist his Vow;
 Debarr'd from Pens as Lunaticks from Swords,
 He shou'd be kept from waging war with Words.
 Words which at first like Atoms did advance,
 To the just measure of a tunefull Dance,
 And jump't to Form, as did his Worlds, by chance.
 This pleas'd the Genius of the vicious Town;
 The Wits confirm'd his Labours with renown,
 And swear the early Atheist for their own.
 Had he stopt here — But ruin'd by Success,
 With a new Spawn he fill'd the burthen'd Press,
 Till, as his Volumes swell'd, his Fame grew less.
 So Merchants flattered with increasing Gain,
 Still tempt the falshood of the doubtfull Main;
 So the first running of the lucky Dice,
 Does eager Bully to new Bets intice;
 Till Fortune urges him to be undone,
 And *Ames-Ace* loses what kind *Sixes* wone.
 Witness this Truth *Lucretia's* wretched Fate,
 Which better have I heard my Nurse relate;

The Matron suffers violence again,
 Not *Tarquin's* Lust so vile as *Chreece's* Pen ;
 Witness those heaps his Midnight Studies raise,
 Hoping to rival *Ogilby* in Praise :
 Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,
 Which with most Justice might deserve the Prize ;
 Had not the first the Town with Cutts pleas'd,
 And where the Poem fail'd the Picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner rank I wou'd rehearse,
 But will not plague your Patience nor my Verse:
 In long oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their Writings may their Folly die.
 Now why should we poor *Ovid* yet pursue,
 And make his very Book an Exile too,
 In words more barbarous than the place he knew? }

If *Virgil* labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated?
 Had he foreseen some ill officious Tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal Strains blaspheme his Song ;
 Nor Prayers, nor Force, nor Fame shou'd e'er prevent
 The just Performance of his wise intent:
 Smiling h'had seen his martyr'd Work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel Foes than Fire.

Some Fop in Preface may those Theists excuse,
 That *Virgil* was the draught of *Homer's* Muse:
 That *Horace's* by *Pindar's* Lyre was strung,
 By the great Image of whose Voice he sung ;
 They found the Mass, 'tis true, but in their Mould
 They purg'd the drossy Oar to current Gold:
 Mending their Pattern, they escap'd the Curse,
 Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
 But when we bind the Lyric up to rhyme,
 And lose the Sense to make the Poem chime:
 When from their Flocks we force *Sicilian* Swains,
 To ravish Milk-maids in our *English* Plains;

And wandring Authors, e'er they touch our shore,
 Must, like our Locust *Hugonots*, be poor.
 I'de bid th'importing Club thier pains forbear,
 And traffick in our own, tho' homely ware,
 Whilst from themselves the honest Vermin spin,
 I'de like the Texture, tho' the Web be thin;
 Nay, take *Crown's* Plays, because his own, for wit;
 And praise what *D'urfey*, not translating, writ.

The Parliament House to be Lett, 1678.

1.
Here's a House to be let,
 For C——, S——d swore,
 On *Portsmouth's* bare Arse,
 He wou'd shut up the Door.

2.
 Inquire at the Lodgings
 Next Door to the Pope,
 'At Duke *Lauderdale's* Head,
 With a Cravat of Rope.

3.
 And there you will hear
 How next he will let it,
 If you pay the old Price,
 You may certainly get it.

4.
 He holds it in Tail,
 From his Father, who fast
 Did keep it long shut,
 But 'twas open'd at last.

Advice

Advice to Apollo, 1678.

I've heard the Muses were still soft and kind,
 To Malice Foes, to gentle Love inclin'd;
 And that *Parnassus* Hill was fresh and gay,
 Crown'd still with Flowers as in the fairest *May*:
 That *Helicon* with Pleasures charm'd the Soul,
 Could Anger tame, and restless Care controul:
 That bright *Apollo* still delights in Mirth,
 Chearing (each welcome day) the drowsie Earth;
 Then whence comes Satyr, is it Poetry?
 O great *Apollo*, God of Harmony!
 Far be't from thee, this cruel Art t'inspire,
 Then strike these Wretches who thus dare aspire,
 To tax thy gentleness, making thee seem
 Malicious as their Thought, harsh as their Theme.

First, strike Sir *Carr*, that Knight o'th' wither'd Face,
 Who (for th' reverſion of a Poet's place)
 Waits on *Melpomene*, and soothes her Grace;
 That angry Miſs alone he ſtrives to pleaſe,
 For fear the reſt ſhould teach him Wit and Eaſe,
 And make him quit his lov'd laborious Walks,
 When ſad or ſilent o'er the Room he ſtalks,
 And ſtrives to write as wiſely as he talks.

Next with a gentle Dart ſtrike *Dryden* down,
 Who but begins to aim at the Renown
 Beſtow'd on *Satyrists*, and quits the Stage,
 To laſh the witty Follies of the Age.
 Strike him but gently that he may return,
 Write Plays again, and his paſt Follies mourn.
 He had better make *Almanzor* give offence
 In fifty Lines without one word of Senſe,
 Than thus offend and wittily deſerve,
 What will enſue with his lov'd Muſe to ſtarve.

D—set writes Satyr too, but writes so well,
 O great *Apollo*! let him still rebell,
 Pardon a Muse which does so far excell :
 Pardon a Muse which does with Art support,
 Some drowfie wit in our unthinking Court.

But *M* —— *ve* strike with many angry Dart,
 He who profanes thy Name offends thy Art
 Ne'er saw thy Light yet would usurp thy Power,
 And govern Wit, and be its Emperour.
 In fee with *Dryden* to be counted wise,
 Who tells the World he has both Wit and Eyes.

Rochester's easie Muse does still improve,
 Each hour thy little wealthy World of Love,
 (That World in which each Muse is thought a Queen)
 That he must be forgiven in charity then ;
 Though his sharp Saryrs have offended thee ;
 In charity to Love who will decay,
 When his delightfull Muse (its only stay)
 Is by thy Power severely ta'ne away.
 Forbear (then) Civil Wars, and strike not down
 'Love, who alone supports thy tottering Crown.

But sawcy *Sh* —— *ard* with th'affected train,
 Who Saryrs write, yet scarce can spell their Name,
 Blast great *Apollo* with perpetual shame.

The Duel of the Crabs : By the Lord B———ft.

IN *Milford Lane* near to *St. Clement's Steeple*,
 There liv'd a Nymph kind to all Christian People:
 A Nymph she was, whose comely Mien and Stature,
 Whose height of Eloquence and every Feature,
 Struck through the heart of City and of *Whitehall*,
 And when they pleas'd to court her did'em right all.
 Under her beauteous Bosom there did lye
 A Belly smooth as Ivory.

Yet

Yet Nature to declare her various Art,
Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part,
No Park with smoothest Lawn or highest Wood,
Cou'd e're compare with this admir'd abode.
Here all the Youth of *England* did repare,
To take their pleasure and unease their Care.
Here the distressed Lover that had born
His haughty Mistress Anger or her Scorn
Came for Relief; and in this pleasant Shade,
Forgot the former, and this Nymph obey'd.
And yet what corner of the World is found,
Where pain our pleasure does not still surround?
One wou'd have thought that in this shady Grove,
Nought cou'd have dwelt but quiet, peace and love.
But Heaven directed otherwise; for here,
P'rh' midst of plenty bloody Wars appear:
The Gods will frown wherever they do smile;
The Crocodile infests the fertil Soil:
Lyons and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plains,
Forbid all Pleasures to the fearfull Swains:
Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
They fear their ruine 'midst of their delight.
Thus in the shade of this dark silent Bower,
Strength strives with Strength, & Power vies with Power,
Two mighty Monsters did this Wood infest,
And struck such awe and terror in the rest,
That no *Sicilian* Tyrant e're cou'd boast
He e'er with greater rigour rul'd the roast.
Each had his Empire, which he kept in awe,
Was by his will obey'd, allow'd no Law:
Nature so well divided had their states,
Nought but Ambition cou'd have chang'd their fates:
For 'twixt their Empire stood a briny Lake,
Deep as the Poets do the Centre make;
But dire Ambition does admit no bounds,
There are no limits to aspiring Crowns.

The *Spaniard* by his *Europe* Conquests bold,
 Sail'd o're the Ocean for the *Indian's* Gold:
 The *Carthaginian* Hero did not stay,
 Because he met vast Mountains in his way:
 He past the *Alps* like Molehills; such a Mind
 As thinks on Conquest will be unconfin'd.
 Both with these haughty thoughts one course to tend,
 To try if this vast Lake had any end:
 Where finding Countries yet without a Name,
 They might by Conquests get Eternal Fame.
 After long marches both their Armies tired,
 At length they find the place so much desired;
 Where in a little time each does descry,
 The glymps of an approaching Enemy.
 They in this sight do equal pleasure prove,
 As we should do in well rewarded Love:
 Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect Joy,
 Consists in what their Fury can destroy.
 And now both Armies do prepare for fight,
 And each of th' other unto War incite;
 In vain, alas, for all their force and strength,
 Was quite consumed by their Marches length;
 But the great Chief's impatient of delay,
 Resolve by single Fight to try the day.
 Each does the other with Contempt despise,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die;
 Both Armies are commanded to withdraw,
 In expectation who should give 'em Law;
 While the amaz'd Spectators full of care,
 Hope for a better or worse Tyrant fear:
 And now these Princes meet, now they engage
 With all their chiefeft Strength and highest Rage
 Now with their Instruments of Wrath they push,
 As Hills in Earthquakes on each other rush;
 Where their Militia lies is still in doubt,
 Whether like Elephants upon their Snout;

Or if upon their Heads vast Horns they wore,
 Or if they fought with Tusks like the wild Boar.
 Some *Greshamites* perhaps, with help of Glass,
 And poring long upon't, may chance to guess;
 But no tradition has inform'd our age,
 What were their chiefest instruments of rage?
 With small or no advantage they proceed,
 Both are much bruised, and their Wounds do bleed:
 Both keep their Anger, both do lose their Force,
 Both get the better, neither get the Worse;
 Justice her self might put into each Scale
 One of these Princes, and see neither fall:
 Spurr'd on by Fury, now they both provide,
 To let one Grapple this great cause decide;
 Joyning, they strive, and such resistance make,
 Both fall together in the Briny Lake,
 Where from the trouble of a tottering Crown,
 Each mighty Monarch is laid gently down:
 Both Armies at this sight amazed stand,
 In doubt, who shall obey, who shall command:
 In this extremity they both agree,
 A Commonwealth their Government shall be.

*Instructions to his Mistress how to behave her self
 at Supper with her Husband, 1682.*

SINCE to restrain our Joys, that ill but rude
 Familiar thing, your Husband, will intrude;
 For a just Judgment may th' unwelcome Guest,
 At this Night's lucky Supper eat his last;
 O how shall I with Patience e'er stand by,
 While my *Corinna* gives another Joy;
 His wanton hands in her soft Bosom warms,
 And folds about her Neck his clasping Arms

O tortering Sight, but since it must be so,
 Be kind, and learn what 'tis I'de have you do.
 Come first be sure, for tho' the place may prove;
 Unfit for all we wish, you'll show me Love:
 When call'd to Table, you demurely go,
 Gently in passing, touch my hand or so:
 Mark all my Actions, well observe my Eye,
 My Speaking, Signs, and to each Sign reply.
 If I do ought of which you would complain,
 Upon your Elbow languishingly lean:
 But if you're pleas'd with what I do or say,
 Steal me a smile and snatch your Eyes away:
 When you reflect on our past secret Joys,
 Hold modestly your Fan before your Eyes;
 And when the nauseous Husband tedious grows,
 Your lifted hands with scornfull Anger close,
 As if you call'd for Vengeance from above,
 Upon that dull impediment to Love:
 A thousand skilfull ways we'll find to show,
 Our mutual Love which none but we shall know.
 I'll watch the parting Glass where-e'er you drink,
 And where your Lips have touch'd it, kiss the Brink:
 Like still the dish that in your reach does stand,
 Taking the Plate, I so may feel your hand.
 But what he recommends to you to eat,
 Coyly refuse, as if you loath'd the Meat;
 Nor let his Matrimonial Right appear,
 By any ill-tim'd Household freedom there:
 Let not his fulsom Arms embrace your waist,
 Nor lolling Head upon your Bosom rest.
 One Kiss wou'd straight make all my Passion known,
 And my fierce Eyes with rage would claim their own;
 Yet what thus passes will be done i'th' Light,
 But oh! the Joys that may be kept from Sight;
 Legs lock't in Legs, Thighs pressing Thighs, and all
 The wanton Spells that up Love's Fury call:

Those

Those cunning Arts that I so oft have us'd,
 Makes me now fear to be my self abus'd;
 To clear my doubts, so far your Chair remove,
 As may prevent th'intelligence of Love.
 Put him in mind of pledging ev'ry Health,
 And let the tutor'd Page add Wine by stealth:
 The Sor grown drunk, we easier may retire,
 And do as the occasion will require:
 But after all, (alas) how small the gains
 Will be, for which we take such mighty pains:
 Torn from my Arms, you must go home to bed,
 And leave your poor forsaken Lover dead:
 Cruel Divorce, enough to break my Heart,
 Without you promise this before we part;
 When my blest Rival goes to reap his Joy,
 Receive him so as may the Bliss destroy:
 Let not the least kind mark of Love escape,
 But all be Duty and a lawfull Rape;
 So deadly cold and void of all desire,
 That like a Charm it may put out the Fire;
 But if compell'd you should at last comply,
 When we meet next be sure you all deny.

The Session of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Lawrel.

I.

A Pollo concern'd to see the Transgressions,
 Our paultry Poets do daily commit,
 Gave order once more to summon a Sessions,
 Severely to punish the abuses of Wit.

2.

(Court,
 Will D'Avenant wou'd fain have been Steward o'th'
 To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his Will,
 But Apollo, it seems, had heard a report,
 That his choice of new Plays did show h'had no skill.
 Besides

3.
Besides some Criticks had ow'd him a spight,
And a little before had made the God frer,
By letting him know the Laureat did write,
That damnable Farce, *The House to be Lett.*

4.
Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford* and spiritual S —
Were joyn'd with their Duke a Peer of the Trade.

5.
Apollo rejoyc'd, and did hope for amends,
Because he knew it was the first case,
The Duke e'er did ask the advice of his Friends,
And so wish his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

6.
O Yes being made, and silence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court Roul,
When as soon as he saw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He scarce cou'd forbear from tearing the Scroul.

7.
But *Berkley*, to make his Interest the greater,
Suspecting before what would come to pass,
Procur'd him his Cozen *Fitzharding's* Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arse.

8.
Guy with his Pastoral next went to Pot,
At first in a dolefull Study he stood,
Then shew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

9.
Humorous *Weeden* came in in a Per,
And for the Laurel began to splutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him first get
A Muse not so common as Mrs. Rutter.

10.

A number of other small Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made sport;
Clifford and *Flecknoe* were every well jear'd,
And in conclusion whipp'd out of the Court.

11.

Tom Killegrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays,
But *Apollo* was angry and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

12.

With ill luck in Battle but worse in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl,
But *Apollo* did think such Impudence fit
To be thrust out of Court, as he's out of *Whiteball*.

13.

Savage missing *Cowley* came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play,
Ev'ry one gave him so bad a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could say:

14.

Nor wou'd he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unless he had done some notable Folly;
Writ Verses unjustly in praise of *Sam Tuke*,
Or printed his pitifull Melancholy.

15.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit,
Though his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worst Panegyrick that ever was writ.

16.

Old *Shirley* stood up and made an excuse,
Because many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

17.

Sir R — & H — d, call'd for over and over,
 At length sent in *Teague* with a Pacquet of News,
 Wherein the sad Knight, to his grief, did discover,
 How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muse.

18

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
 Which made the whole Family swear and rant,
 Desiring their Obin i'th' lurch being left,
 The Thief might be fin'd for the Wild Gallant.

19.

Dryden, whom one wou'd have thought had more Wit,
 The censure of ev'ry Man did disdain,
 Pleading some pitifull Rhimes he had writ,
 In praise of the Countess of *Castlemaine*.

20.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
 Tho' never took notice of till that day,
 Impatiently sat till it came to his round,
 Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

21.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* stark mad,
 But *Sherley* endeavour'd to appease his Choller,
 By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
 In Poetry was a very pert Schollar.

22.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
 Booted and spur'd to the Bardid advance,
 Where singing a damn'd nonsensical Song,
 The Youth and his Muse were sent into *France*.

23.

Newcastle and's Horse for entrance next strives,
 Well stuff'd was his Cloakbag and so was his Breeches,
 And unbutt'ning the place where Nature's Posset-maker
 (lives,
 Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Essays & Speeches.
 Whoop,

24.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here,
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery good noble Marquiss,
And home again, home again take thy Carreer,
To provide her fresh Straw, and a Chamber that

25.

(dark is.

Sam Tuke sat and formally smil'd at the rest,
But *Apollo*, who well did his Vanitv know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Test,
But his Muse was so stiff she scarcely cou'd go.

26.

She pleaded her Age desir'd a Reward;
It seems in her Age she doated on praise,
But *Apollo* resolv'd that such a bold Bard
Shou'd never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

27.

Stapleton stood up and had nothing to say,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to despair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppers at *Barth'lomew* Fair.

28.

Sir *William Killegrew* doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whisper'd *Apollo*, in case he wou'd praise
Selyndra, he should have about with the Wench.

29.

B——*st* and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Translators of *Pompey* dispute in their claim,
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

30.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was sneaking away,
But somebody spy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo tho' h' had not seen him many a day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

My

31.

My old Friend, Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
 Among those young Fellows that spoil the *French*
 Then beck'ning to him, whisper'd in his Ear, (Plays,
 And gave him good Council instead of the Bays.

32.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
 Whose Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's Hill* stands;
 And brought many Stationers who swore very hard,
 That nothing sold better, except 'twere his Lands.

33.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write something more,
 To clear a suspicion which possess'd the Court,
 That *Cooper's Hill*, so much bragg'd on before,
 Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty Pound for't.

34.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanding the Bays,
 But *Apollo* bad him not be so fierce,
 And advis'd him to lay aside making his Plays,
 Since he already began to write worse and worse.

35.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a huff,
 Swearing damn him, he had writ the best Plays;
 But *Apollo*, it seems, knew his way well enough,
 And wou'd not be hector'd out of his Bays.

36.

Ellis in great discontent went away,
 Whilst *D'Avenant* against *Apollo* did rage,
 Because he declar'd the Secrets a Play,
 Fitting for none but a Mountebank Stage.

37.

John Wilson stood up and wildly did stare,
 When on the sudden stept in a bold Scor,
 And offer'd *Apollo* he freely wou'd swear,
 The said Maister *Wilson* mought pass for a Sor.

But

38.

But all was in vain, for *Apollo*, 'tis said,
Would in no wise allow of any *Scotch Wit*;
Then *Wilson* in spite made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd answer for all he had writ.

39.

Clarges stood up and laid claim to the Bayes,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e're he translated more Plays,
He'd Crown him *Sir Reverence* with a *Close-stool*.

40.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German Princess* appear'd,
Whom if *Davenant* he got as some do suppose;
Apollo said the Pillory should crop off his Ears,
And make them more suitable unto his Nose.

41.

Rhodes stood and play'd at Bo-peep in the Door,
But *Apollo* instead of a *Spanish Plot*;
On condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

42.

Etbridge and *Shadwell* and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himself in a very great rage;
Because their best Friends so freely had deal'd,
As to tell them their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

43.

Then seeing a Crowd in a Tumult resort,
Well furnish'd with Verses but loaded with Plays:
It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by th' Ears for the Bayes.

D E S I R E. A Pindaric.

WHAT art thou, Oh thou new found pain?
 From what Infection dost thou spring?
 Tell me, O tell me, thou Inchanting thing,
 Thy Nature and thy Name.
 Inform me by what subtil Art,
 What pow'rfull Influence,
 You got such vast Dominion in a part
 Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
 That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?
 Oh mischievous Usurper of my Peace!
 Oh soft Intruder on my Solitude!
 Charming disturber of my Ease,
 That hast my nobler Fate pursu'd;
 And all the Glories of my Life subdu'd.

 Thou haun'st my inconvenient hours,
 The business of the Day, nor silence of the Night,
 That shou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,
 Can bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.
 Where hast thou been this live long Age,
 That from my birth till now,
 Thou never didst one Thought ingage,
 Or charm my Soul with the uneasie rage,
 That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
 Where wer't thou, O malicious Sprite,
 When shining Glory did invite?
 When Int'rest call'd then thou wer't shy,
 Nor one kind Aid to my Assistance brought;
 Nor would'st inspire one tender Thought,
 When Princes at my Feet did lye.
 When thou could'st mix Ambition with my Joy,
 Then, peevish Phantome, thou wer't nice and coy.

Not

Not Beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the Arts of lavish Men;
Not all the powerfull Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
Nor sacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;
Not the soft Play that Lovers make,
Nor Sighs could fan thee to a Fire;
No pleading Tears or Vows cou'd thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd — *Something* — to *Desire*.

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs,
Have search'd and sought thee every where,
In silent Groves, in lonely Bowers,
On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wishing lye,
In sheltring Woods, where sighing Maids
To their assigning Shepherds hye,
And hide their Blushes in the gloom of Shades.
Yet there, ev'n there though Youth assail'd,
Where Beauty prostrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
My Heart (insensible) to neither bow'd;
Thy lucky Aid was wanting to prevail.

In Courts I sought thee then, thy proper Sphere;
But thou in Crowds wer't stifled there;
Interest did all the loving Bus'ness do,
Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too;
Or if by chance some Heart thy Empire own,
Ah, Pow'r ingrate! the Slave must be undone.

Tell me thou nimble Fire, that dost dilate
Thy mighty force through every part
What God or Human Power did thee create
In my (till now) unfacil Heart?
Art thou some welcome Plague sent from above,
In this dear Form, this kind Disguise?
Or the false Offspring of mistaken Love,
Begot by some soft Thought, that feebly strove
With the bright-piercing Beauties of *Lyfander's Eyes*.

Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
 And found to whom thou dost thy Being owe;
 'Tis thou the Blushes do'st impart,
 'Tis thou that tremblest in my Heart.

When the dear Shepherd does appear,
 I faint and dye with pleasing pain;
 My Words intruding Sighings break,
 Whene're I touch the charming Swain;
 Whene're I gaze, whene're I speak,
 Thy conscious Fire is mingled with my Love.
 As in the sanctify'd Abodes
 Misguided Worshippers approve
 The mixing Idols with their Gods.
 In vain (alas) in vain I strive,
 With Errours, which my Soul do please and vex;
 For Superstition will survive,
 Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philosophers in Love,
 That can these burning Fev'rish Fits controul,
 By what strange Arts you cure the Soul,
 And the fiery Calenture remove?

Tell me, ye Fair ones, you that give Desire,
 How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire.
 Oh wou'd you but confess the Truth,
 It is not real Vertue makes you nice:
 But when you do resist the pressing Youth,
 'Tis want of dear Desire to thaw the Virgin-Ice.
 And while your young Adorers lye,
 All languishing and hopeless at your Feet;
 Raising new Trophies to your Chastity,
 Oh, tell me how you do remain discreet?
 And not the Passion to the Throng make known,
 Which *Cupid* in revenge has now confin'd to one.

How

How you suppress the rising Sighs,
And the soft-yielding Soul that wishes in your Eyes,
While to the admiring Crowd you nice are found,
Some dear, some secret Youth, who gives the wound,
Informs you all your Vertue's but a Cheat,

And Honour but a false Disguise,
Your Modesty a necessary flight,
To gain the dull repute of being Wise.

Deceive the foolish World, deceive it on,
And veil your Passion in your Pride;
But now I've found your weakness by my own,
From me the needfull fraud you cannot hide;
For, though with Vertue I the World perplex,
Lysander finds the feeble of my Sex:
So *Helen*, tho' from *Thesens's* Arms she fled,
To Charming *Paris* yields her Heart and Bed.

*On the Prince's going to England, with an Army to
Restore the Government, 1688.*

Hunc saltem everso Juvenem succurrere Sæclo
Ne prohibite — *Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.*

ONce more a *FATHER* and a *SON* falls our,
The World involving in their high Dispute;
Remotest *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.
Their Motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the lesser Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, *Liberty* the Son,
A Prize well worth th'uncommon Venture run.
Him a false Pride to Govern unrestrain'd,
And by bad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;

All Bars of Property drives headlong through;
 Millions oppressing to enrich a few.
 Him Justice urges, and a noble Aim
 To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
 And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
 For Law and Reason's power he does engage,
 Against the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
 There all the licence of unbounded Might;
 Here conscious Honour, and deep sense of Right,
 Immortal enmity to Arms incite.
 Greatness the one, Glory the other fires,
 This only can deserve what that desires.
 This strives for all that e're to Men was dear,
 And he for what they most abhor and fear.
Cæsar and *Pompey's* Cause by *Cato* thought
 So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
 Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.
 Ye fatal Sisters! now to *Right* be Friends,
 And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends.
 In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing,
 To free a Nation, and Uncrown a King.

On his Royall Highness's Voyage beyond Sea.
 March 3d. 1678.

R. H. they say is gone to Sea,
 Designed for the *Hague*;
 But *Portsmouth's* left behind to be
 The Nations Whorish plague.

Some think he went unwillingly,
 Say others he was sent there;
 But most conclude for certainty,
 He's gone to keep his Lent there.

What need I to apologize ?

'Tis said nothing more true is,
The chiefeft part of 's Errand lies,
To fetch in Cofen *Lewis*.

That both together, as they fay,
If one may dare to fpeak on't ;
Thro' Hereticks Throats may cut their way,
To bring in *James* the Second.

By Yea and Nay the Quaker cries,
How can we hope for better ?
Truth's not in him that this denies ;
Read *Edward Coleman's* Letter.

Gar, gar, the *Fockey* fwears 'faw things,
Man here is mickle work ;
Dee'l split his Wem, he's ne'er be King,
Whoſe Name does rhyme to *Pork*.

Got's splutter a Nails the *Welſhman* cries,
Got ſhield her frow her Foes ;
He ne'er ſhall be a Prince of *Wales*,
That wears a *Roman* Noſe.

The R A B B L E. 1680.

THE Rabble hates, the Gentry fear,
And Wiſe men want ſupport :
A riſing Country threatens, There,
And Here, a ſtarving Court.

Not for the Nation, but the Fair,
Our Treafury provides :

Bu—ly's Go———'s only care,
As M——ton is H——de's.

R——ly too late will understand,
What now he shuns to find;
That nothing's quiet in the Land,
Except his careless Mind.

England is now 'twixt Thee and R—k,
The Fable of the Frog:
He is the fierce devouring Stork,
And Thou the lumpish Log.

A New Song of the Times. 1683.

I.

'T Were folly for ever
The Whigs to Endeavour
Disowning their Plots, when all the world knows 'um;
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to Govern though no body chose 'um?
They that bore sway,
Knew not one would Obey,
Did *Tringalo* make such a ridiculous pother:
Monmouth's the Head,
To strike Monarchy dead,
They chose themselves Vice-Roys allo're one another.

2.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Ruffel* and *Hambden*,
To serve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward,
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
Of his own Purse and Credit to raise Men and Money?
That

That at *Knegtsbridge* did hide
Those brisk Boys unspy'd,
Who at *Shaftsbury's* whistle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he should bring,
Like a true *Brandford* King,
Was here with a whoop & gone with a hollow.

3.

Algernoon *Sidney*,
Of Commonwealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occasion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore dispers'd it all over his Closet.
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd, or Indicting;
Tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new Trust is
Plac'd in the Chief Justice,
To damn Law and Reason too by Over-ruling.

4.

What if a Traytor,
In spite of the State Sir, (other?
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the
Shall then a new freak
Make *Braddon* and *Speak* (ther?
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Bro-
A Razor all bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is Evidence strong of his desperate Guilt, Sir;
So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of horror and dread,
Run his Sword thro' his Body up to the Hilt Sir.

5.

Who can think the case hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*, (Highness?
That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his

Oh Disloyal Ears,
 As on Record appears,
 Not to hear when to doe the Papists a kindness.
 An old doting Citt,
 With his *Elizabeth* Wit,
 Against the *French* mode for freedom to hope on.
 His Ears that told lies,
 Were less dull than his Eyes, (open.
 For both them were shut when all others were

6.

All *Europe* together
 Can't shew such a Father,
 So tenderly nice of his Son's Reputation,
 As our good King is,
 To labour to bring his,
 By tricks to subscribe to a sham Declaration.
 'Twas very good reason
 To pardon his Treason, (mand, Sir;
 To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Com-
 To merit whose grace,
 He must in the first place
 Confess he's dishonest under his hand, Sir.

7.

Since Fate the Court blesses,
 With daily Successes,
 And giving up Charters go round for a frolick,
 Whilst our D—— *Nero*,
 The Churches blind Hero
 By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick.
 Our Modern Sages,
 More wise than past Ages,
 Think ours to Establish by Popish Successors;
 Queen *Bess* never thought it,
 And *Cecil* forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Ad-
 (dressors.

The

The Battle-Royall: A Dream. 1687.

AS restless on my Bed one Night I lay,
Hoping with Sleep to ease the toyls of Day,
I thought, as graver Coxcombs us'd to doe,
On all the mischiefs we had late ran through,
And those which are now likely to ensue :
What 'tis that thus the frantick Nation dreads ?
And from what Cause their Jealousie proceeds ?
Whither at last, to what Event, and End,
These sad Presages probably might tend ?
For as Physicians always chuse to know
Th' original Cause from whence Distempers flow,
And by their early Symptoms boldly guess,
Whether or no their Art shall have success ;
So I, like a young bold State Emp'rick too,
Did the same methods, and same course pursue ;
Till with variety of Thoughts oppress'd,
I turn'd about to sleep, and take my rest :
While Fancy like a Queen alone bore sway,
And did this Vision in a Dream convey.
Unknown, and unperceiv'd, I was me thought,
Into a close retiring Chamber brought ;
And by my Guide behind the Hangings plac'd,
Where I cou'd hear and see whatever pass'd :
When in a corner of the Room there sate
Three fierce contenders in a hot Debate ;
And on a Table lay before them there
The Directory, Masse, and Common-Pray'r.
This in a Cloak, That had a shaven Crown,
The other in a Surcingle and Gown ;
Who by his Garb, Demeanour, and grave Look,
I for a Church of *England* Preacher took ;
For howsoe'er they're drest they may be known
By a peculiar Carriage of their own.

At first I heard a strange confused sound,
 Nor could the meaning, nor the sense expound;
 Till he I mention'd last in rage up rose,
 And partly through the mouth, and thro' the nose,
 Did thus his whining Sentiments disclose.
 And is this all the great Reward we must
 Enjoy for being faithfull to our Trust?
 Will all the Services we've done the King
 No better recompence and profit bring?
 And can our boasted Loyalty return
 No other Payment but Contempt and Scorn?
 Must we thus basely from our Hopes fall down,
 And grow the publick scandal of the Town?
 As our insulting Pride and Government
 Has been the publick Grievance and Complaint,
 Our Prebends, and our Bishops too, turn'd out,
 Depriv'd, and scorn'd, in *Querpo* walk about;
 And must a Transubstantiating Priest
 Be with their goodly Lands and Lordships blest?
 Did we for this the Popish Plot deride,
 And all our Sense, and Nonsense too, apply'd
 To blind the peoples Reason and their Eyes,
 To take it for a Sham and meer Device:
 Our best and learnedst of Divines employ
 To soile the Scent, and to divert the Cry;
 Set bawling *P—ing* up to talk it down,
 And fill with canting Raillery the Town?
 Did we for this, young *Levites* send about,
 To charm the Rabble, and possess the Rout,
 With feign'd Chymera's of a strange Design,
 Against the Church, and State, and Royal Line?
 And vilely *Russel* and the rest remov'd,
 When neither Crime or Plot was ever prov'd?
 Nay did we all for this the Church disown,
 And coin a New Religion of our own,

Of a more spruce and fashionable make,
Than was the Old, and boldly undertake
By Scripture for to prove the Common Prayer,
When we well knew there's no such matter there:
Yet like the Calves at *Bethel* set it up,
And made them all before the Idol stoop;
And whosoe're the business would dispute,
We did by Fines and Pillory confute.
O precious Book! the dearest thing that's ours,
Except our Livings and our *Sine-cures*;
For which, might they but still with us abide,
Wee'd part with thee, or any thing beside:
As heretofore without reluctance we,
Have truck'd our forfeit Consciences for thee:
But those are going too ——— no more he cou'd,
Prevented by an overflowing Flood
Of Tears, which his lawn Band and Gown besmear'd,
As th' Ointment drench'd his Predecessor's Beard.
The subtle Priest who had resolv'd to stay,
Till he had spoken all he had to say;
Seeing the Wretch with too much Grief o'relaid,
Stood up, and thus the following Answer made.

'Tis true, you've done all this and ten times more,
As bad or worse than we have done before;
And if ye think ye have oblig'd the King,
Who were but under-Actors in the thing;
Then what do we deserve, whose Wit and Brain
Contriv'd the Plot and every private Scene?
For though a Conquest alwaies is obtain'd,
And by each Souldier's single valour gain'd;
Yet those who did Command and lead them on,
Share all the open Honour and Renown.
Ye were our Instruments, and Drudges too;
As *Rumney*, *Keeling*, *Howard*, were to you;
Who when they brought about your own design,
You left them to themselves to starve and pine:

So

So we the grand projectors of the Plot,
 Who did to you your several Parts allot,
 Having no farther Service to employ,
 Think fit, as useles Tools, to lay you by.
 Besides, what Title or Pretence have you,
 To any thing ye hold as right and due,
 Since they were settled first on us alone,
 And could no other Lords and Masters own;
 Till ye by Rapine, Sacrilege and Force,
 Discas'd us of our Rights and made them yours?
 Nor can a Case more Legal e're appear,
 At Court of Conscience, or at Chanc'ry Barr,
 Than what ye did by violence obtain,
 Should to their ancient Lords return again.
 But that which you so much insist upon,
 Your boasted Loyalty, and Service done,
 From whence ye most erroneously inferr'd,
 The justice of your Claim to a Reward,
 Is a meer trifle and a weak defence,
 With no validity of Consequence;
 For there's no reason he should be repaid,
 Who undesignedly a Kindness did;
 When all the while his Thoughts were fix'd upon
 His own Advancement and Increase alone;
 And all the Profit that to me he brings,
 Is by the bye and natural course of things:
 'Twas rancour, envy, meer revenge and spight,
 That made ye thus against Fanaticks fight;
 And the dear dread of losing all ye had,
 That first engag'd your malice on our side,
 To plead the Royall Cause, and to promote
 The King's Concern, and for Succession vote;
 When could ye any other way have kept
 The Saddle, and in ease and safety slept,
 The King might have been banish'd, hang'd or drown'd
 E're Succour or Relief from you have found.

But

But matters and affairs as yet are not
To such a difficult Conjuncture brought,
But that an handsome Fetch may bring ye off
With Honour and Security enough:
One gentle Turn will all the business doe,
Advance your Livings and secure them too;
Safe ye shall lie from all Phanatick harms,
Encircled in your Mother-Churches Arms,
From which ye've stray'd so long, and now to whom
Ye ought in duty and respect to come.

The mournfull *Levite* straight prickt up his Ears,
As glad that things were better than his Fears,
And joyfull heard what means the Priest had found,
That might for his dear Benefice compound,
Compos'd his Band, and wip'd his blubber'd Cheeks,
Stood up again and thus demurely speaks:
The Proverb to my case I may apply,
Winners may justly laugh and Losers cry.
For when I thought my Livelihood was gone,
It was no wonder that I so took on;
As 'tis none now, Smiles should my gladness show,
For these good Tydings I receive from you;
Therefore, dear Sir, let us our Hearts combine,
And both in league against Dissenters joyn.
My self I under your Tuition place,
For Management and Method in the case,
How to proceed — The Cloak who all this while
Had unprovok'd and unconcern'd sate still,
And wisely what they'd both be at had guest,
Stood up to speak and to compleat the Jest:
But glowing Anger had so now prevail'd,
That in the first attempt he stopp'd and fail'd;
And when he found his Tongue to be confin'd,
He made his active Hands declare his Mind.
The one engag'd the *Levite* on the place,
And with the Directory smote his Face.

Confounded with the Stroke he stagger'd round,
 And falling in his wrath tore up the Ground.
 T'other he laid directly o're the Chest,
 Sent Echoes from the hollow Breast of Priest,
 Who stumbling as he went to take his flight,
 Fell prostrate o're his new made Profelyte.
 On both their Bodies mounts the nimble Cloke,
 And this his *Epicinium* manly spoke:
 Dejected Wretches, there together lye,
 Unpitied, unbewail'd by every Eye;
 May after-Ages your curst Names deride,
 As we your damn'd Hypocrisies and Pride;
 No Mark remain to know what ye have been,
 But the remembrance of your Curse and Sin;
 Which shall down Time's continual tide descend,
 To propagate your fatal shame and end,
 So may they fall, and all they that design,
 Who e'er in league against the Truth combine,
 By an unarm'd defenceless hand like mine.
 Pleas'd with the Conquest of Victorious Cloke,
 I laugh'd aloud methought, and so awoke.

*An Epitaph upon Felton, who was hanged in Chains
 for Murdering the Old Duke of Buckingham;
 written by the late Duke of Buckingham.*

Here uninterr'd suspends, though not to save
 Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
 Felton's dead Earth; which to the World will be
 Its own sad Monument, his Elogie:
 As large as Fame, which whether Bad or Good
 I say not; by himself 'twas wrote in Blood;
 For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
 Arch'd o're with Heaven, set with a thousand fair

And

And glorious Stars ; a Noble Sepulcher,
Which Time it self can't ruinate ; and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
His Flesh ; which oft the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears ; daining those Obsequies
Belong to Men shall last, till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

*An Answer to Mr. Waller's Poem on Oliver's
Death ; called the Storm : written by Sir
W----- G-----.*

TIS well he's gone (O had he never been)
Hurried in Storms, loud as his crying Sin ;
The Pines and Oakes fell prostrate at his Urn ;
That with his Soul his Body too might burn :
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above.
From Theft, like his, great *Romulus* did grow,
And such a Wind did at his Ruine blow.
Strange that the lofty Trees themselves should fell
Without the Axe ; so *Orpheus* went to Hell :
At whose descent the stoutest Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted station left.
In Battle *Hercules* wore the Lyon's Skin ;
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beast within :
Whose Heart was brutish more than Face or Eyes,
And in the shape of Man was in Disguise :
Where ever Men, where ever Pillage lies,
Like Ravenous Vultures our wing'd Navy flies :
Under the Tropick we are understood,
And bring home Rapine through a purple Flood :

New Circulations found our Blood is hurl'd,
As round the lesser to the greater World.

In Civil Broils he did us first engage,
And made Three Kingdoms subject to his Rage.
One Fatal Stroke slew Justice and the Cause
Of Truth, Religion, and our Sacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the *Trojan* Band,
Though he still fought with Heaven its self in's hand:
Nor would Domestick Spoil confine his Mind,
Nor Limits to his Fury but Mankind.

The *British* Youths in Foreign Courts are sent,
Towns to destroy, but more to Banishment;
Who since they cannot in this Isle abide,
Are confin'd Prisoners to the World beside.
No wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruine too:
Tyrants that lov'd him, griev'd concern'd to see,
There must be Punishment for Cruelty.

Nature her self rejoyced at his Death,
And on the Waters sung with such a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While her glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

F I N I S.

